PRATTLES

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER'S STORY BOOK

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

WITH COLOR PLATES
AND
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
IN BLACK AND WHITE

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EFFIE'S LITTLE MOTHER.

WAS early one afternoon that little Mysie's father, who had just come home, found her sitting on a bench under the lilac-tree, with her doll Jemima propped up stiffly in one corner, and Mysie looking sad and ready to cry in the other.

"What is it, little one?" asked her father kindly as he patted her curls: "is Jemima naughty?"

"Jemima is never naughty," returned Mysie with a droop of her lip, — she could speak more plainly now, — "but I am tired of talking to her, and she never, never, never answers."

"Well, she is only a doll, you see."

"Yes, but I love her very much, if she would only love me too;" and here Mysie heaved a sigh, so deeply, that a little white butterfly, who was settling on a leaf near her, fluttered off in the idea that a storm was brewing.

Mysie's father was a very kind man, and he was sorry to find that his little girl was dull; so he good-naturedly had a game with her, and Mysie forgot Jemima's indifference as she raced down the garden paths, shrieking with delight at the great growling bear, who pretended to eat her up — she did so love that bear-game.

And the next day Mysie had a delicious surprise. She was just wishing that father would come home early again, when she saw him crossing the little lawn, with a tiny bundle in his arms: the next moment he dropped it on the grass, and Mysie saw a fat, white puppy, almost as round as a ball, who rushed at her with a wheezy little bark, as much as to say, "Come, play with me."

"I have brought you a new playfellow, Mysie," said her father, as Mysie's great blue eyes were fixed on his face in their usual questioning way: "is he

not a dear little baby dog? — just feel how soft he is. We'll call him Jem: he will quite cut Jemima out, — eh, Mysie?" but Mysie did not hear him: she was sitting on the grass, with the baby dog hugged in her arms, and his little red tongue was licking her face in the most loving way.

Mysie was a happy little girl that day, and for many a day afterwards, — the puppy proved an excellent playfellow. But by and by Mysie grew older, and there were still times when she longed for a real playfellow.

"Father," she said one Sunday evening, after she had repeated her hymn, "I wish I had a little real sister: Bertha Rose has two. Jem is very nice, and he loves me very much, but he can't talk to me, you know. When one talks to him he only winks and says bow-wow."

Now, the very next day the most wonderful thing happened. Mysie could not believe it at first, she thought her father was joking, — fathers always joke, you know; but she was rubbing her eyes and trying to wake properly, when she saw her father standing by her bed.

"What makes you sleep so late this morning, Mysie? it is Christmas Day. Do you know what the angels have brought you? A beautiful Christmas gift, the very one for which you were wishing last night, — a little real new sister!"

Mysie turned quite pale when her father said this. She did not utter a word as her father kissed her tenderly, and wrapped her up in her little blue

dressing-gown, and carried her into her mother's room. "You will be very quiet," he whispered, "and not wake baby," as he put her down.

Mysie never looked at her mother — her eyes were fixed on a tiny red-faced infant, with a soft downy head, lying placidly asleep. She still thought she was dreaming — could it be true? How soundly she must have slept, not to see the great white angel coming down from the stars with her little sister in his arms. Mysie's mother thought she looked like a little angel herself, with those tangled golden curls, and that enchanted look in her eyes.

At that moment baby stirred, and uttered a little cry — a little hungry cry it was, only Mysie did not know that; but before her father knew what she was doing, Mysie had clambered up on the bed, and was hugging the baby to her breast.

"Oh, don't cry, mine baby — don't cry, my own dear little sister! Mysie will take care of you, Mysie will love you," — in short breathless little sentences; until Nurse interposed, and took the baby away.

You oughtn't to have touched her, Miss Mysie," she said rather crossly: "you have disturbed your mamma," for Mysie's mother had tears in her eyes.

"I may touch my own, own sister," returned Mysie, as her father lifted her down.

"Yes, darling; but she is too little and weak just now, and you are very little yourself; by and by, when you are bigger, you shall hold her yourself."

Mysie was not allowed to see her little sister for a few days after that, but she spent most of her time in the passage outside her mother's door. Her father always found her there on his return, curled up on the window-seat, with the puppy and Jemima.

"Why do you sit here, Mysie?" he would ask: "it is much warmer and pleasanter down-stairs. You will catch cold, my child."

"I was only waiting to hear baby cry," was the invariable answer: "she does cry so loud. Father," she would continue plaintively, "why is nurse such a cross old thing; she will not let me bid good-night to my own little sister."

"We will see about it to-morrow night," was her father's answer. "Don't you want your tea, Mysie? Susan has baked a famous cake, and I am as hungry as a hunter," and then Mysie was induced to go down-stairs.

Mysie was not long banished from the room.

"It is so pretty to see them together," Mysie's mother would say. "Mysie holds baby beautifully. We let her sit on a low stool, and then nurse puts baby in her lap; it is astonishing to see what a little woman she has grown. Sometimes I pretend to be asleep when nurse is out of the room, and I can hear Mysie talk to baby in the prettiest way. We call her baby's little mother."

This was what Mysie's mother heard one afternoon.

Mysie was on her little stool, and baby lay on her small lap gurgling happily in the firelight, and curling up her pink toes after the manner of babies.

"Are you comforble?" for Mysie loved long words that she could not quite pronounce, — "very comforble, darling? I wonder," here Mysie's face puckered up a little anxiously, "if you know it is sister holding you? Do you love sister, baby? When you are bigger, I shall call you Effie, — Effie is such a sweet name, ever so much prettier than Mysie. What are you saying, baby? Goo-goo. I wonder what that means. If mother were not asleep I would ask

her, mother knows everything. Goo-goo. I wish I knew," — and then a little blow at the end.

"I shall always love that angel for bringing me mine baby. What a good angel he must be. Father thinks he must be the same who brought the child Christ, — that was Christmas Day too. When I go to heaven I mean to thank that angel very much."

Another pause — then rather excitedly, "I am sure baby understands me; she is smiling ever so, and look how her arms move, just as though she were trying to fly. She knows I am talking of the angel, though she was fast asleep when he brought her," — then with a sigh, "Oh do, do be quick and grow up, baby, I do so want to hear you talk. What nice games we will have together. You shall have Jemima for your very own, to wash and dress; and Jem — well, perhaps I can't part with Jem, he is so fond of me. We will both have him — eh, baby?"

"Mysie is growing quite a chatterbox; I never heard her talk so much before," was her mother's remark, "she used to be such a little mouse. What a blessing baby will be to her!"

Mysie's mother was right. Baby, or Effie as she was soon called, was the joy and blessing of Mysie's life.

No more dulness for Mysie, no more secret longings for a real live playfellow. Effie soon grew big and sturdy, and her first game of play was to tangle Mysie's curls, or to play peep-bo behind her mother's shoulder.

"Here comes the little mother," Mysie's father would say in his joking way, as Mysie, panting a little, carried Effie to their favorite window-seat.

"No, father, please don't help me, I want to carry Effie all myself. See how comforble she is," — for Mysie still found her long words difficult.

One night when Effie was a year old, Mysie's father and mother went out to a Christmas party in the village, leaving Susan in charge. The two children were sleeping together, and Jem had a rug beside them. It was very late, and they said afterwards that Susan must have fallen asleep in the kitchen; and how it happened no one knew, but Jem suddenly barked or choked, and Mysie woke and found the room full of smoke, and a bright tongue of fire seemed to shoot in at the window.

"Were you not very frightened, darling?" asked her father afterwards.

"I had no time to be frighted," answered Mysie simply, in her wise old-fashioned way, "there was so much to do. I had to get baby out of her crib without waking her, and she is so heavy, you know; and there was Jem choking and whining, and I had to coax him. I got down-stairs somehow: I think the Christmas angel helped me, I felt so strange. And Susan woke up and screamed, and baby screamed too, and the door opened, and there were you and mother in the snow, — mother crying so badly too."

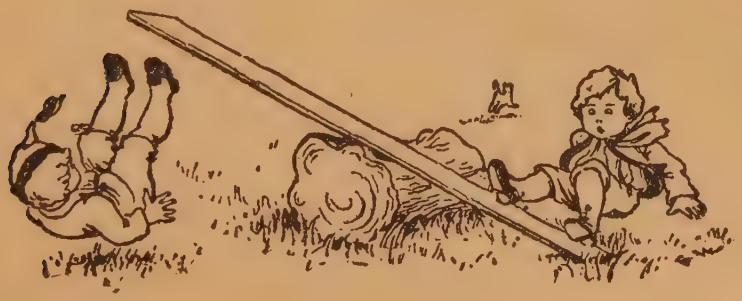
"We thought — we thought that neither of our darlings would be saved," returned her father hoarsely, but there were tears in his eyes. "You are a brave child, Mysie. When Effie grows up, we shall tell her the story of this Christmas night, and how her little mother — God bless you, my darling — carried her barefooted through the smoke and fire."

UPS AND DOWNS.

BOBBY and Freddy, a plank and a log,
And a dear little, queer little, curly-tailed dog,
Barking to give them a bit of his mind,
Because he was certain they'd fall off behind.

"I said so!" cried doggie, "bow-wow-wow-wow!
I said you'd go over; come, didn't I, now?"
Then away to their mother the little dog sped,
To tell what had happened to Bobby and Fred.

"'Tis odd," cried doggie, "and really not nice,
That children won't listen to words of advice."



"TOO MANY COOKS."

DOT and Marjory were two happy little children, and no trouble to anybody, mother used to say, as long as they were playing with their dollies, or had something else to do.

One day, when mother was going out shopping, Dot and Marjory said, "Oh, mother, may we play with our new cooking-stove — the one Aunt Lizzie gave us? And will you give us something out of the store cupboard to play with, because it's Rosy Cheeks's birthday, and we want to give her a real birthday treat?"

So their mother unlocked the store cupboard, and gave them an apple and an orange, some biscuits, and sugar, and plums.

"There, now," she said, "you can be as busy as bees, but remember that 'too many cooks spoil the broth.'"

So up-stairs they scampered, and began their cooking.

"I shall make a cake," said Dot. So she ground one of the biscuits into powder, and chopped up some apple for suet, and stirred in a bit of sugar and a few of the plums. Then she mixed it all into a paste with orange-juice, and put it into the oven to bake.

"How does mother make a blanc-mange, Dot?" said Marjory.

"Why, first she puts some milk into a saucepan, then a lot of corn-flour, and stirs and stirs, till it's as thick as thick."

"Well, here's some milk," said Marjory, "just enough to fill the dear little saucepan." So she put it on the top of the stove.

"Now let's go down-stairs, and ask Sarah for some corn-flour," she said, "and leave Carlo and Rosy Cheeks to look after the cooking."

But when the little girls reached the kitchen, there was Sarah sitting in the rocking-chair before the fire, with Baby on her lap, and Baby was screaming so dreadfully, that Sarah's face was as red as the ribbons in her cap.

"Whatever is the matter, Sarah?" cried the two little sisters.

"Matter!" answered Sarah. "Why, here's Baby as cross as two sticks,

and your ma gone out, and all this washing to do before she comes back again. How in the world shall I get it done?"

"Never mind, Sarah, we'll amuse Baby," said Dot and Marjory.

Sarah was so pleased with the kind little girls, that she gave them each a good hearty kiss and dumped Baby on the floor; and Baby soon left off screaming, and was as happy as a little king. But then nobody could play bo-peep like Dot and Marjory, or make such lovely music on the kitchen tea-tray. So what with the music and laughing, and Sarah singing over her wash-tub, mother had to knock ever so many times at the street-door before she could be heard.

But as soon as she was let in, and had taken off her things, she carried Baby away to his cot, and then Dot and Marjory ran back to their cooking.

But Carlo had eaten the birthday cake, upset the milk, and naughty little Rosy Cheeks was looking as though she had done nothing but laugh all the while.

"You naughty, greedy fellow!" cried Dot and Marjory.

"Ah," said mother, coming in to look at the mischief. "I told you that 'too many cooks spoil the broth,' now, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Dot. "But it wasn't broth, you know, mother, it was blanc-mange and birthday cake, and now poor Rosy Cheeks will have to go without."

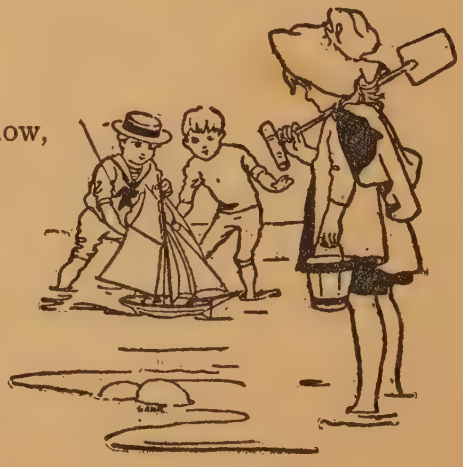
"Suppose you run and fetch my bag," said mother. And when they brought it and peeped in, they saw two lovely little cakes covered with pink sugar, and red cherries on the top of each.

"Thank you, dear darling mother," said Dot and Marjory. "What a lovely birthday Rosy Cheeks will have, after all!"

DOLLIES' PLEASURE BOAT.

THIS is our Dollies' pleasure boat,
It has a paper sail,
And it will beautifully float
When Bobby blows a gale.
The Dollies do not fear the storm,
Salt water does not harm;
They both are happy now, and gay,
A-sailing on this pleasant day,
Though he has wholly lost his legs,
And she has but one arm.

You cannot see *she's* not complete
Under her pretty gown,
And *he* can do without his feet
When he is sitting down.
It's true the boat is very small,
And likely to capsize.
You can't have everything, and so
We make the best of things, you know,
And we *pretend* the dolls are whole,
And the boat the proper size.



THE THREE KITTENS.

"DEARY me!" said old Nanny Wheeler, "what lucky children you be! Why, there ain't nothing you can ever wish for!"

This was very true, for once we used to live in the city, but now we live quite far away in the country, and, oh! what a delightful change it is!

Instead of a stiff walk with Nurse round the smoky Square, or bowling our hoops in the Square gardens, where we were scolded if we picked the tiniest flower, we now can rush about the fields, gather the wild roses and honeysuckle, and walk down the street *without* our gloves on!

There are five of us, counting Papa and Mamma, a very nice number for a family, do you not think so? I am the eldest; my name is Maud, then comes Bell, and then Dora. Papa has nicknamed Dora the "chatter-box," because she talks so about everything, and asks more questions than anybody could ever answer.

We have such a large rambling old garden; there never seems any end to it, because there are such low fences to divide it from the meadows, where the sheep graze, now that the hay is all cut.

We did enjoy the haymaking so much. We used to make a castle to live in, by building a high wall of hay all round us, and putting the carriage umbrella on the top. You cannot think how cool and shady it was. Nurse used to bring our tea to us there, so it was quite like a picnic every day!

Dora used to ask the haymakers such funny questions, and amuse them so much, that they were kind enough never to pull down our greenhouse, unless

we told them we meant to build a fresh one. Often, too, when we played at "Dandy-chair" with Dora, they offered to give her a ride, when they saw how hot it made Bell and me to carry her.

In the city, we only had one small house-dog, while here we have four different dogs, four bunnies, that a little boy who often comes to see us gave to us, a cat, and three kittens.

We love our kittens best. We each have one; mine is named "Spot," Bell's "Dot," and Dora's "Minnie." They live in a basket, which they like very much; and if we prevent one from getting in, he will struggle and kick, while the others will pop their heads out and mew for him to join them. But I must tell you how they came to be given us. I began by telling you how Nanny Wheeler said what lucky children we were, and that we had nothing we could wish for.

When she said it, I did not answer, neither did Bell, because there *are* one or two little things we want, but Dora said instantly: "'Es, Nanny, me does!"

"Eh! what is it she says?" asked the old woman.

"Dora thinks there is something," I said.

"What is it, my pretty?" asked Nanny.

Dora went close to Nanny's ear, and whispered "Tittens." Nanny shook her head.

"What would your Mamma say? For kittens are that *mischievous!*"

"I don't think Mamma would mind," said Bell. Nanny said we were such good children, and brought her nice silk pieces for her patch-work, and pretty flowers from our own gardens, that she would speak to Nurse, and Nurse would speak to Mamma, so that *perhaps* — but only *perhaps* —

Well, a few days afterwards the kittens came. Was it not kind of Mamma to allow us to have them? I never saw Dora so delighted with anything. She let them scratch her, and never cried, even when the blood came; and her delight is to take them round the garden in her wheel-barrow, while our old cat comes tearing after them, for she seems to fear some accident may happen to them — and no wonder!

These naughty, frolicsome kittens crawl up the sides of the wheel-barrow, and often fall over, flop! upon the hard gravel path.

"Why don't tittens never get ugly blue and black bumps on their heads, Mamma, like me did when I felled out of the swing?" asked Dora.

"Well, they are so much lighter than you, Dora, for one thing, and their soft fur protects them for another," explained Mamma.

Our kittens were certainly wonderful little creatures. They used to try and catch their tails, spinning round like tops after them. If we played at croquet, they would run after the balls, and spoil our game dreadfully by stopping them, or rolling them through the hoops the wrong way. Kittens can be very tantalizing at times.

Sometimes we pretend they are ill, and put them into the dolls' bassinette until the doctor comes. Dora is generally the doctor, because she is so fond of dressing herself up in an old coat and a broken hat of Papa's. Whenever she felt their pulses, they scratched her, and jumped out of bed. It was always a very short game.

But you must not think we allowed our kittens to behave badly. On the contrary, we tried all we could to teach them good manners — but still they were mischievous, as Nanny said. They tore up a pair of Dora's shoes, they scratched the polished furniture, and clawed the new leather, just for the delight of exercising their pin-like nails.

But how good they were compared with the stable kitten, which Dora invited one afternoon to her dolls' tea-party. It was a black kitten with bright green eyes, and had a yellow ribbon tied round its neck.

Instead of purring and mewing, and waiting for its milk as our kittens do, it dashed among the five dolls, who were sitting up so properly round the new white-and-blue tea-service.

"Oh, Bouncer!" cried Bell, "how badly you always behave!" and she ran after her little Dot; for our kittens were so horrified that they scampered off, and were quite out of sight.

Bouncer did not mind being scolded. He knocked over all the cups and

saucers, he lapped up all the milk that was spilt, and he sharpened his claws on the dolls' frocks. Certainly, Bouncer had no manners whatever!

Dora was in tears, for her little tea-party was quite broken up. So we helped her to carry the dollies indoors, and then we went to dig in our gardens. We each had one, but we used to help Dora with hers, because she was so little. Papa used to give us the seeds to plant, and we were so serious over our gardening, and worked with such a will, that our gardens were quite the talk of the village. Nanny said the cottagers' children were imitating us —which Papa said was the surest sign of success. I will tell you the flowers we grew. Snowdrops, Lent-lilies, pinks, mignonette, and in the autumn we have asters and chrysanthemums.

Dora made a wreath of them the other day, and put them on her head, like a little Queen of the May, and was looking at her reflection in the brook when we found her.

It certainly was better than any looking-glass in the house — for there were so many other things to see besides her own rosy cheeks.

Dora had an idea that Nanny Wheeler could get us anything we wanted, ever since the kittens came, so her latest wish is for a pet lamb.

It was Bell's birthday last Thursday, and in the morning, while we were at breakfast, Papa came in and told us to come out to the stable. We came out through the garden to the stable-yard, when the door opened, and what do you think we saw? Why, the loveliest little white lamb!

"Look, Maud and Dora! Isn't he a beauty? He is to belong to us all — we are all to ride him, but I am to *name* him, because it is my birthday!"

I begin to think that Nanny has secret meetings with the fairies! First the kittens, then the lamb — and only yesterday, she said to us in such a mysterious way —

"You'll see, some day, what my patchwork quilt will turn into!"

Perhaps our *Three Kittens* will be transformed! Do you think they will? We hope not.

To Dear Miss Fillissy-Follissy, and the Children, and Miss Myrtle:

As all are invited to send in whatever they may know that is pleasant, especially if it has made any one happier, I will write you of some sunshine which came in at our back-door one rainy day and brightened the room.

Need enough of brightening! Two wooden chairs set back against the two windows; a cooking table between them; a black sink; a black stove; black kettles; a black coal hod; and a lot of black flat-irons. The sun can never give even one peep in at the windows, but still we now have sunshine there!

I suppose your Corner kind of sunshine is always just the same, wherever it shines. This must be so, for the outdoors kind, whether it brightens a bed of flowers or a muddy bog, is always the same thing, just sunshine. Goodness is good, and cheeriness is cheerful, wherever shown.

This is why I write of Maggie.

Now our hired girls have not usually been glad to see us in the kitchen. If any one of us dared to enter, for putting up a lunch, or to cook a favorite dish, or to do some nice ironing, it was with a very meek, creeping-softly kind of manner. Usually they have let us see plainly that we were a bother, and have found fault if all things were not always exactly what all things ought to be, which of course all things never are.

Maggie came into the house with a quick step and a laughing face, and a chatter of words, bustled upstairs, then down into the kitchen — a homely, awkward, ignorant girl. But that friendly way of hers, and her gay laugh, how they do make sunshine!

"Maggie, would there be room on your ironing-table for one end of this ironing-board!"

"Bless you, Dear! Plenty room! If there's room in the heart there's room all round!"

"Maggie, shall I disturb you if I stir up a cake here?"

"Bless you, Dear! Sure there's room in this world for all!"

If things do not go right as to stove drafts, on washing-day, or if mud tracks the floor, or provisions do not arrive on time, she says, "But we must have patience," pronouncing the word "payer-shunce." "We can't expect all things."

If she sees me searching for anything in the pantry, or that I am in need of some special spoon, knife or dish, Maggie drops whatever she may be doing and frisks about like a live whirlwind till the thing is found.

Maggie has her ideas of duty and lives them out. It is her "dooty," she says, to rise early and prepare the early breakfast. Another of her duties is "not to sass the missus." And when the "missus," or anyone, is compelled to find fault with her cooking, she takes it all and never gives a cross answer. Still another of her duties is to speak the truth. "Whatever I do bad," she says to the other girl, "I never tell lie. I shpake the thruth. That's dooty."

Well, this kitchen sunshine is making its way through the house. If things happen to vex us, and we sigh and lament, at once some one will say, "But we must have *payershunce!*" or, "But we can't expect all things!"

And even among the children, if any are overcrowded in the plays and begin to complain, having heard it from us, some one will say, "Bless you, Dear! There's room for all!" or, "Bless you, Dear! If there's room in the heart, there's room all round!"

Now I think this is a clear case of sunshine.

CATHERINE GILDERSLEEVE.

And Miss Myrtle and I and the Corner-children think so, too.

Miss Fillissy-Follissy.

TIC-TAC-TOO.

TIC-TAC-TOO was a little boy; he was exactly three years old, and the youngest in the family; so, of course, he was the king. His real name was Alec; but he was always known in the household, and among his wide circle of friends generally, as Tic-tac-too. There was a little story to account for this, and it is that story which I am now going to tell.

There are very few children who do not know the funny old nursery rhyme of "Tic-tac-too;" it is an old-fashioned rhyme, and in great vogue amongst nurses. Of course Alec enjoyed it, and liked to have his toes pulled, and the queer words said to him. But that is not the story; for it is one thing to like a nursery rhyme very much, and another to be called by the name of that rhyme, and nothing else.

Now, please, listen to the story.

There was no nicer house to live in than Daisy Farm: it was old-fashioned and roomy; there were heaps of small bedrooms with low ceilings, and heaps of long passages, and unexpected turnings, and dear little cosey corners; and there was a large nursery made out of two or three of the small rooms thrown together, and this nursery had casement windows, and from the windows the daisies, which gave their name to the farm, could be seen. They came up in thousands upon thousands, and no power of man and scythe combined could keep them down. The mowing-machine only suppressed them for a day or two; up they started anew in their snowy dresses, with their modest pink frills and bright yellow edges.

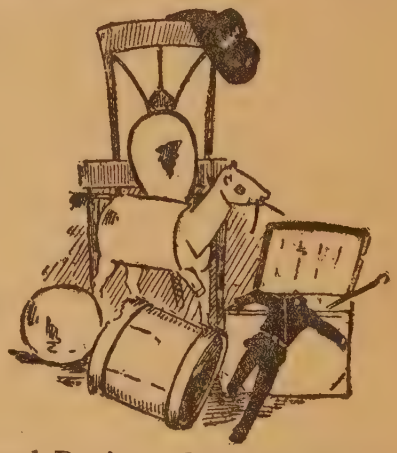
Mr. Rogers, who owned Daisy Farm, objected to the flowers; but his children delighted in them, and picked them in baskets-full, and made daisy-chains to their hearts' content. There were several children who lived in this

pleasant farmhouse, for Tic-tac-too had many brothers and sisters. The old-fashioned nursery was all that a modern nursery should be; it had deep cupboards for toys, and each child had his or her wide shelf to keep special treasures on; and the window-ledges were cosey places to curl up in on wet days, when the rain beat outside, and the wind sighed, and even the daisies looked as if they did not like to be washed so much.

Some of the children at Daisy Farm were old enough to have governesses and masters, to have a schoolroom for themselves, and, in short, to have very little to say to the nursery; but still there were four nursery little ones; and one day mother electrified the children by telling them that another little boy was coming to pay them a visit.

"He is coming to-morrow," said mother; "he is a year younger than Alec here, but his mother has asked us to take care of him. You must all be kind to the little baby stranger, children, and try your very best to make him feel at home. Poor little man, I trust he will be happy with us."

Mother sighed as she spoke; and when she did this, Rosie, the eldest nursery child, looked up at her quickly. Rosie had dark gray eyes, and a very sympathetic face; she was the kind of child who felt everybody's troubles, and nurse said she did this far more than was good for her.



The moment her mother left the room, Rosie ran up to her nurse, and spoke eagerly—

"Why did mother sigh when she said a new little boy was coming here, nursie?"

"Oh, my love, how can I tell? People sigh most likely from habit, and from no reason whatever. There's nothing to fret anybody in a sigh, Miss Rosie."

"But mother doesn't sigh from habit," answered Rosie; "I expect there's going to be something sad about the new little boy, and I wonder what it is. Harry, shall we collect some of our very nicest toys to have ready for the poor little new boy?"

Harry was six; he had a determined face, and was not so generous as Rosie.

"I'll not give away my skin-horse," he said, "so you needn't think it, nor my white dog with the joints; there are some broken things down in that corner that he can have. But I don't see why a new baby should have my best toys. Gee-up, Alec! you're a horse, you know, and I'm going to race you from one end of the nursery to the other — now trot!"

Fat little curly-headed Alec started off good-humoredly, and Rosie surveyed her own shelf to see which toys would most distract the attention of the little stranger.

She was standing on a hassock, and counting her treasures over carefully, when she was startled by a loud exclamation from nurse.

"Mercy me! If that ain't the telegraph boy coming up the drive!"

Nurse was old-fashioned enough still to regard telegrams with apprehension. She often said she could never look at one of those awful yellow envelopes, without her heart jumping into her mouth; and these fears she had, to a certain extent, infected the children with.

Harry dropped Alec's reins, and rushed to the window; Rosie forgot her toys, and did likewise; Jack and Alec both pressed for a view from behind.

"Me, me, me, me want to see!" screamed baby Alec from the back.

Nurse lifted him into her arms; as she did so, she murmured under her breath, —

"God preserve us! I hope that awful boy isn't bringing us anything bad."

Rosie heard the words, and felt a sudden sense of chill and anxiety; she pressed her little hand into nurse's, and longed more than ever to give all the nicest toys to the new little boy.

Just then the nursery door was opened, and Kate, the housemaid, appeared, carrying the yellow envelope daintily between her finger and thumb.

"There, nurse," she said, "it's for you; and I hope, I'm sure, it's no ill-luck I'm bringing you."

"Oh, sake's alive!" said nurse. "Children, dears, let me sit down. That awful boy to bring it to me! Well, the will of the Lord must be done; whatever's inside this ugly thing? Miss Rosie, my dear, could you hunt round somewhere for my spectacles?"

It always took a long time to find nurse's spectacles; and Rosie, after a frantic search, in which she was joined by all the other nursery children, discovered them at last at the bottom of Alec's cot. She rushed with them

to the old woman, who put them on her nose, and began deliberately to read the contents of her telegram.

The children stood round her as she did so. They were all breathless and excited; and Rosie looked absolutely white from anxiety.

"Well, my dears," said nurse at last, when she had spelt through the words, "it ain't exactly a trouble; far from me to say that; but all the same, it's mighty contrary, and a new child coming here, and all."

"What is it, nurse?" said Harry. "*Do* tell us what it's all about."

"It's my daughter, dears," said nurse; "she'll be in London to-morrow, on her way back to America."

"Oh, nurse!" said Rosie, "not your daughter Ann?"

"The same, my love; she that has eight children, and four of them with carrotty hair. She wants me to go up to London, to see her to-morrow; that's the news the telegraph boy has brought, Miss Rosie. My daughter Ann says, 'Mother, meet me to-morrow at aunt's, at two o'clock.' Well, well, it's mighty contrary; and that new child coming, and all!"

"But you'll have to go, nurse. It would be dreadful for your daughter Ann not to see you again."

"Yes, dear, that's all very fine; but what's to become of all you children? How is this blessed baby to get on without his old Nan?"

"Oh, nurse, you *must* go! It would be so cruel if you didn't," exclaimed Rosie.

Nurse sat thinking hard for a minute or two; then saying she would go and consult her mistress, she left the room.

The upshot of all this was, that at an early hour the following morning nurse started for London, and a girl, of the name of Patience, from the village, came up to take her place in the nursery.

Mrs. Rogers was particularly busy during these days. She had some friends staying with her, and in addition to this her eldest daughter, Ethel, was ill, and took up a good deal of her mother's time; in consequence of these things the nursery children were left entirely to the tender mercies of Patience.

Not that that mattered much, for they were independent children, and

always found their own amusements. The first day of nurse's absence, too, was fine, and they spent the greater part of it in the open air; but the second day was wet — a hopelessly wet day — a dull day with a drizzling fog, and no prospect whatever of clearing up.

The morning's post brought a letter from nurse to ask for further leave of absence; and this, in itself, would have depressed the spirits of the nursery children, for they were looking forward to a gay supper with her, and a long talk about her daughter Ann, and all her London adventures.

But this was not the real trouble which pressed so heavily on Rosie's motherly heart; the real anxiety which made her little face look so careworn was caused by the new baby, the little boy of two years old, who had arrived late the night before, and now sat with a shadow on his face, absolutely refusing to make friends with any one.

He must have been a petted little boy at home, for he was beautifully dressed, and his curly hair was nicely cared for, and his fair face had a delicate peach bloom about it; but if he was petted, he was also, perhaps, spoilt, for he certainly would not make advances to any of his new comrades, nor exert himself to be agreeable, nor to overcome the strangeness which was filling his baby mind. Had nurse been at home, she would have known how to manage; she would have coaxed smiles from little Fred, and taken him up in her arms, and "mothered" him a good bit. Babies of two require a great lot of "mothering," and it is surprising what desolation fills their little souls when it is denied them.

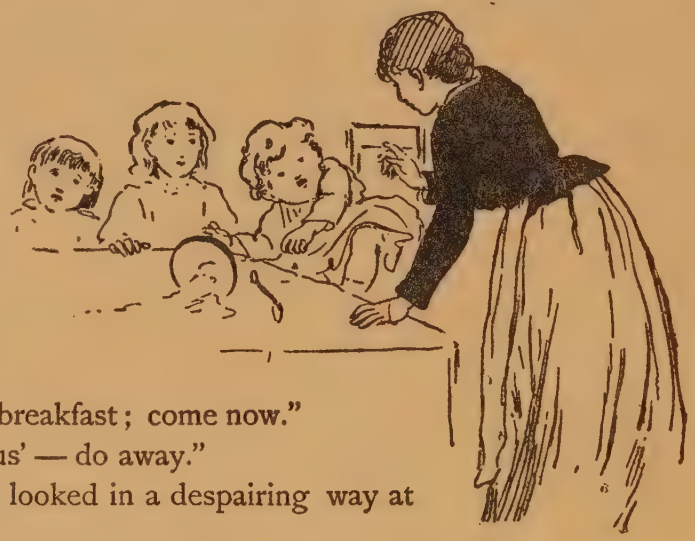
Fred cried while Patience was dressing him; he got almost into a passion when she washed his face, and he sulked over his breakfast. Patience was

not at all the sort of girl to manage a child like Fred; she was rough in every sense of the word; and when rough petting failed, she tried the effect of rough scolding.

"Come, baby, come, you *must* eat your bread and milk. No nonsense now, open your mouth and gobble it down. Come, come, I'll slap you if you don't."

But baby Fred, though sorrowful, was not a coward; he pushed the bowl of bread and milk away, upset its contents over the clean tablecloth, and raised two sorrowful big eyes to the new nurse's face.

"Naughty dirl, do away," he said; "Fred don't 'ove 'oo. Fred won't eat bekfus'."



"Oh, Miss Rosie, what a handful he is!" said Patience.

"Let me try him!" said Rosie; "I'll make him eat something. Come Freddy darling, you love Rosie, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said Fred.

"Well, you'll eat some breakfast; come now."

"I won't eat none bekfus' — do away."

Rosie turned round and looked in a despairing way at her own three brothers.

"If only nurse were at home!" she said.

"Master Fred," said Patience, "if you won't eat, you must get down from the breakfast-table. I have got to clear up, you know."

She popped the little boy on the floor. He looked round in a bewildered fashion.

"Let's have a very exciting kind of play, and perhaps he'll join in," said Rosie, in a whisper. "Let's play at kittens — that's the loveliest of all our games."

"Kittens" was by no means a quiet pastime. It consisted, indeed, in wild romps on all-fours, each child assuming for the time the character of a kitten, and jumping after balls of paper, which they caught in their mouths.

"It's the happiest of all our games, and perhaps he'll like it," said Rosie.

But the little stranger did *not* like the game of kittens. He marched in a fat, solid sort of way across the nursery, and sat down in a corner, with his back to the company. Here he really looked a most dismal little figure. The view of his back was heart-rending; his curly head drooped slightly, forlornness was written all over his little person.

"What a little muff he is!" said Harry; "I'm glad I didn't give my skin horse to him."

"Oh, don't," said Rosie, "can't you see he's unhappy? I must go and speak to him. Fred," she said, going up to the child, "come and play with Alec and me."

"No," said Fred, "I'se too little to p'ay."

"But we'll have such an easy play, Fred. *Do* come; I wish you would."

"I'se too little," answered Fred, shaking his head again.

At that moment Rosie and her two elder brothers were called out of the room to their morning lessons. Rosie's heart ached as she went away.

"Something must be done," she said to herself. "That new little boy-baby will get quite ill if we can't think of something to please him soon."

She did not know that a very unexpected little deliverer was at hand. The two babies were now alone in the nursery, and Patience, having finished her tidying up, sat down to her sewing.

"Patie," said Alec, going up to the new nurse, "does 'oo know *Tic-tac-too?*"

"Of course I do, master Baby — a silly game that."

"I 'ike it," said little Alec.

He tripped across the nursery to the younger baby, and sat down by his side.

"Take off 'oo shoe," he said.

Fred was very tired of being cross and miserable. He could not say he was too little to Alec, for Alec was scarcely bigger than himself. Besides he understood about taking off his shoe. It was a performance he particularly liked. He looked at Baby Alec, and obeyed him.

"Take off 'oo other shoe," said Alec.

Fred did so.

"Pull off 'oo 'tocks," ordered the eldest baby.

Fred absolutely chuckled as he tugged away at his white socks, and revealed his pink toes.

"Now, come to Patie."

Fred scrambled to his feet, and holding Alec's hand, trotted down the long nursery.

"Patie," said Alec, "take F'ed on 'our lap, and play *Tic-tac-too* for him?"

Patience was busy sewing; she raised her eyes. Two smiling little baby-boys were standing by her knee. Could this child, whose blue eyes were full of sunshine, be the miserable little Fred?

"Well, master Alec," she said, kissing the older baby, "you're a perfect little darling. Well, I never! to think of you finding out a way to please that poor child."

"Tic-tac-too!" said Fred, in a loud and vigorous voice. He was fast getting over his shyness, and Alec's game suited him to perfection.

Patience lifted him on her lap, popped him down with a bounce, kissed him, and began, —

"Tic, tac, too,
The little horse has lost his shoe,
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tic, tac, too!"

When the other children returned to the nursery, they heard peals of merry baby laughter; and this was the fashion in which a little boy won his name.

A GOOD THANKSGIVING.

SAID Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away;
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price.
And the Shoemaker said, "What a big bird! how nice!
And, since such a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."
"This fine chicken, O see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make someone as happy as I —
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."
"And O, sure!" Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!
Now it's *my* turn, I think; and a sweet ginger-cake
For the motherless Finigan Children I'll bake."
"A sweet-cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"
Said the Finigan Children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh;
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little Lame Jake — who has nothing that's nice."
"O, I thank you, and thank you!" said little Lame Jake;
"O what bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And O, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little Sparrow that comes!"
And the Sparrows, they twittered, as if they would say,
Like Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away!"

Marian Douglas.

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MRS. SPECKLE'S DILEMMA.

MRS. SPECKLE, the hen, was sad. Ten out of her eleven eggs were hatched, but the eleventh, the largest and glossiest of the lot, still remained in the nest, and although Mrs. Speckle had sat on it two days longer than on the others, no chicken had appeared.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Waddle, the duck, "it has been boiled. Nothing hardens an egg's heart so much as hot water. If they once find their way into the saucepan, try how you will, you can never get them to take an interest in anything after. I'd give it up if I were you."

"Ah, well, perhaps it would be best to give up trying to hatch it now," sighed Mrs. Speckle. "The other chickens are getting quite neglected. I shall have to borrow Mr. Cock's comb to straighten out their feathers. And I thought this egg would turn out such a fine child. Ah, me, I'm afraid it's no use."

"Never say die!" said Mrs. Crawleyweb, the spider, who rented the top corner of the hen-house. "Try, try, try again, is my motto. Some hundreds of years ago an ancestor of mine said the same to King Robert Bruce of Scotland;" and then the spider told Mrs. Speckle all about it, and how King Robert took the spider's advice, and tried again, and succeeded.

"Very well," said Mrs. Speckle, "I *will* try." And she did, and kept on trying; but the egg still remained unhatched, and the chickens grew more neglected and untidy every day.

"Dear me," said the Farmer's wife, "here's poor Speckle been trying to hatch the china nest-egg; how stupid of me to leave it in the nest with the others!"

"Bother!" said Mrs. Speckle, "I've wasted all my time for nothing."

"Never say die," chimed in Mrs. Crawleyweb. "Try, try, try again, is my motto. Some hundreds of years ago an ancestor of mine——"

"Bother your ancestor," cried Mrs. Speckle. "It's all very well trying, but even King Robert Bruce couldn't hatch a china nest-egg."

THE ASS, THE LION AND THE COCK.

ONCE upon a time an Ass and a Cock were walking together in a field near a forest. A Lion, who happened to be passing by in the forest, caught sight of the Donkey, so he thought to himself, as he felt hungry, "This is very fortunate — I'll eat that Ass." But, all of a sudden, the Cock began to crow very loudly, and so frightened the Lion, that he scampered away across the field, and the Donkey and the Cock saw him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" brayed the Ass. "He is afraid of me."

"My friend," said the Cock, "you are wrong. The Lion is not afraid of you, but of my crowing."

"Stuff and nonsense," said the Donkey. "This is not the first time I have frightened him. I'll just show you that I speak the truth."

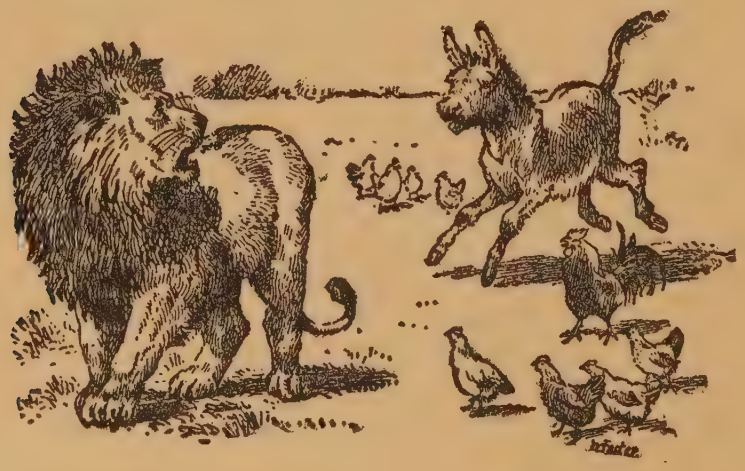
Away ran the silly animal after the Lion, braying with all his might and main, and he very soon caught him up.

"Hullo!" said the Lion, stopping. "What do you want?"

"N — nothing, said the Donkey, suddenly feeling frightened.

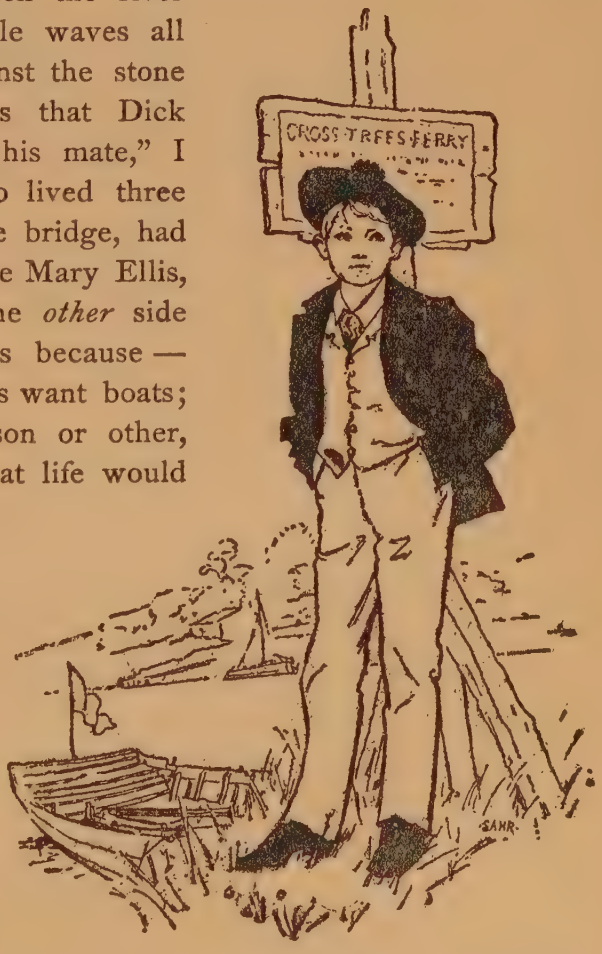
"But I do want something," remarked the Lion; and he jumped on the Donkey and ate him up. "I want my dinner."

"Alas, he *was* an Ass!" said the Cock. And after giving one sad crow he continued to look for worms.



CROSS TREES FERRY.

NOW if there was one thing that Jimmy Brown wanted above all things, it was a boat. I don't know how it was, whether it was because his father had (when he was a lad) been a sailor, and could tell such delightful stories about ships and storms, and cannibal islands, and cocoanut palms, and sharks, and I don't know what besides; or whether it was because Jimmy's bedroom window was just over the water, so to speak, at least so close that when the river was extra full of water the little waves all night long went "lap, lap," against the stone wall below; or whether it was that Dick French, his particular friend ("his mate," I think he used to call him), who lived three miles higher up the river, by the bridge, had a boat; or whether it was because Mary Ellis, a little cousin of his, lived on the *other* side of the river, or whether it was because — because he was a boy, and all boys want boats; but at all events, for some reason or other, Jimmy had made up his mind that life would not be worth living until he had a boat. So it was that all the boys in the neighborhood called him in fun Jimmy Wish-I-had-a-boat.



Now Jimmy (although he was, in the opinion of some of the old people of Cross Trees, a young rascal) was with all a wise lad, and he soon came to the conclusion that wishing would never get it. So he set his brains to work, and thought — and thought — and thought; and this is what he thought:

"Now, if I'm to get a boat, either Father'll have to buy it, or some rich old fellow'll give me one for nothing. I don't know any rich old fellow except Squire Wynn, our landlord. Catch *him* giving me anything. Why, he drove me out of his wood last nutting-time, and said I broke his trees down. So there's only Father, and I 'spect he'll say, 'No, Jimmy; not till I've paid the mortgage off the ten-acre field.' Bother that mortgage! that's why I didn't have a new coat last Christmas. It's no good asking."

However, Jimmy got his courage up one day, and asked, but the result was just as he had prophesied; when to his surprise his Mother said,— and if she had not said it I don't think this story would have been written, —"*He's a very good boy, Father; don't you think you could manage it?*"

"Well, we'll see later on in the year, or next year."

Were you ever praised when you did not expect it, and, more than that, when you knew you did not deserve it? If so, you will know how Jimmy felt. He blushed, turned pale, and then blushed again, as he thought of his secret misdeeds, and of that rent in his trousers that his Mother had not yet seen. And then he firmly made up his mind that he would be for the future such a good boy that his Mother would be on his side, and help him get the boat. For he had learnt this useful lesson,— and don't you boys and girls forget it, for it may come in handy some day, — *that the fathers do to-day what the mothers asked them to do yesterday.*

Now there were two things that Jimmy had to do every day, and, somehow or other, these two things were always left undone as long in the day as he could possibly manage, and hence there were constant grumblings and "rows" as Jimmy called them. It was: "Jimmy, there's not a drop of water in the house; run to the well at once, or I'll tell your Mother." Or, "Jimmy, you naughty boy, there's not a stick of wood in the house; who do you think's going to light the fire and get breakfast ready by eight o'clock? You wait till your Father comes down, and see if you don't catch it." You see it was Jimmy's business to fill all the jugs and pails with water from the little spring at the other side of the garden, and also to keep the wood-pile well supplied with wood. So now you know why Jimmy blushed.

But from this time there was a change. The wood-pile was a sight! And so much water did he draw from the spring, that the oldest inhabitant

said he had never seen it so low since he was a lad. It actually went down four inches, and two of the frogs who lived in it moved away in consequence. For a whole month his Father never once had to say, "James!" And, more than that, twice he had offered — yes, offered without being asked — to rock the baby to sleep when it cried. I wonder if any Jimmy or Tommy who reads this ever did that.

Well, just at this time, another unexpected thing happened, for this letter came to Jimmy:

"DEAR JIMMY:

"Mr. West, who lives here, is going away to London, and wants to sell his boat — that flat-bottomed one that you and I went fishing in. Father says it is a good one, and that perhaps your father could get it cheap.

"With love and respects to all, from

"FREDERICK FRENCH."

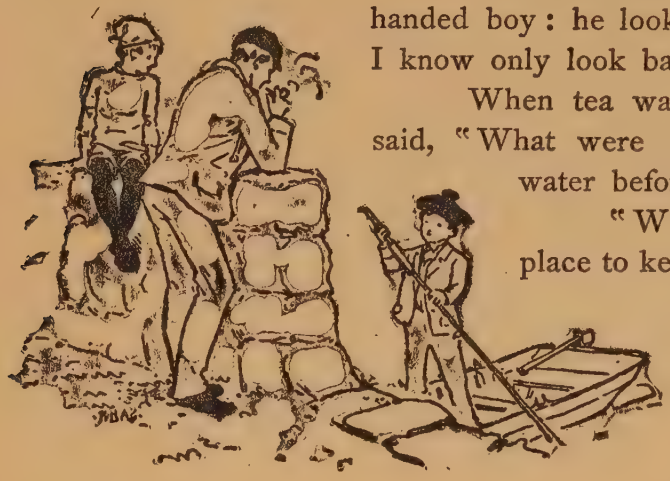
Jimmy handed it to his Father to read, and then to his Mother, and then his heart came almost into his mouth as his Mother said:

"He's been a *very* good boy lately, Father. I think you might go round there and look at it. It would save me a long walk when I want to cross the water to sister's."

"Well, I'm going to Kingswestern this afternoon, and I'll look at it, if I have time."

Oh, what a long day that was! how slow the hours went! I don't know what Jimmy would have done between school hours, had not he thought this thought: "If Father buys that boat, I should like to keep it just under my bedroom window. I'll take off my shoes and stockings and dig out some of the bank there so as to make the water a

little deeper; then I can pull the boat up close to the bedroom window, and then, after that's done, I must make a landing-place for it."



You see Jimmy was what I call a fore-handed boy: he looked forward, but some boys I know only look backward.

When tea was almost done, Mr. Brown said, "What were you doing, Jimmy, in the water before tea?"

"Why, Father, I was making a place to keep my boat in."

"What boat?"

"Why, Father, the boat you're going to get for me."

"Now, see here, Jimmy," said his Father, "your Mother's been talking to me, and saying what a good boy you've been lately; so I had a look at that boat, and asked Mr. Brown the price. He wants £4 for it. I don't feel inclined to spend so much as that on a toy for you, even if I could afford it; but I'll pay £1 towards it if you can earn the rest, and then it'll be your boat."

Jimmy's face fell. "Thank you, Father," said he; "but it's such a lot of money to earn; however, can I do it?"

"Well, Mr. West said to me, 'Your son might use it as a ferry-boat. Why, lots of people 'ud be glad to cross there, instead of going all round by the road. The river isn't three feet deep, and very quiet; more like a mill-pond than a river. It 'ud be well worth paying a penny to cross there, instead of having to come all up here, and over the bridge, and down again.' Well, now, Jimmy, what do you think of that?"

"Why, Father, I would like it better than being a king."

"Well, if you agree to it, you can go up Saturday afternoon and get it; but you'll have to pay Mr. West one shilling and sixpence a week until it's all paid for; and if you don't pay, he's to have it back. And see here, Jimmy, you're not to neglect your house-work, mind; and you're to do your lessons just as well as ever, or else the boat goes back. And when you're at school, I'll let one of the men see to it if any one wants

to cross. I don't expect you'll get many passengers; but your pocket-money will help."

"All right, Father. I can learn my lessons in the boat, and I'll be ever so good in the house; you see."

"And," said his Father, with a wink, "I think you must take your Father and Mother across at half-price."

Next morning Jimmy came down with this bill nailed on a board:

CROSS TREES FERRY.
TOLL, ONE PENNY.

JAMES BROWN,
FERRYMAN.
IF YOU DON'T SEE HIM, SHOUT OR BLOW THE HORN.
N.B.—NO CHARGE ON SUNDAYS.

"Hallo," said Mr. Brown, "this looks like business. But you're not going to run your boat on Sundays, are you?"

"Well, Father, I thought I could, in between the services, and then Uncle and Aunt and Cousin Mary can come to our church."

"And what's this about the horn?"

"I was going to ask you to let me have that old horn upstairs, and fasten it to a post on the other side; then people who want the boat can blow me up."

You should just have seen Jimmy when that boat came down the river on Saturday; and the crowd of boys that came with him. His mother had made him two big flags, and knitted him a red Tam o' Shanter, so that you could see him quite a long way off. It seemed to him that there were at least a hundred passengers waiting. There was the Squire and his wife, and all the farmers from the village, and about three times as many boys as had ever been seen before; whilst the passengers on the other side were so impatient that the horn was continually going. Who should cross first? Jimmy settled it by saying, "Mother, you must be the first passenger; if it hadn't been for you I should never have had it. You're the *goodest* Mother a boy ever had." Then came the Squire, who insisted upon

paying sixpence this time; and after him a host of small boys, some of whom, I am afraid, came free, or worked their passage by taking to the oars.

But I must not stop to tell you all his adventures that day. I believe he cleared six shillings by night-time, and afterwards — well, perhaps next year I may tell you some more of him, and how he — but there, that's telling. But there's one thing I'll tell you, and that is, that the boat never went back to Mr. West; and that of all his passengers, his most frequent customer, and his best one, was — his Mother.

John Mack.

THE DISOBEDIENT CHICKEN.

EIGHT babies! Eight little yellow chicks to look after! Eight young children to be instructed in polite manners and the very best of morals! Certainly, Mrs. Hen had her wings full.

The little chickens were hatched one sunny morning; and no sooner had they popped out of their shells and got over their astonishment, than they began to scratch for worms, and tumble over one another in their eagerness to catch the passing flies and gnats.

"Hoity-toity! this sort of thing won't do," cried Mrs. Hen. "My dears, you musn't be greedy. Come here, and listen to me while I give you your names."

Now, as a rule, the finding of a name for one baby gives a great deal of trouble; so we can easily imagine how worried poor Mrs. Hen and her husband were before they settled what they should call their eight children. But it was finally agreed that the names should be: Snap, Peep, Scrap, Tweet, Snip, Puff, Pop, Scruff; and very good names, too, I think. But, at any rate, the chicks thought so (which is far more important), and were immensely proud of themselves as they went to walk with their father and mother, and were introduced to the other animals in the farmyard.

Certainly, the chicks, with one exception, were a credit to their parents, and I am sorry to say that Scrap was that exception. Although the smallest

chick in the whole brood, he had more naughtiness in his little body than all the rest of his brothers and sisters put together. While Mrs. Hen's other children paid the greatest attention to their lessons every morning, Scrap's mind was filled with thoughts of flies and worms, and he was always wishing it was dinner-time. Scrap, I am grieved to say, was a greedy chicken. Then he caused his family terrible anxiety by being too friendly with the young ducks. Now, young ducks, in their own way, are just as nice as young chickens; but their way led them to the pond, for they delighted in water, and could swim perfectly. But Scrap could not swim; and so his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, were afraid that if he continued to associate with the ducklings, he might venture one day into the water and be drowned. And it so happened that Scrap's greediness *did* lead him into terrible trouble. One afternoon he met the ducks coming away from the pond; they were talking about the happy day they had spent, and how far more pleasant it was, and what a lot more there was to eat on the other side of the water. Scrap said nothing, but listened very eagerly; and that night before he went to sleep under his mother's wing, he made up his mind that on the morrow he would, by hook or by crook, reach the other side of the pond.

The next day Scrap was awake betimes, and as soon as he saw a good opportunity, this naughty chick stole away from his family, and ran as fast as his little legs could carry him to the water's side. But there he came to a standstill, just as you would have done if you had run away from home and had come to the wide sea, and were thinking about swimming across it. Scrap put one foot into the water, and drew it out again very quickly — he thought it very cold and uncomfortable. He would not have ventured in the water then for all the dinners in the world. But still he could just see the little ducks in the distance swimming gayly over to the other side; it was really very tantalizing. Scrap thought for a moment, and then determined that, as he could not cross the pond, he would go round it.

Poor Scrap! he did not know what a terrible undertaking this was for so small a body.

At first, his journey was easy enough, for it lay through short, sweet grass, but soon he had to encounter thistles, nettles, and thick brambles.

With great difficulty he pushed himself through these, having to rest every minute. And he very soon got so tired, and scratched, and wet with the dew, that he made up his mind to return to his mother. But, all of a sudden, he heard a rustling, and, to his horror, he saw a big rat. Now, for a chicken to meet a rat, is just as bad as if you were to meet a lion. Poor Scrap lay quite still, trembling all over, and oh, how thankful he was that the rat didn't see him as it passed along. Then, up he jumped and ran off — in his fright he did not know where. On he went, tumbling over sticks, and tumbling into ditches, until he was in a terrible plight, and had lost his way.

You can fancy how anxious his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, were about him all this time. They hunted high and low, and searched the farm-yard, the kitchen garden, and even the flower-beds, but he was nowhere to be found. No one had seen or heard anything of him.

It was dusk, and night was fast approaching. Mrs. Hen was sadly putting the remaining children to sleep, when a small black object was seen to limp towards the fowl-house.

"Tweet! tweet!" it cried faintly, as it came near, and then threw itself beneath Mrs. Hen's wing.

Dear me! It was poor Scrap, but oh! how changed — black with mud, and with hardly a bit of fluff remaining on his little body. You can imagine how glad Mrs. Hen was to get him back again, and the fluff soon grew; but I am glad to say that Scrap was a much better chick afterwards, for whenever he felt inclined to be disobedient he always remembered the big black rat.

He never stays away now from the crowing class which his father holds every day; and although he was very backward at first, I am sure he will soon make up for lost time, for his father is very indulgent.

Listen to what he and his brothers are saying now:

"Is it hard to do, papa? Is it hard to do?
We would like to crow like that, and be as big as you,
But you are old and fatherly, and we are young and new!"
"Silence, children, while I speak, now, Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Now, my children, run and scratch, I am coming too,
Mother let you out to play, she'll her kindness rue,
If you don't obey papa, as all good chickens true.
Well, to please you, once again, 'Cock-a-doodle-doo.'"

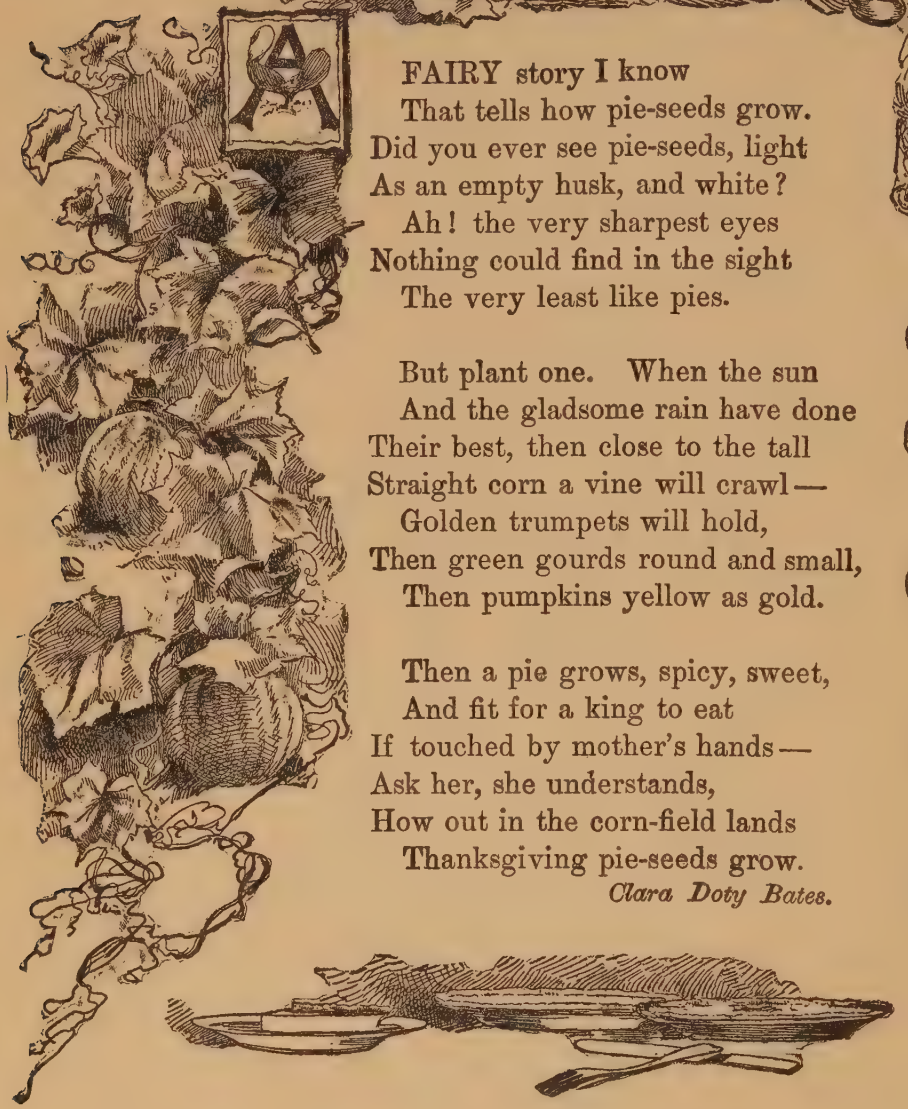
PIE SEEDS

A FAIRY story I know
That tells how pie-seeds grow.
Did you ever see pie-seeds, light
As an empty husk, and white?
Ah! the very sharpest eyes
Nothing could find in the sight
The very least like pies.

But plant one. When the sun
And the gladsome rain have done
Their best, then close to the tall
Straight corn a vine will crawl—
Golden trumpets will hold,
Then green gourds round and small,
Then pumpkins yellow as gold.

Then a pie grows, spicy, sweet,
And fit for a king to eat
If touched by mother's hands—
Ask her, she understands,
How out in the corn-field lands
Thanksgiving pie-seeds grow.

Clara Doty Bates.



THE SNOW WITCH.

THERE was skating on the ponds where the snow had been cleared; there were icicles on the trees, nice blue, clear skies in the daytime, cold, bright, wintry moonlight at night.

Lovely weather for Christmas holidays! But to one little five-year-old man, nothing had seemed lovely this Christmas, though he was spending it with his Father and Mother and his big sisters at Grandpapa's beautiful old country house, where everybody did all that could be done to make Grandpapa's guests happy. For poor little Roger was pining for his elder brother, Lawson, whom he had not seen for more than four months. Lawson was eight, and had been at school since Michaelmas, and there he had caught a fever which had made it not safe for him to join the rest of the family till the middle of January. But he was coming to-morrow.

Why, then, did Roger still look sad and gloomy?

"Stupid little boy!" said Mabel. "I'm sure we've tried to amuse him. Why, Mamma let him sit up an hour later than usual last night, to hear all those funny old fairy tales and legends Uncle Bob was telling."

"Yes, and weren't they fun?" answered Pansy. "I did shiver at the witch ones, though, didn't you?"

Poor little Roger! Pansy's shivering was nothing to his! They had all walked home from the vicarage, tempted by the clear, frosty moonlight

and the hard, dry ground; and trotting along, a little behind the others, a strange thing had happened to the boy. Fancy — in the field by the Primrose Lane, through the gateway, right in a bright band of moonlight, *he had seen a witch.* Just such a witch as Uncle Bob had described — with shadowy garments, and outstretched arms, and a queer-shaped head, on all of which the icicles were sparkling, just as Uncle Bob had said. For it was a winter-witch he had told the story about, whose dwelling was up in the frozen northern seas — "the Snow Witch" they called her.

Cold as it was, Roger was in a bath of heat, his heart beating wildly, his legs shaking, when he overtook his sisters. And the night that followed was full of terrible dreams and starts and misery, even though nurse and baby were next door, and he could see the night-light through the chinks. If it had not been that Lawson was coming — Lawson who never laughed at him or called him "stupid little goose," Lawson who listened to all his griefs — Roger could not have borne it. For, strange to say, the little fellow told no one of his trouble; he felt as if he could *only* tell Lawson.

No wonder he looked pale and sad and spiritless; there was still another dreadful night to get through before Lawson came.

But things sometimes turn out better than our fears. Late that afternoon, when nursery tea was over and bedtime not far off, there came the sound of wheels and then a joyful hubbub. Lawson had come! Uncle Bob had been passing near the school where he was, and had gone a little out of his way to pick him up. Every one was delighted — oh, of them all, *none* so thankful as Roger.

"Though I won't tell him to-night," decided the unselfish little fellow, "not to spoil his first night. I sha'n't mind when I know he's in his cot beside me." And even when Lawson lovingly asked him if anything was the matter, he kept to his resolution.

But he woke in the middle of the night from a terrible dream; Lawson woke too, and then — out it all came.

"I thought she was coming in at the window," Roger ended. "If — if you look out — it's moonlight — I think *p'r'aps* you'll see where she stands. But no, no! Don't, *don't!* She might see you."

So Lawson agreed to wait till to-morrow.

"I have an idea," said Lawson. "Roger, darling, go to sleep. *I'm* here, and you can say your prayers again if you like."

Lawson was up very early next morning. And as soon as breakfast was over he told Roger to come out with him. Down the Primrose Lane they went, in spite of Roger's trembling.

"Now, shut your eyes," said Lawson, when they got to the gate. He opened it, and led his brother through.

"Look, now!" he said, with a merry laugh. And what do you think Roger saw?

An old scarecrow, forgotten since last year. There she stood, the "Snow Witch," an apron and ragged shawl, two sticks for arms, a bit of Grandpapa's hat, to crown all — that was the witch!

"Shake hands with her, Roger," said Lawson. And shake hands they both did, till the old scarecrow tumbled to pieces, never more to frighten either birds or little boys. "Dear Lawson," said Roger, lovingly, as he held up his little face for a kiss. And happy, indeed, were the rest of the Christmas holidays.

May they never love each other less, these two; may they be true brothers in manhood as they have been in their childish days!

L. Molesworth.

HOW TO GET PEARS DOWN.

HIGH up in the tree,
by the old garden wall,
Hung two rosy pears
that seemed ready to fall.
Low down in the path,
by the old garden wall,
Waits a dear little girl
'neath the pear-tree so
tall.
And waiting, and waiting,
she really must stop,
Just hoping those two
little pears p'r'aps may drop.
When suddenly out of
the branches came pop,
A dear little bird with
a quick little hop,
And he wisely remarked
(it was perfectly true),
"*You must go to the pears,*
they won't come to you."
And then, when he'd said it,
he hopped and he flew
To call on another small
bird that he knew.
On the top of the wall,
by the old pear-tree,
Sat a dear little girl who, it's easy to see,
Is as happy as a dear little girl can be,
Who found out the way to get pears from the tree
Down low in the valley, by every hedge side,
The sweet flowers are nestling, and violets hide.

THE WOLVES CAME AT LAST.

THE THREE CRANBERRIES.

An Indian Legend.

ONCE there were Three Cranberries. They lived in a pretty little hut of leaves. The kind West Wind had blown these leaves together to make them a habitation.

It was cold weather, and as all their neighbors had gone the Three Cranberries felt very lonely.

They had heard the wolves howling around for some time, and they often of what might happen. The eldest of the Cranberries was red, the next was white, while the youngest Cranberry was green.

"What shall we do if the wolves come?" said the Red Cranberry.

"Oh," replied the White Cranberry, "I am not afraid of the wolves! I shall hide myself in the hominy-pot. They will never think of looking in the hominy-pot!"

"I am not so sure of that," replied the Red Cranberry. "I shall get down under the snow; they will never think of looking under the snow."

The little Green Cranberry asked if she might go with either of her sisters, but both refused at once, saying it would be dangerous to have more than one in a place, and telling her plainly she must look out for herself.

"Very well, then," said the little Green Cranberry, "I will climb up in the green spruce-tree, for I don't know where else to go."

Her sisters laughed at her, saying the wolves would see her at once in such a place, and that she had better find another. But the little Green Cranberry said the green spruce-tree was the only place she could think of.

One day in December the wolves came. They stuck their noses in the hominy-pot, at once, and ate up the White Cranberry. As they tramped down the snow the Red Cranberry was soon found. The little Green Cranberry up in the green spruce-tree was the only one that escaped! *Louise Phillips.*

THE CHRISTMAS ROBIN.

RED-CLUSTER barberries decked the bush
That stood knee-deep in snow,
Where flocks of hardy winterkings *
Flew chattering to and fro.
To-morrow would be Christmas Day;
And Mark, and Dick, and Will,
To cut the household Christmas-tree,
Went gaily up the hill.

When, severed just above the ground,
The tree began to fall,
They saw among its thickest boughs
A clinging brownish ball,
A feathery lump, two tiny feet—
A robin numb with cold!
O, why had he not journeyed south
Before the year was old?

* A popular name of the snowbird.

The Sunshine Corner

MISS MYRTLE read to the children this afternoon an Account sent by her married cousin, Mrs. Pingry. Mrs. Pingry wrote: "I spell it with a big A, just for fun, because it is of so small a matter, but it was a sunshiny matter for it caused some smiling, and it brought out real kindness from several persons.

"Mr. Pingry goes in on the 8.17 train and attends to his furnace the last thing, allowing twelve minutes to reach the station. When about half-way there, yesterday, it occurred to him that he forgot to shut the drafts. Just then he met Jerry Snow, the man at the Binney place, and asked him to please call round our way, and ask for Mrs. Pingry, and say Mr. Pingry had left the drafts open. Jerry said he would after going to the post-office, but Mr. Pingry, fearing Jerry might forget, called hastily at the door of Madam Morey, an elderly woman who does plain sewing, and said he forgot to shut the furnace drafts; if she should see a boy passing would she ask him to call at our door, and ask for Mrs. Pingry, and tell her? Madam said she would be on the lookout for a boy, while doing her baking.

"Now as Mr. Pingry was hurrying on, it came to him that he had not yet made a sure thing of it, and at that moment he saw the woman who does chore-work at the Binney's, coming by a path across the field. He met her at the fence, and asked if she would go around by our house and say to Mrs. Pingry that Mr. Pingry had left the drafts all open. She agreed, and Mr. Pingry ran to his train, a happy man.

"Now Madam Morey felt anxious about the furnace, and stepped often to the window, and at last spied a small boy with a sled, and finding he knew where we live, told him Mr. Pingry went away and forgot to shut the furnace drafts and wished to send back word.

and would the boy coast down that way and tell Mrs. Pingry? The boy promised, and coasted down the hill.

"Madam Morey still felt uneasy about the furnace, and not being sure the boy would do the errand kept on the watch for another; and when the banana-man stopped and made signs at her window 'would she buy?' she wrote a few words on a bit of brown paper and went with him far enough to point out the house and made signs, 'would he leave the paper there?' He made signs 'yes?' and passed on.

"Now at about half-past eight, our front doorbell rang and I heard a call for me. I hurried down, and received the chore-woman's message and acted upon it at once.

"Sometime afterwards, as I was in the back-chamber, I heard voices outside and saw six or eight small boys trying to pull their sleds over a fence, and wondered how they happened to be coasting in such a place. Presently I heard a commotion on the other side and went to the front windows. All the sleds were drawn up near the steps, and the small boys were stamping around like an army come to take the house. Seeing me they all shouted something at me. They seemed so terribly in earnest, and came in such a strange way, that I flew down, sure something dreadful had happened — perhaps Willy was drowned! and I began to tremble. At sight of me at the door they all shouted again, but I did not understand. I caught hold of the biggest boy and pulled him inside, and said to him, in a low, tremulous voice, 'Tell me! What is it?' He answered, in a bashful way, 'Mr. Pingry said he left the drafts open.' 'Thank you all!' I said.

"Next, the banana-man, bobbing his head, and making signs, though I shook my head 'no.' Finally up came Bridget with a slip of brown paper having written on it, but no name signed: 'Your furnace drafts are open.' Such a shout as went up from us!

"Grand company coming, I guess! exclaimed my sister, a short time afterwards. Sure enough there stood a carriage and span. Jerry Snow, it seems, forgot our furnace until he went to look at his own. He was then just about to take Mrs. Binney out for an airing. He mentioned it to her and she had him drive round with the message

"By this time we were ready to go off, explode, shout, giggle, at

the approach o. any one; and when Madam Morey stepped up on our piazza we bent ourselves double with laughter, and my sister went down upon the floor all in a heap, saying, 'Do — you — suppose — she — comes — for that?'

"Even so. She had worried, thinking the hot pipes might heat the woodwork, and half-expected to hear the cry of 'fire!' and bells ringing, and could not sit still in her chair, and in the goodness of her heart she left her work and came all the way over!

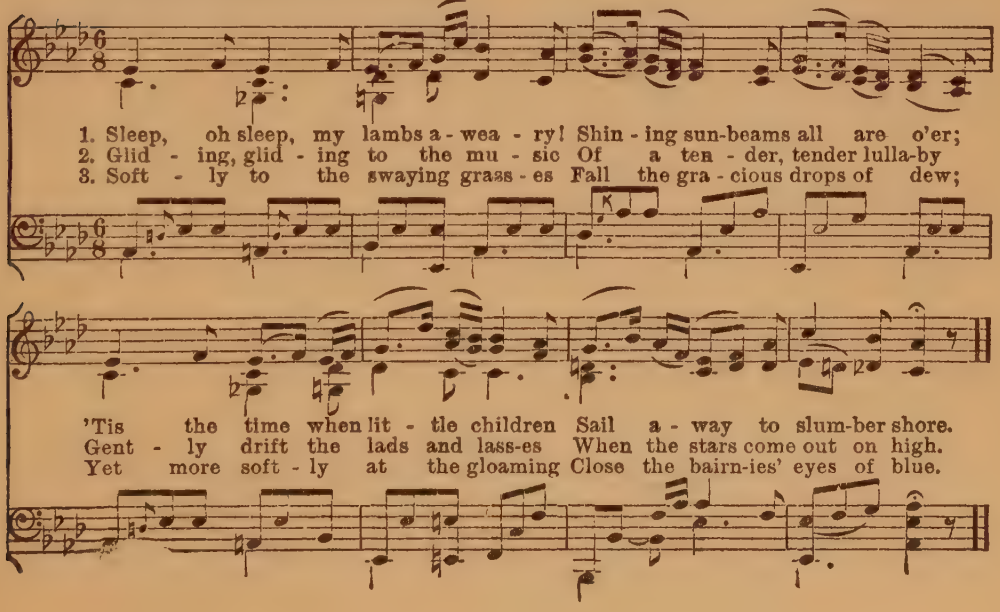
"Oh! we had fun with Mr. Pingry that evening. But now, my dear Miss Myrtle, the funniest part of all was that Mr. Pingry did not forget to shut the drafts!"

Miss Fillissy-Follissy.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Words by M. H. Music by F. E. S.

Softly throughout, but well accented.


1. Sleep, oh sleep, my lambs a - wea - ry! Shin - ing sun-beams all are o'er;
2. Glid - ing, glid - ing to the mu - sic Of a ten - der, tender lulla-by
3. Soft - ly to the swaying grass - es Fall the gra - cious drops of dew;
'Tis the time when lit - tle children Sail a - way to slum-ber shore.
Gent - ly drift the lads and lass-es When the stars come out on high.
Yet more soft - ly at the gloaming Close the bairn-ies' eyes of blue.

A MORNING RIDE.

THIS is the way we
ride to town,
In a blue silk bonnet
and white silk gown,
And a brand-new carriage
that's painted brown,
On a fine summer morning!

Now, first we'll call
on Miss Lucy Grey
At Doll's House Villa
over the way,
And ask if they're all
quite well to-day,
This bright and sunny morning!

Then spend an hour
at the candy-shops,
And fill our pockets
with lollipops,
Sweet barley-sugar,
and chocolate-drops,
This bright and sunny morning!

Then home we'll go
at a rattling pace,
Round Sideboard Corner
and Hearthrug Place,
With laughing eyes
And rosy face,
This bright and sunny morning!

IN THE HEN-HOUSE.

A FEAST OF EGGS.

JUDY, the cook, was puzzled. The Lady of the House was puzzled. In fact everybody on Roselands plantation was puzzled.

For several days the hen-house had been robbed, not of chickens, but of eggs. And yet, what was more curious still, the eggs would be found in the nests, looking exactly like other eggs, but when they were lifted they were as light as empty egg-shells, which in fact they were. For, through a tiny hole in the end, all the meat of every egg had been drawn out.

The Lady of the House said it must be a weasel that got into the nests. "Moughty cunning weasel, dat," grumbled black Judy, "to suck an aigg widout breaking nary aigg-shell. Moah likely, it's some big snake."

One of the men was set to watch the hen-house at night, but he saw no weasel or snake either. So the mystery remained.

At noon, one day, the Lady of the House took her parasol and started out to examine the hen-house for herself. It was very quiet about the premises, she thought, as she crossed the yard. All the grown-up people of the plantation were at dinner in the big kitchen. She wondered where the little plantation children were, for they always had to wait till "second table."

When she reached the hen-house door, all the mysteries were solved.

On the hen-house floor, in a row, sat twenty dusky youngsters ranging in age from three to seven years. Each of the twenty pairs of chubby little fists held an egg. And each of the twenty pairs of lips was busy sucking in the contents of the egg.

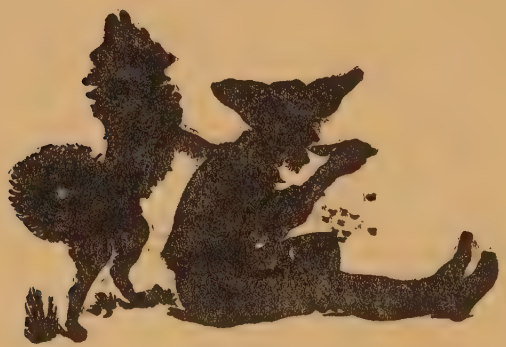
Young Hannibal Henry, who boasted of nine years and much wisdom, presided over the robber feast. He it was who made the small opening in the end of the egg with a sharp piece of wire; he it was who put the eggs carefully into the babies' hands, with the caution: "Easy now, an' doan' break de missis' aigg-shells."

As soon as each child finished his egg, the empty shell was laid back in the nest by Hannibal Henry, and a fresh one supplied.

Silently and solemnly the youngsters sat, grasping their eggs, when suddenly the twenty pairs of bright black eyes espied the Lady of the House in the doorway. Down dropped the twenty eggs, and their contents flew over jacket and pinafore. Up went twenty little voices in a howling wail, and the twenty pairs of black eyes were drowned in tears.

As for the Lady of the House, she sat down and laughed till she cried, too.

Mary A. Winston.



"LET ME TASTE!"

LITTLE JANUARY.

WHO is the little fellow knocking, knocking,
Light as the tapping of the falling snow?
And why this other one with haste unlocking
The gate, in such a fluttering to go?

He cannot wait to see his rosy cousin,
Fur-wrapt, the snowflakes melting in his hair,
The gayest one of all the dear gay dozen
Who eagerly will cross the threshold there.

Come in, come in, then, laughing little fellow!
Quick! shut the door! the wind is blowing drear.
'Tis you, 'tis you, sweet lad, with locks of yellow,
With ruddy countenance and look of cheer!

The grass, the rose, the cherry, and the berry,
Let others bring; the frolic in the grove,
The bursting plum, the reddening leaf, the merry
Music of hayfield-ride and swimming-cove.

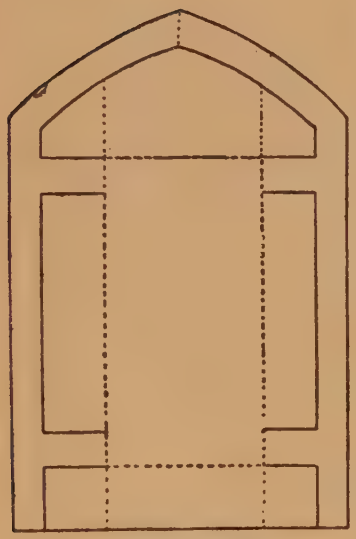
But *you* bring sleds, and snow-forts, joyous crying
From ice-boats sweeping on a straining sail,
Bring rushing benders on the ice, bring flying
On the toboggan like a comet's tail!

DECEMBER AND "LITTLE JANUARY."

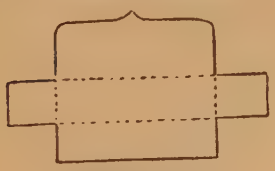
You bring the twilight bustle and glad scurry,
Where silence follows all the happy din,
To hear the story by the fire — O, hurry,
Dear Firstling of the Year! come in, come in!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A SLEIGH FOR LITTLE BROTHER.



PATTERN OF SLEIGH.

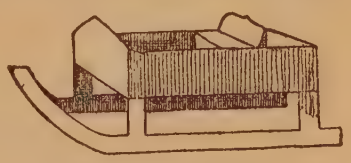


PATTERN OF SEAT.

MAKE this little sled of cardboard, and let your little brother watch you do it.

Do not have the cardboard too heavy and stiff. Draw on the cardboard, accurately, all the lines of the patterns. Cut out both shapes, the sleigh and the seat, on the outlines.

Next with your sharp knife cut through all the inside lines which are *not* dotted. Then cut *half way through* along all the dotted lines, and then bend by a sharp fold. Now the tiny sledge will come easily into form. Lap the ends of the front-piece, and of the back-piece, upon the side-pieces, and fasten with a touch of glue.

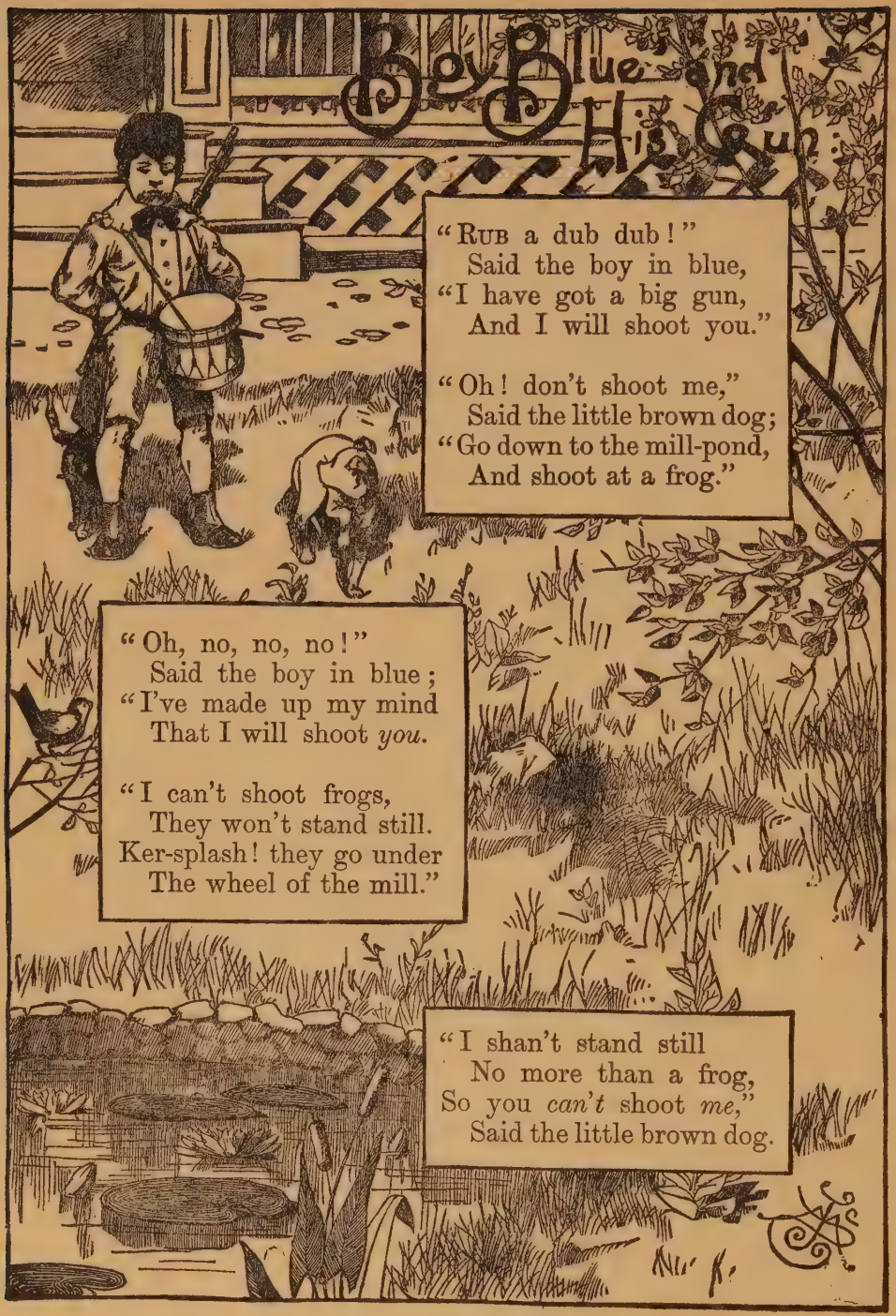


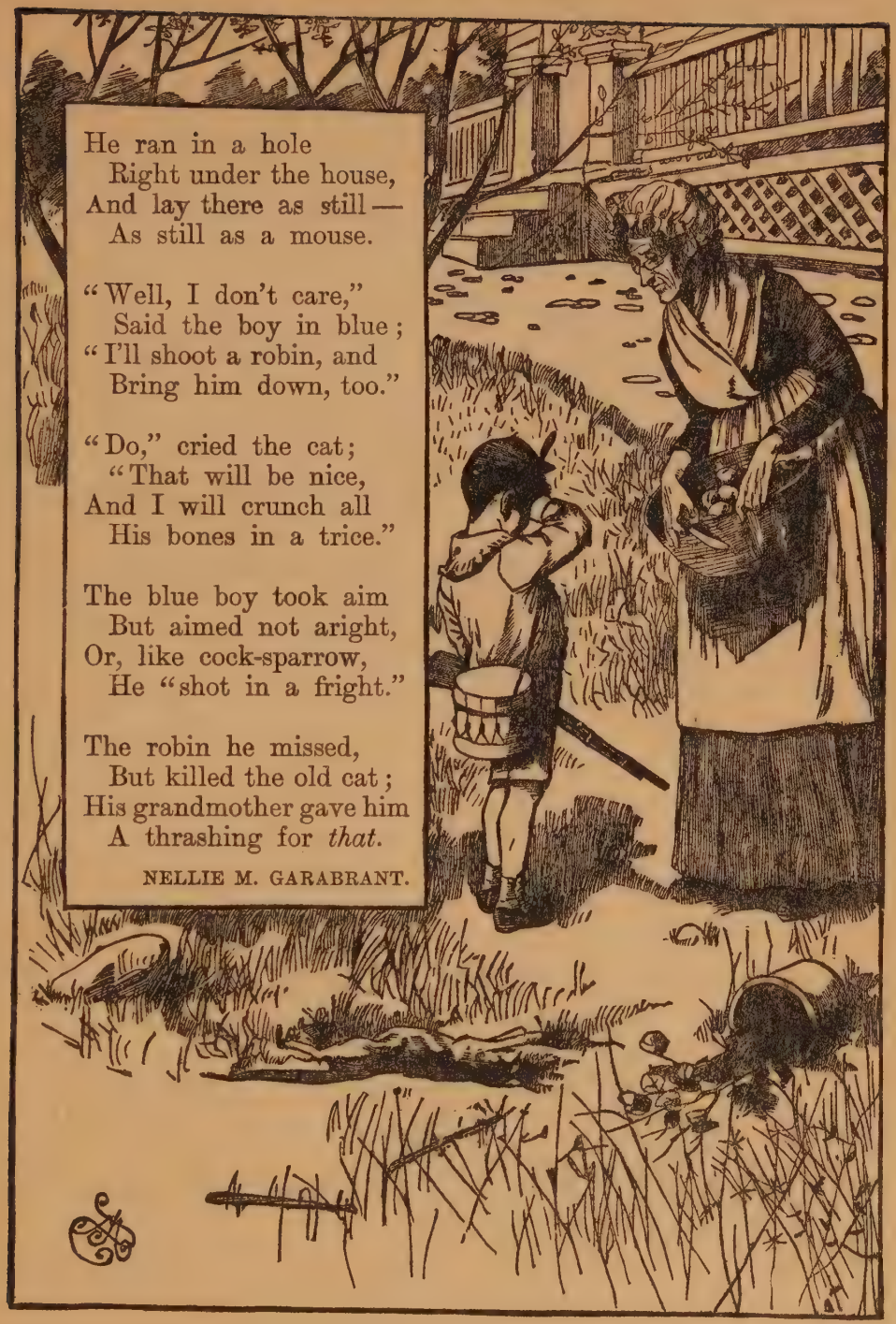
THE SLEIGH COMPLETED.

After cutting out and bending the cunning little seat, glue its side-pieces to the sides of the body of the sleigh.

You can paint and decorate this little sleigh as you please.

C. McHugh.


Boy Blue and His Gun
"Rub a dub dub!"
Said the boy in blue,
"I have got a big gun,
And I will shoot you."
"Oh! don't shoot me,"
Said the little brown dog;
"Go down to the mill-pond,
And shoot at a frog."
"Oh, no, no, no!"
Said the boy in blue;
"I've made up my mind
That I will shoot *you*.
"I can't shoot frogs,
They won't stand still.
Ker-splash! they go under
The wheel of the mill."
"I shan't stand still
No more than a frog,
So you *can't* shoot *me*,"
Said the little brown dog.



He ran in a hole
  Right under the house,
And lay there as still —
  As still as a mouse.

"Well, I don't care,"
  Said the boy in blue;
"I'll shoot a robin, and
  Bring him down, too."

"Do," cried the cat;
  "That will be nice,
And I will crunch all
  His bones in a trice."

The blue boy took aim
  But aimed not aright,
Or, like cock-sparrow,
  He "shot in a fright."

The robin he missed,
  But killed the old cat;
His grandmother gave him
  A thrashing for *that*.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

SHE WISHED TO BE A PRINCESS.

A True Story.

LITTLE Mary had had a volume of Hans Andersen's Fairy Stories given her at Christmas. The story she liked best was "The Princess and the Pea," for, like all little girls, little Mary had a natural desire to be a Princess.

When she went to bed at night with her doll little Mary would think to herself, "Oh, how beautiful to be a real princess of such very fine blood as to feel a little bit of a pea under twenty mattresses!"

One morning a comforting idea came to little Mary. "Who knows," she said to herself, "with all my very many great grandfathers and grandmothers, but p'raps I am related to some King or Queen way back?"

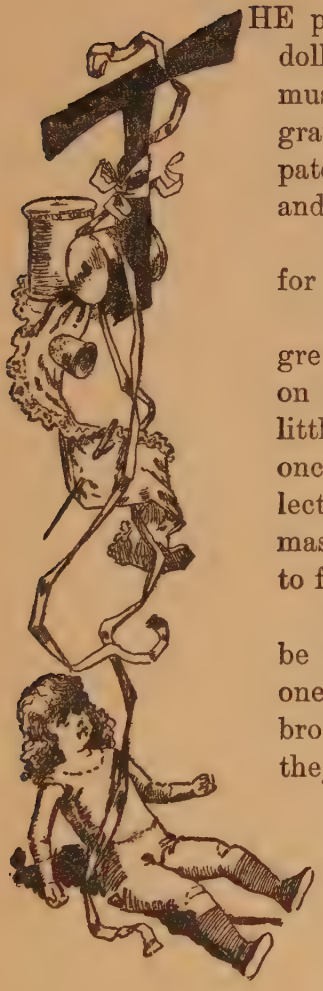
Thereupon, she went to her mother's pantry and took a bean from the jar — as large a one as she could find — and, going to her room, put it carefully under the hair mattress. That night she went to bed happy, with joyful hopes.

In the morning little Mary's elder sister found her with her head buried in her pillow crying. "Oh," little Mary sobbed, "I did think I might have just a little speck of royal blood in my veins, but I couldn't feel even that big bean under just one mattress!"

Nothing would comfort little Mary until her mama explained to her that even princesses were not happy unless they had good hearts; and *she* could have, if she tried, just as good and royal a heart as any Princess under the sun.

Anne Fiske Davenport.

DOLL DRESSMAKING.



THE pleasantest way to learn to sew is by making dolls' clothes. All the little women agree that it must be a great deal better than the way their grandmothers learned, with their "stints" of patchwork, towel hemming, and the long "over-and-over" sheet seams.

In the first place it is a delight simply to plan for the wardrobe of a lovely doll-child.

I know one thrifty, orderly little girl who finds great pleasure in having a stock of pretty "goods" on hand to "make up" for her doll, and those little women who keep their "doll-rags" (as I once heard a vexed woman call her daughter's collection of pieces) tumbled together in a crumpled mass in a box or basket or drawer, would do well to follow her example.

Many nice pieces the right size for a doll, can be found in the piece-bag. Even in the rag-bag, one is apt to come across delightful bits of embroidery and lace and ribbon, put there because they once trimmed clothes that are worn out. Cut or rip these off neatly, and if they are clean, fold them; if not, wash the lace and embroidery before putting it away. If any soiled ribbon, trimming or cloth, is not washable, do not keep it. No dainty girl will tolerate untidy things for her dolls.

Save all pieces of cambric you may find, folding them away if clean, washing and ironing them if soiled. These will make night gowns, petticoats and drawers.

Pieces of silk, satin, and velvet will be useful for hats, caps, and capes, also for trimming. Everyday silk gowns for a doll are not very

desirable, unless they are of simple India silk that can be easily cleaned. One handsome silk dress a year is enough for a doll, unless she goes out a great deal.

These rich fabrics are all to be rolled, not folded. Lay them on tissue paper, then begin at one side and roll them, paper and all, over smooth sticks. That keeps them smooth. Doll ribbons can be rolled on spools.

Pieces of white flannel will do for under petticoats, and colored flannel for house sacques. Ginghams will be useful, also dotted or plain muslins. The straw braid of old hats can be ripped and sewed and shaped into dolls' hats and bonnets. All delicate artificial flowers should be saved, and kept in a box by themselves. Feathers from chickens, or the pretty colored ones from very small dusters, make good hat trimming.

The tidy little girl will have her own thread, needles, thimble, and scissors in a box or basket. Black and white thread, in sizes 50 to 70, will be needed, and an assortment of colored silks, a little of each. Besides these she should have a paper of assorted needles, a tape-measure, a bodkin, and any tiny glove or shirt buttons she can find. It is surprising what a stock of "doll things" can be collected in a house.

A little tea-table is first-rate for cutting out clothes on. Otherwise a lap-board of very thick pasteboard that will not bend, size 1 1-2 by 2 feet, will answer.

A girl ought to have a little trunk to hold such things as I have described, small, but yet large enough to prevent any confusion or crowding. Still, a strong, deep, heavy pasteboard box can be used. Fasten the lid on one side with tape hinges, after taking off the edge-piece. Put straps between the lid and sides to keep the lid from falling too far back when lifted. A shallow box, slightly smaller, will make a tray for the box-trunk, and then a piece of pine glued along each end inside the box will make cleats inside for the tray to rest on. Handles of cord passed through holes in the sides, and knotted inside, will make the trunk easy to move.

In the next number there will be patterns and instructions for stylish dolls' nightgowns.

Annie Isabel Willis.

KITCHEN MANNERS.

"DO you consider it good manners," said the Fire to the Saucepan, "to come and sit down on me, without taking your lid off, or saying 'By your leave,' or 'Excuse me,' or 'Pardon this intrusion'?"

"Pooh, my fiery friend!" said the Saucepan, "I'm here on business, and good manners have nothing to do with it."

"Your character is black, Sir," replied the Fire; "you're not fit to mix in good society."

"Who blackened me?" retorted the Saucepan. "Why you, through your bad habit of smoking, to be sure."

"Sir," answered the Fire, "although I don't like you, I have, until now, always been polite enough to give you a warm reception. I appeal to my friends, the Fender and Fire-irons, whose manners are as polished as emery powder can make them, to say if you ought not to take your lid off before sitting down."

"Certainly he ought," shouted the Poker, who was always ready to stir up the Fire's hot temper. "Certainly he ought," echoed the Tongs and Shovel.

"Take off your lid, Sir," said the Fire.

"Sha'n't," answered the Saucepan.

"Then, I'll make you, Sir," said the Fire, and his flames beat the Saucepan's sides, thumping harder and harder, till out of sheer agitation he lifted his lid, boiling over with rage.

Oh, what a commotion! how the Fire did sneeze and sputter as the water fell on his glowing face. How rusty-red with shame the Fender and Fire-irons turned, as the steam and drops of water reached them, and they saw the mischief that they had helped to bring about.

"Ah!" said the Fire, as he sank down in a faint, "I feel quite put out."

"This comes of having a hot temper," said the Bellows, as he blew in his face to bring him back to life again, "but it's no use telling *you* to keep cool, that's what I think." And I think so too.

ROBIN'S RIDE.

IT was no good — Robin had begged, and prayed, and coaxed, but no one would tell him what the present was going to be. His Father's and Mother's Christmas present. All that he could find out was that it was to be more delightful than any he had had in his life, and that it was not a watch, because it was much too large to get into the stocking he always hung at the foot of his bed on Christmas Eve.

"Santa Claus is going to bring you something really magnificent, this time," his Father had said, "because you have been a good boy. It will be ready for you on Christmas morning. Be patient till then."

But it was a very difficult matter to be patient under the circumstances, particularly as the little boy had neither brothers nor sisters to talk the matter over with, and when he questioned his Mother, she only shook her head and smiled, and said, "Wait and see."

Well, that was all he could do; for six weeks he waited, burning with impatience, and amusing himself the best way he could. He built a snow-man, and made a snowball nearly as big as himself. He went sliding on the pond, which was frozen almost to the bottom, very much to the disgust of the ducks, who much preferred flowing water to ice, and who thought that much too much fuss was made about Christmas-time. Then he helped to stir the plum-pudding, and make mince-pies, and stuffing for the turkeys, and went cutting red-berried holly and white-berried mistletoe in the woods, to decorate the house with, and so the time passed on, and at

last it was Christmas Eve. Now it was very seldom that Master Robin cared to go to bed earlier than his usual time, but this evening he was all eager to say good-night, because, as he very wisely remarked, the sooner he went to sleep, the more quickly the morning would come. He didn't forget to hang his stocking out, for although his Father's and Mother's present was too large to get into it, that was no reason why other and smaller presents should not find their way there. His Mother tucked him up warm and snug, kissed him, and bade him good-night, and then, putting the light out, left him to sleep. So Robin shut his eyes up tight, and tried to go to sleep at once. But this, he found, wasn't quite so easy as he thought it would be. He couldn't help thinking about the present — the present that was to be more magnificent than any he had had before. Then he said to himself, "What's the good of my guessing at what it is, if there is nobody here to tell me if I'm right? No, I'll turn over on the other side, and go to sleep *at once*." So Robin turned over, and squeezed his eyes together tighter, and breathed hard, just as if he were asleep; but it was no good, so he turned back again, and as that wasn't any use, turned over again, and having done this for about an hour, the time seemed so long that he thought it must be morning, so he got up and looked out of the window, but found to his disappointment that it was still night, with a beautiful white moon shining on the beautiful white snow. Then he crept, shivering, back to bed, and once more tried to go to sleep.

Now, I cannot tell you how long he had been in bed, but all of a sudden he heard the jingling of bells and the crack of a whip in the distance; and as he listened, the sound came nearer and nearer, till it stopped just under the window. So Robin got up once more, and was very much astonished indeed when he looked out this time. It was enough to astound any one, I think; for drawn up before the house was a beautiful sleigh, with five reindeer harnessed to it, and in which sat a handsome old gentleman with a white beard, a red coat, and a fur rug over his feet, and any number of toys sticking out of his pockets.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, my boy!" shouted the old man

shaking his whip and nodding his head at Robin. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

"Thank you; same to you," answered the little boy, throwing open the window. "But, I say, what are you doing out this time of night?"

"Doing, indeed! You might ask me what I've already done. I've been all over the world, stuffing stockings for sleeping babies, and seeing that the puddings are getting on all right. Why, don't you know me? You must have seen my portrait often enough. My name is Santa Claus."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Robin in an awe-struck whisper. "I—I hope, sir, you did not think me rude, sir. I—I really didn't know."

"Oh, don't bother about that," answered Santa Claus. "I've heard that you are a very good little boy. Come for a ride?"

"Thank you; I should like to very much. Shall I put some clothes on? It may be rather cold," said Robin.

"Certainly; but don't be long."

The little boy hurriedly dressed himself, and was soon seated in the sleigh, driving along at a rapid pace, while the bells jingled and the whip cracked as merrily as ever.

"I hope, sir," said Robin, when he was comfortably seated, "I hope you haven't forgotten *me*. What is the present that Papa and Mamma said you were going to bring me?"

"You haven't been forgotten, no, no, no!" replied Santa Claus, patting the little boy on the back with the end of his whip. "Wait and see. Your present will be ready for you to-morrow morning."

"Why, that's just what Papa and Mamma say," replied Robin, somewhat disappointed. But he forgot to think about both his present and his disappointment in his wonderment at all he saw. They had been travelling for some time across a sea of ice, past enormous icebergs, when suddenly

they came to a forest that was lit with thousands of lights hanging from the trees.

"This," said Santa Claus, "you can very quickly guess is Christmas-tree Forest."

"Why, it's more beautiful than fairy land!" exclaimed Robin; "and what's that big volcano in the distance, with flames all round it?"

"That," replied the old man, "is Plum-pudding Mountain, and a little further on is Snap-dragon Lake."

Up to the present they had met no one; but now they could see strange-looking figures dotted about the white landscape, and the first person they passed gave Santa Claus a nod of recognition. He was blowing so hard that his cheeks looked as if they would burst. Santa Claus explained that he was Jack Frost, and that he was blowing the north wind over the earth, which froze the rivers and pumps, and put icicles on the trees. The next person they came to was a funny-looking old woman, who wore a comical conical cap, and who was plucking geese.

"That," said Santa Claus, "is Old Mother Goose; the feathers she plucks turn into snow. You've heard of her, have you not?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Robin; "but this is a wonderful ride. What's that flagstaff on the top of that iceberg?"

"That, my boy, is the North Pole, and the big iceberg is my palace. You would like to come in and see my people at work, would you not?"

"Indeed, yes, please!" cried Robin eagerly. And the next minute they stood in the palace of Santa Claus, where the noise and confusion were so great that it was difficult to distinguish anything distinctly. In one part of the huge ice-palace were a number of goblins tuning church bells. Then in another part were thousands of workmen making toys, sticking on dolls' heads, pasting here and hammering there; and as they all talked while they worked, you can understand that they made a good

deal of noise. The only people who seemed to be quiet were a lot of little girls, who were sewing away as fast as their little fingers could move. Their work was not very pretty, for they were making small woollen shirts, and tiny petticoats, and wee shoes.

"To keep the poor little children warm who have no one to work for them," whispered Santa Claus in Robin's ear.

"What pretty work!" said Robin. "But look! Look there! Who are those people in fancy dress? I seem to know them."

"Of course you do; they are the people from the nursery tales (great friends of Mother Goose, by the by); there is Little Miss Muffet and the rest of them."

"Dear me," cried Robin, "this is a wonderful place! I hope everybody here will have a Merry Christmas."

"A Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas to you!" shouted every one in reply.

"A Merry Christmas, Robin!" said Old Santa Claus, taking him by the shoulders and shaking him. "Wake up, Robin! A Merry Christmas!"

And Robin opened his eyes, and found himself in bed, with his Father and Mother and Nurse bending over him.

"My dear, you *have* overslept yourself," said his Mother; "your breakfast and present are waiting for you."

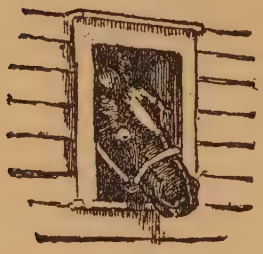
Robin was not long before he was in the breakfast-room, with his eyes looking in every direction. But he could see no parcel that looked likely to contain the wonderful present. "It's out-of-doors," said his Father.

Then he was taken round to the stables, and there, in a stall, stood the present. A pony, a real live pony, with four legs, and eyes that could see, and a mouth that could eat.

"And what will you call him?" asked his Father.

"Santa Claus," replied the delighted boy; and then he told about his wonderful ride. And although since that day he has had many a pleasant ride on his four-legged Santa Claus, he has never had such a wonderful journey as the one he took with the Old Santa Claus, to his palace at the North Pole.

Edric Vredenburg.



A CAT'S PARTY.

"THERE was only one hitch, otherwise it was a lovely party," said Mrs. Tabitha-Scratch to Sandy Maria Tortoise-shell. Sandy was a poor relation and never went anywhere. In fact, she and her kittens lived in a hollow tree in the orchard, which nevertheless was a very comfortable house. However, when her rich relations gave a party, she used to make a little call next day, to hear how things went off.

"Everything was perfect," went on Mrs. Tabby, "music, dancing, fighting, and refreshments. Everybody was there — everybody worth knowing. Now, don't put your back up, Sandy, or I sha'n't go on. *I* didn't make you an ugly cat, did I?"

"No, cousin, no, please, go on; but they might have asked me."

"Stuff! There was Tinker and Topsy, Snowy and Smut, Bully and Spitfire. But Bully and Spitfire behaved very badly indeed, all on account of a miserable sardine."

"That was the 'hitch,' I suppose, ma'am," said Sandy.

"No, I'm coming to that as fast as I can. We'd been playing at 'Fly on the wall,' rushing about all over the place, up and down the curtains, over and under the tables and chairs, till the whole lot of us were as hot as pancakes. Then Professor Grimalkin asked to be allowed to show his performing mice, by way of a change. He was just in the middle of the entertainment when we saw —"

"What, ma'am, rats?"

"No, worse than that; *something*, it wasn't a man, it wasn't a cat and it

wasn't a dog. Such eyes! Such a flat nose, and, oh, such a grin — a Cheshire cat couldn't cap it, if it tried for a week." "And what was it doing, ma'am?" "Scratching its head." "What did you do?" "Stood on the staircase, staring as hard as we could." "And what next?" cried Sandy. "It ran towards us; but when it saw such a lot of us, and Bully and Spitfire ready to spring, it got scared, and jumped up to the hall lamp, and swung on it, backwards and forwards, grinning all the time."

"Dear, dear, how exciting, Mrs. Tabby, ma'am! What did the Persians and Angoras do?"

"Scampered off, helter skelter, some up-stairs, some down, some into cupboards, some under beds; one fell into the flour-tub."

"And the mice, ma'am?" "Got clean away, worse luck."

"Did you discover what it was, Mrs. Tabby?"

"Yes, a monkey! Disgusting to keep monkeys in the house, worse than babies, ten times."

"Ah, well, that comes of being fine folks," said Sandy. "Good-morning, ma'am." And she went home to her hollow-tree.

DOT'S PET KITTEN.

IT came in a hamper. But what was it? It was a big hamper, tied up with blue ribbon, and rather heavy; and a very neatly written label, addressed to "Miss Baby Dot," was on that hamper. What *could* it be? Was it apples and pears, cakes and crackers, or bags of sweeties?

Dot stood by while mamma undid the ribbons, and then what do you think she saw? Why, nothing less than a little tabby kitten, with light blue eyes.

Dot clapped her hands with joy, and hugged and kissed the kitten. Dot had no brothers and sisters; and although she had a number of toys, dolls, and dolls' houses, bricks and picture-books, she had never had anything that could love her so much as a kitten might do. Of course she had her papa and mamma, and nurse, but she had nothing young like her little self.

Now, I am sorry to say that Dot pulled that kitten's tail, and picked it up by one paw, and then by another paw, until the poor little cat did not know which leg to stand upon.

"Humph!" said the kitten to itself, "that's a very nice little baby-girl, I dare say; but she seems to think I'm made of rags and sawdust, like her dollies, and I must say it is rather uncomfortable to be treated so. And yet I don't like to scratch her."

It was certainly very good of Kitty not to scratch Dot; but whenever she saw the little girl coming, away she would run and hide in the coal-scuttle, so that Dot could not catch her.

"Oh, what a naughty Pussy!" said the Baby to her Nurse. "She always runs away from Dot, and Dot loves her so."

"Well, dear," said Nurse, "I daresay you love her very much, but you don't treat her properly. Suppose you had a tail and I were to pull you round the room by it; and suppose I were to pick you up by your hands and feet, why I am quite sure you would run away whenever you saw me coming." Baby did not say anything in reply to this, but that very day she put a saucer of milk on the floor for Kitty.

TRUMP, THE TERRIER.

BY "TABBIE."

TRUMP, the terrier, came to us of his own accord, a poor little wretched dog that looked as if he hadn't had anything to eat for a fortnight. Our cook found him one morning lying on the doorstep so weak that he could hardly walk; so she brought him into the kitchen and gave him half of my milk and half of her own breakfast. You may, perhaps, think that I was annoyed at a *dog* drinking out of my saucer; but if you had seen how miserable the little creature looked, you would have pitied it and let it drink the other half of the milk, as I did.

Trump (who was a well-educated dog, for he had been to a dog and cat school) and I soon became fast friends; a good many of our tastes were the same. One thing, he disliked water as much as I did; another thing, he used to help me to catch the mice and rats, and after a little training from me he was very successful. He was also a great favorite with the children — Harry, Bessie, and Lilly. He would go out hunting rabbits with them — not that he ever caught any, for he couldn't run quick enough; and when the apples fell in the orchard, he would pick them up and give them to Harry, and wait patiently on the seat for his share.

Well, one day we all went to stay at the seaside. I was packed in one hamper, and Trump in another, and Princess Matilda, a very beautiful doll, quite as beautiful as Angelica, I should think, was packed in a box.

Trump used to tell me what fine fun it was racing on the sands with the children, but said that nothing whatever — no, nothing — would induce him to put even so much as one paw in the water. So you can imagine how very much surprised I was one day when he came home dripping wet.

"What on earth have you been doing — not bathing?" said I, in horror.

"No, not bathing," replied Trump, "but I've been in the sea. While on the sands this morning I was startled by loud cries of 'Oh, Matilda has fallen into the sea!' 'Her Royal Highness will be drowned!' 'See, she is drifting out. Oh! Save her! Save her!' I rushed to the spot and saw Princess Matilda far out at sea, and our children looking fearfully on. I didn't pause a moment, but with one shudder I jumped into the water and brought her safe to shore, very much frightened and her clothes spoilt, but not otherwise hurt."

I complimented Trump on his bravery, and gave him my corner by the fire till he got dry, for really he was a very good and courageous dog, was he not?

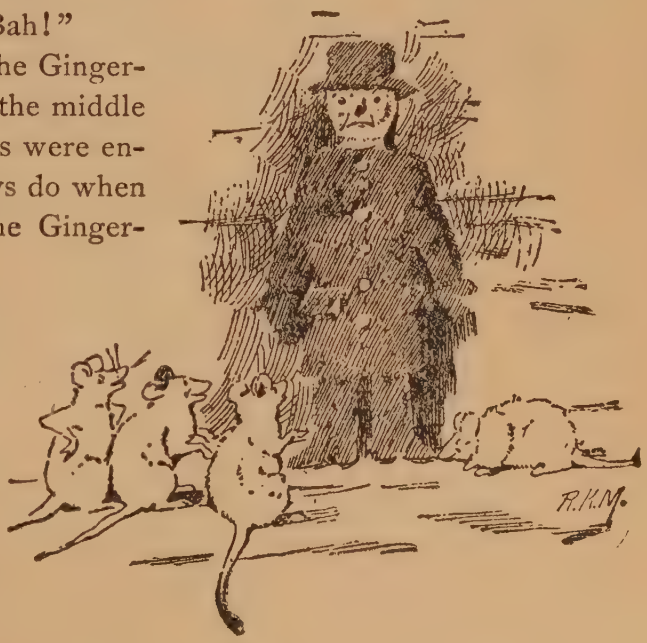
THE GINGER-BREAD MAN.

THERE was once a Ginger-Bread Man, really a very fine fellow indeed. He was made of the very best Ginger-Bread; and his face, hands, and boots were all of beautiful colored sugar, to say nothing of pockets and buttons, and a walking-stick made of the same sweet stuff. But although he was possessed of all this finery, that was no reason why he should turn up his sugar-nose at everything and everybody, and give himself terrible airs, which he most decidedly did.

In fact, he considered himself so very grand, he would hardly speak to the wax-dolls and the colored animals that lived in the Noah's-ark, and as to the plain wooden ones he didn't even condescend to look at them; so you can imagine he was not a favorite in the nursery.

"What a come-down in the world it is to be placed here with a lot of stupid toys, after living in a shop window, with others of my family, and being admired by all beholders," he sighed to himself, hour after hour, instead of making himself agreeable. "It is impossible for anybody to appreciate me here; nobody knows what first-rate stuff I'm made of. Bah!"

But it so turned out that the Ginger-Bread Man was mistaken, for in the middle of the night, when the other toys were enjoying themselves (as toys always do when everybody else is asleep), and the Ginger-Bread Man was sulking by himself in a corner, there popped out of a hole in the wall six little brown mice.

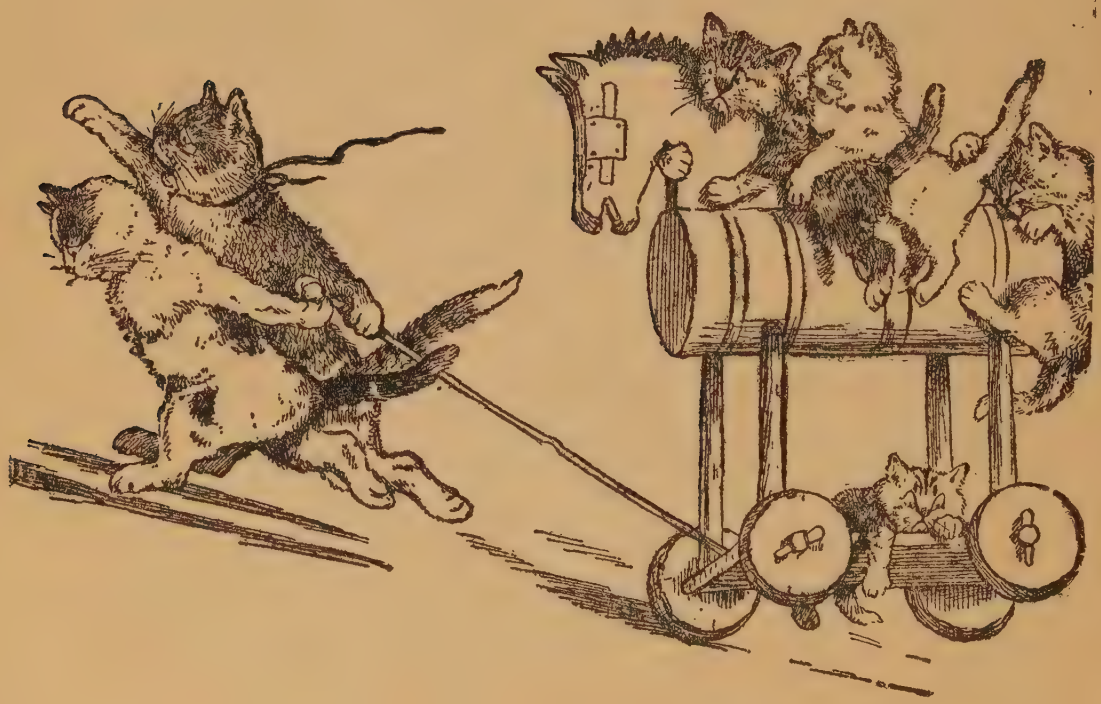


There was the Father and the Mother mouse and their four children, and they all were very hungry. "Oh, dear, what a beautiful man!" cried the four little mice, as

they saw the Ginger-Bread Man "I should think so, indeed," thought he to himself. "Gracious me!" exclaimed Papa and Mamma Mouse, in one breath, "he's made of Ginger-Bread and Sugar. My dears, he is good to eat; try him." So they tried him. "Isn't he lovely?" cried one. "Delicious!" said another. "What first-rate stuff he's made of!" said a third, with his mouth full; which, by the by, was very bad manners.

So the little mice nibbled, and nibbled, and nibbled away, and in the morning, all that was left of the Ginger-Bread Man was one sugar pocket and four buttons. And nobody in the nursery was very sorry; every one agreed that it served him right; for conceit and pride are sure to have a fall, one day or another.

Edric Vredenburg



THE SEWING MEETING

THE BUNNIES' PARTY.

THE Bunnies have given a picnic party,
Every one came with an appetite hearty.
Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel, invited,
Said that to come they'd be most delighted.
Miss White-ear climbed all the stiles so sprightly,
Mr. Whisker assisting her, most politely.
The servants laid out the picnic table,
As cleverly as they were able.
Soon up the guests began to scamper,
They'd brought the wine in a great big hamper.
They'd pies and puddings, and cream and ices,
In fact, quite everything that nice is.
Then some went through the forest, walking;
And others sat in the sunshine, talking.
At last, their homeward way they wended,
And all were sorry the day had ended.
And I've heard it confidently asserted,
Miss White-ear and Mr. Whisker flirted.
I hope, don't you, on the next occasion,
The Bunnies will send us an invitation.

C. B.

THE END OF WASHINGTON'S CENTURY.

(When Grandfather's Grandfather Was a Boy.)

THE PLEASANT FARM-HOUSE AT MOUNT VERNON.

ONE day your grandfather's grandfather heard the bells of Boston town tolling solemnly. Other small boys in other towns and villages heard their bells tolling just as solemnly. Sad news was traveling across the land — George Washington was dead.

I do not know that your grandfather's grandfather ever saw George Washington. Many boys and girls in many places did see him at different times in his life — when he rode from Mount Vernon in Virginia to Cambridge in Massachusetts to take command of the American armies at the beginning of the Revolution; when he rode under arches and over flowers from Mount Vernon to New York to become President of the United States; and when on the steps of the Federal Hall in Wall Street in New York he promised to be a good and faithful president, while the bells rang and the cannon boomed a salute, and the people — men and women, boys and girls — cried with a great and joyful shout: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States."

But, whether or not your grandfather's grandfather ever saw George Washington, he believed George Washington the greatest man that ever lived. And when the "Father of his Country" — as men even then called Washington — died in his pleasant farmhouse at Mount Vernon, on the last hour of the last day of the week of the last month of the last year of the century in which he had lived, you may be certain your grandfather's grandfather felt very sober to think so great an American had died, and in his way mourned his loss as sincerely as did all Americans, and in fact many men who were not

Americans; for you must know that when England, Washington's greatest enemy, heard the news, she put the flags of her fleet at half-mast; and the French nation wore mourning to show how sorry the land of Lafayette was at the death of that noble Frenchman's noblest friend.

Perhaps your grandfather's grandfather did see Lafayette. For, in 1824, when he had grown to be an old man — and when, I suppose your grandfather's grandfather was a father himself — Lafayette visited the land he had run away from his home in France to fight for when he was scarcely more than a boy.

I don't know how many other of the famous men of the Revolution your grandfather's grandfather ever saw. Boys and girls did not have such good chances to see famous folks as they do to-day, when the steam cars carry everybody everywhere, but he may have seen some of them.

Benjamin Franklin died before your grandfather's grandfather was born; so, too, did James Otis, the Boston boy who did so much for liberty, and John Paul Jones, the great sailor who whipped the British on the sea. Wayne and Greene, the brave generals, died when your grandfather's grandfather was a baby; Patrick Henry, who made a great speech for freedom that you should know by heart, died in the same year with Washington; and, soon after that, Benedict Arnold, the traitor who sold his country, died far away from the land he had betrayed.

But Alexander Hamilton, whose story I have told you, and Sam Adams, the Boston patriot, and Robert Morris, the rich man in Philadelphia who lent the government all his money to pay the soldiers, and Knox, the Boston bookseller who became Washington's best-loved general, all lived when your grandfather's grandfather was a small boy. Let us hope he saw them.

We take it for granted he saw John Adams, for everybody in Boston knew that famous old man; and perhaps he saw Burr who might have been a hero and president if he had not turned wicked and tried to betray his country as Arnold did. And Jefferson and Madison and Monroe, three famous men of the Revolution, each of

whom became President of the United States later on, lived until your grandfather's grandfather was a man, though whether he ever saw them or not I cannot say.

But he knew their names well; and though he may not have thought as some of them did when he grew to be old enough to vote, I am sure he honored them all as American citizens who wished to do what was best for their country, even if they did not agree as to how things should be done.

For, as I have told you, after Washington's day, men followed different leaders and thought and acted differently when great questions came before the people to be settled.

"The people" did settle every question. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States both said Americans believed all men were created free and equal and had a right to say who should govern them, how they should be governed, and what those they put in office should do for the good of the country.

The young United States made lots of mistakes and had troubles — just as you had the measles or the whooping cough when you were small; they nearly had a war with France and did have wars with the Indians, and some fisticuffs and quarrels among themselves. But on the whole they got along very well.

Elbridge S. Brooks.

THE FIRE-CRACKER.

THE Fire-Cracker said, "I am really not
A Cracker at all, but a patriot,
And for Freedom's sake I am ready to die,
When my Country calls on the Fourth of July!"

Marian Douglas.

DISCOVERED IN A KALEIDOSCOPE.

EVERY boy finds fun in his toys. Most boys find nothing more. The boy I am to tell of, however, found much more than fun — he found a fortune!

The way of it was this.

Wilberforce — I call him Wilberforce here, because that was not his name. The fact is, I am telling this story without his permission, so it would not do to call him by his real name.

Most boys spend their pennies for peanuts, or peppermints — Wilberforce spent his for pencils — lead pencils.

A lead pencil would last Will about a day. He usually managed to get another the next.

One night his mother turned his pockets inside out (mothers sometimes do that), and she found seven pencil stubs in his trousers pockets and eleven in his jacket pockets.

Now this was not because Will was so wasteful, but because he was so industrious. Will was a great worker. He worked just as he played — like a little steam engine.

Will was always drawing something with these pencils — squares, diamonds, circles, scrolls — then combinations of these forms into designs, like those in the carpets and wall papers.

One day — I think it was St. Valentine's Day — though how Santa happened to be six weeks late I can't now say — he had a present of a kaleidoscope.

I wish you could have seen the smile that spread over his face when he held the cylinder to his eye and turned it slowly. I did. I shall never forget it. Will will never forget it either!

All that day he found fun in the toy. The second day he began also to find the fortune.

As he slowly revolved the cylinder, and the gorgeous bits of rainbow glass in the end shifted about with a clink-chink-dink, he would every now and then cry out, "O," or "O-o!" and sometimes "O-oo-o!" That meant he saw a very curious or beautiful arrange-

ment in form or color. After every "O-oo-o!" he would drop the kaleidoscope, out with his pencil, and make a drawing of the picture he had just seen.

The third day, after every pencil sketch, he exclaimed, "O, if I only had some water-colors."

Well, one morning, a few weeks after, he put his right foot into its stocking with a vigorous shove. It came out as quickly. Then his little brown hand dove down into the stocking — down the long leg, into the foot.

When the hand came out, it brought with it a box of water-colors — another belated Christmas present!

That day Will not only made pencil outlines of the pictures he saw in the kaleidoscope, but also colored them.

As the days and weeks went by, Will not only copied and colored the kaleidoscope designs, but began also to make other designs, "out of his head." Sometimes these were parts of the kaleidoscope pictures arranged in different ways, sometimes they were wholly new.

This went on all that winter, on Saturdays, and holidays, and in the long evenings — and all the next summer.

One day in the fall, a gentleman called to see Will's father on business. This gentleman was a manufacturer of wall papers. He happened to see some of Will's colored "patterns," as Will called them. They interested him. He took several away to his mills.

This visit was forgotten, till one day in the winter. It was a great day for Will — and strange to say it was St. Valentine's Day, just a year from the day the kaleidoscope came.

That day a letter came to Will's father from the manufacturer of wall papers. In it the gentleman offered to give Will an art education. The offer was gladly accepted. And to-day Wilberforce is a famous designer of wall papers, and carpets, and all sorts of beautiful fabrics.

I will not say how many hundreds of dollars his pencil and brush bring him a year now. I will say that the number is large enough to make true what I have said, at the start of this story, about the fortune one boy found in a kaleidoscope.

C. S. P.

TONY'S VOYAGE.

(An American Dog Abroad.)

WHEN I am naughty my master calls me "Anthony!" When I am good, which is most times, he says "Tony." So though my real name is Anthony, if I should put it at the head of this true account of my travels, nobody would know it was I, and I wish everybody to know the traveler and writer is I.

My master and I set out on our travels in June. We took a stateroom on board the S. S. Cephalonia, from Boston. At least my master took a stateroom which I was to share, with all the privileges. But there was a woman in the cabin who objected to dogs.

I have observed that almost everywhere there is a woman who objects to dogs. They say dogs bite their ankles.

But I don't bite. I wish everyone to know in this first chapter of my travels that I don't bite. I am a well-bred pug.

By great good luck, the Objector was seasick for three days and could not leave her berth; and each of those days I had a good run in the saloon, where I received a good deal of attention.

But at the end of three days, the Objector to dogs was able to go on deck. Our stateroom was by the foot of the gangway, and I saw her go up. The stewardess followed behind, carrying her deck-chair, five rugs, six pillows, a pile of books and magazines, a bottle of cologne, a tin box of biscuits, a pink box of sweets, something to drink in a flask, a bag of valuables, a sun umbrella and a fan, all for the Objector's comfort on deck.

At night, after the Objector had gone below, my master took me for a stroll on deck, and again in the early morning. I liked the morning stroll best. There were always boys on deck then. And from their conversation, I concluded there were objectors to boys on board, also. But all the objectors slept late, and we had the deck to ourselves.

One morning we saw whales spouting. A singular fashion! I should not wish to take in water and spout it out of a hole in my head.

Another morning we saw an iceberg. The ice I had always seen

before was white. But this was pink and blue and green and red! Truly, I advise every dog to travel and see the wonders of the sea!

I saw nothing else to bark at, except a small vessel that passed near us one day. I saw it from the round window in our stateroom, which was just big enough to put my head out of.

There was a small dog of the spaniel family on board the vessel. He returned my bark with great cordiality. "Any objectors to dogs on your ship?" I asked. "Not one!" said he.

The Objector had overheard our conversation from her place on deck, and I heard her say, "There's that dog again! I thought he was to be confined for the rest of the voyage."

Cruel Objector! after being shut up herself three days in a stuffy stateroom, why wish me to be shut up in one the whole voyage?

But I had a lovely revenge! The last day my master took me on deck. He wished me to see the coast of Ireland. But I was much more pleased with the white seagulls flying about the ship. So was my Objector. "Sweet creatures!" said she. And then she scowled at me. And at that moment the Cephalonia began to roll.

With the first lurch, over went the Objector; and her cushions, and pink box of sweets, and biscuits and something to drink in a flask, and book, and bag of valuables, and sun umbrella, and fan, all began to roll down the slope of the deck towards the water.

Had I been a dog of less good-breeding, I should have sat still on my haunches and let them roll. But I do not take revenge in that unhandsome fashion. I sprang forward and seized the bag of valuables just as it was going over to the fishes. I then made a snatch at the pink box of sweets. But at that instant the ship rolled in the opposite direction, and everything went down the gangway, except the Objector; she was seized by the passing steward.

There were diamonds and gold pins in the bag of valuables, and the Objector sent me a large vanilla sweet, for my pains. I hate vanilla. But my master said, "Tony, good fellow!" in that pleased voice of his, which was better to me than all the sweets in the pink box.

Frank Pope Humphrey.

HOW I SAVED MY DOLLS.

The Story of a Midnight Fire.

WHEN I was eight years old I spent a summer, as I often did, with my three aunts and my uncle Amos at the old family homestead.

At this time I was very fond of paper dolls, and had ninety of them. They were kept in a large pasteboard box, and went with me everywhere. On rainy days I used to sit in an attic room over the kitchen and play with them and paint dresses for them from morning to night. Sometimes they were all pupils, and I "kept school" with them. Again, they were grouped into families, with the most extensive relationships. They all had middle names and certain ages, which staid the same always. This never struck me as being queer, though I knew that I grew older from year to year. Cousins, uncles and aunts were very plenty among them, and I knew just which were which. Most of the dolls were home-made, though some were what we called "boughten." (I do not like that word now.) All of them had elaborate wardrobes, which were kept in large envelopes. It required all the powers I could muster to keep my doll-family in order, but I enjoyed the hard work, for I loved my dolls as I did my best friends.

One day in early September it was very cold and rainy, and we had a fire in the dining-room for the first time that season. The fire did not burn well at all. The chimney seemed to be stopped up, for smoke would curl from every crack in the stove whenever a fresh stick of wood was put in. All day it smoked more or less, and the fire was allowed to go out before six o'clock.

I went to bed at eight, and the family retired at their usual time; but I was waked up in the middle of the night by my Aunt Tessie, who was shaking me and saying, "Get up! Get up! The house is on fire!"

I shall never forget how wild and white her face looked. The air was blue with smoke. I jumped up as quickly as I could, and hurried

on my clothes, getting everything on wrong-side out and back-side before. Aunt Tessie tried to help me, but we were both shaking so that we did not get on very well.

In three minutes we were down in the dining-room. In all the confusion, one thought was uppermost in my mind — my dolls! I ran to the cupboard where I kept them, and when I once had my large doll-box in my arms I felt calmer.

While I was saving my precious dolls, Uncle Amos came rushing in with an axe. There was a loud roaring noise in the chimney. Aunt Caroline stood with her arms clutched together. She shook like a willow in the wind.

"W-what a-are y-you g-going to d-do, Amos?" she asked, with her teeth chattering.

"I am going to chop open the wall," cried Uncle Amos excitedly. "The fire's in there! It's probably been smouldering there all day. We must get at it, or we can't put it out."

He lifted the axe, and pretty soon he had a large piece of the wainscoting out. Then what do you think happened? We did not see leaping tongues of flame, as we had expected. Nothing of the kind — only a vast flock of chimney swallows, which flew out and circled around the room, in the greatest confusion, quite as scared as we were.

It was they who had stopped up the great chimney and whose excited swarming there had made the roaring noise. They did not like to have the fire built, though they made no noise during the day.

While the rest were driving out the swallows, I dropped into a chair with my precious box. There I fell asleep. My Aunt Sylvia woke me. My heart stood still as I heard her say, "Wake up, Katie! We're all going to bed again. Bless me, what *has* the child got! She is hugging the box of macaroni! She must have thought it was her box of dolls!"

I shuddered for weeks to think what if there *had* been a fire, and I had saved only the box of macaroni!

Kate Upson Clark.

TWO DAINTY DOLL-GOWNS.

WHITE GUIMPE.

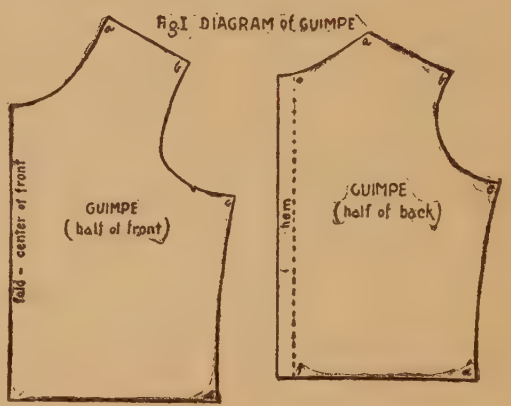
TWO guimpes, one black, one white, are first-rate things to make for dolls, as they will go with gowns of all colors.

For the white guimpe cut pieces like pattern (*Fig. I.*) from lawn or swiss. Seam them together at *a-b* and at *c-d*. Turn in hems at *e-f*. Face the neck, and edge it with a lace frill.

Of course the guimpes will be "fancier" if cut out of tucked goods or all-over embroidery. If plain stuff is used, tuck the goods with three or four tiny tucks down the front and the backs, before you cut it by pattern. The back is fastened by tiny buttons.

The sleeves may be plain puffed ones, like those given in February doll fashions, or they may be bishop sleeves shown here.

Cut out a piece of goods like *Fig. II. b*, long enough to pass loosely around dolly's forearm — allowing for seam — and wide enough to make a deep cuff. Fold and seam up at *a-r*. Cut out the puff, or upper part of sleeve, like *Fig. II. a*, and seam up along *c-b*. Gather along edge *b-b* and sew on edge of cuff, *a-a*. Line cuff with piece exactly the same size, cut by same pattern. Lay it on outside of cuff, *r-r*, seam, gather, then turn it over and hem down over gathers where upper sleeve joins cuff. Gather along the rounded top of puff between notches and set the finished sleeve in the guimpe, making the seam join the notch in guimpe front.



To make a black guimpe of silk or woolen, cut out patterns from lining, and seam up, as before. Then take a bias piece of the goods as long as twice the distance around neck, and wide enough to allow for turning in at both edges, and to reach under the arms. Turn in one edge and gather, so that one edge will stand up in tiny ruffle around Dolly's neck. Baste to the lining of neck, which should previously have been faced or hemmed, making the gathers equally full all around. When basted properly at top, fasten the folds down gracefully, front and back, along lower lining edge. Then let dolly try on. When all is right, backstitch gathers firmly around neck, turn in lower edge and hem neatly, remove bastings, and put in sleeves of either sort.

Waist of plain dress, Fig. III. is low-necked and sleeveless, to wear with guimpe. Cut out the parts of waist, first of lining, and fit them to dolly; then of goods, unless, of course, a wash-dress is being made. Then no lining is used.

Baste goods smoothly on lining. Seam *e-f* together, then *g-h*. Press and overcast, Face the top and arm-holes and back edges very neatly with a narrow bias piece of thin silk, if you have it. Your own little iron will be just right to press seams and facings.

For the skirt take a piece deep enough to allow for a hem and the seam at waist, and wide enough to make a good fullness. This need not be lined, unless of very flimsy goods. Seam it up, leaving placket hole near top, which should be faced and pressed. Hem bottom and press. Gather at the top on two threads. Set middle of skirt in exactly the middle of waist-front and baste together. Try on, to see if the skirt hangs well. Then backstitch this seam firmly and overcast it or cover with a narrow tape hemmed on. Finish waist with three or four buttons and button-holes, and put on rosettes and ends of ribbon, front and back, as in picture.

Another easily made dress for guimpes consists of a plain strip of goods, deep enough to fall from chest to feet, after allowing for hem and the shirring at top. Seam it part way up, and hem and press

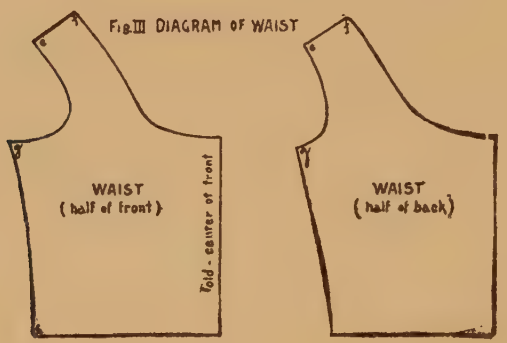
the back-opening thus left. Hem the bottom and press. Turn in the top edge enough to hold two rows of shirring, and leave the threads in when shirring is done. Try it on over the guimpe, fastening the shirring-threads so the top will fit around dolly's chest. Sew the shirred edge on a tape, to make it strong, and put a hook and eye at back-opening to fasten it.

DOLLY'S PLAIN DRESS.

Now sew on two shoulder-straps of tape to go over the arms, and cover them with ribbons to match the dress, and tie it in big bows.

Measure the dress under the arms to find dolly's waist-line, and shirr two threads along this line; leave a little space at front and back unshirred. Fasten a belt of tape inside the dress, and sew the shirred parts to it, so that they will be held in properly to dolly's figure when the belt is hooked. The parts left loose front and back hang in pretty folds as hown. Trim the shirred parts with ribbon rosettes.

Isabel Willis.



THE THREE BLIND MICE.

THE STORY TOLD BY A BROWNIE.

WELL, first of all, I must tell you that I am a Brownie, and although I am ever and ever so old, I look as young to-day as I did when I was but one year old. Well, it was about seven hundred years ago, and I used to be a great deal with some other Brownies, cousins of mine, visiting at the same farm-houses as they did, and helping them with their work. And it was in this way that I got to know the Three Blind Mice, — Purrin, Furrin, and Tod.

Pretty, pleasant little fellows they were; and they were not blind then, — far from it. They lived up in the loft of Dame Marjoram's room, over at Fiveoaks Farm.

Such merry supper-parties as never were, I think, before or since, we used to have then. We would think nothing of finishing a round of apple and a walnut-shell full of honey between us, in one evening, to say nothing of scraps of cheese-rind and the crumbs we stole from the birds. Purrin had a most melodious voice, and could sing a good song, while Tod was never at a loss for an amusing story. As to Furrin, he was almost as quaint as our Mr. Puck, and, though perhaps it is not for me to say so, when those in high places do encourage him, not one-tenth as mischievous.

When Angelina, the old stable cat, had kittens, he would get into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and imitate their squeaky little voices, so that she was always on the fidget, thinking she must have mislaid one somewhere, and never able to find it. For you see, as she could not count, she never knew whether they were all beside her or no. Often he would coax a whole hazel-nut out of Rudge, the Squirrel, who lived on the Hanger, just above, and whom every one believed to be a miser. And then his Toast-

ing-fork Dance was so sprightly and graceful, it did your heart good to see it. Ah, me! those days are gone, and Furrin is gone too; and the Moon, when she looks through that chink in the barn roof, no longer sees us feasting and making merry on the great beam.

And this is how they became blind:

They were very fond of Gilliflower, Dame Marjoram's little daughter, and after the nurse had put her to bed, Furrin, Purrin, and Tod used to creep up into her room, and read her some of the funny little tales from Mouse-land till she went to sleep. She would lie there with her eyes shut, and perhaps imagined that it was her own thoughts that made her fancy all about the fairy tales that came into her head; but really it was the mice who read them to her, but in such a low voice that Gilliflower never thought of opening her eyes to see if any one was there. I must tell you that the print in Mouse-land is very, very small and hard to read. This did not matter so much during the long Summer evenings, when there was plenty of light to see to read by; but when the Winter came on, and the mice had only the firelight to read by, then reading the small print began to tell its tale. You know how bad it is for the eyesight to read any print by firelight, and it must be very much worse when the print is very small; and so Furrin would say to Purrin, "My eyes are getting quite dim, so now you must read;" and before Purrin had read a page he would say the same thing to Tod, and then Tod would try; but after a time their eyes became so dim they couldn't see at all, and so they had to invent stories to tell little Gilliflower; so the poor little mice went quite blind, trying to amuse their little girl friend.

I took what care of them I could; but their blindness was very sad for them. No longer had Purrin the heart to sing or Furrin to dance and jest. Only they would sit close together, each holding one of Tod's hands, and listening to his stories, for he kept his spirits best, and did all he could to cheer the others. All the marketing fell to me then, and it gave me plenty to do; for, poor souls, the only amusement left them was a dainty morsel, now and then.

And, by and by, they became so tired of sitting still, when Tod had

exhausted all his stock of stories, that they got reckless, and would go blundering about the house after Dame Marjoram, whom they knew by the rustle of her silken skirt, and the tapping of her high-heeled shoes. They all ran after her, forgetting, that although they could not see her, still she could see them, and trying to follow her into her store-room, where the almonds, and raisins, and sugar, and candied-peel were kept.

I told them she would get angry, and that harm would come of it; but I think their unhappiness and dulness made them quite foolhardy, for they still went on, getting under her feet, and well-nigh tripping her up; clambering into the lard-pot before her very eyes; in short, doing a thousand irritating and injudicious things day by day, until her patience was quite worn out. And at last, when they scrambled on to the dinner-table, thinking it to be the store-room shelf, and sat all in a row, quietly eating out of Miss Gilliflower's plate, Dame Marjoram, who had the carving-knife in her hand, thought it high time for them to have a lesson in manners. So, thinking the knife was turned blunt side downwards, she rapped them smartly across their three tails. What was her horror and their dismay, to find them cut off quite cleanly. The little tails lay still on the table, and the three little mice, well-nigh crazed with terror and pain, groped their way off the table and out of the room.

I was returning from the cheese-room, and met them crossing the great hall.

Of course, I took in at a glance all that had occurred, and I must say that I felt but little surprise, though much sorrow. I guided them to

our old haunt in the loft-roof and then sat down to prepare a Memorial for Dame Marjoram, giving a full account of all that they had suffered for the sake of her family.

This I placed on the top of the key-basket; and while she was reading it, with my usual tact I silently brought in Purrin, Furrin, and Tod, and pushed them forward in front of her.

The tears stood in her eyes as she finished reading my scroll, and from that time forth nothing was too good for the Three Blind Mice. The good wife even tried to make new tails for them.

But they did not live long to enjoy their new happiness. The loss of their sight, followed by the shock of having their tails cut off, was too much for them. They never quite recovered, but died, all on the same day, within the same hour, just a month afterward.

Their three little graves were made beneath the shadows of a lavender bush in the garden.

Sometimes I go there to scatter a flower or two, and to shed a tear to the memory of Purrin, Furrin, and Tod.

Helen J. Wood.

THE GREEN BLUEBERRY.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor little Berry, who could not get ripe.

He lived on a Blueberry bush, and on the bush hung a great many large fat Blueberries, and of course he ought to have been like them; but because he grew too low down on the bush so that the sun and air could not reach him, or for some other reason, he certainly remained a very green Blueberry, although, to be sure, he felt blue enough.

All the other Berries were unkind to him, saying, "No one will pick *you*, Greenie! We, being so big and fat, shall all be picked and put into fine pies and cakes, but no one wants to eat hard green berries, so *you* will be left."

"Yes," said one very big one, laughing — did you ever hear a blueberry laugh? They have such a soft, juicy laugh — "Look at *me*, Greenie! Am I not a glorious berry, so fat, so big, so blue?" The poor little Berry looked up longingly at her, when puffing herself up more than ever in her pride she — oh, what do you suppose happened to her — she burst!

A few days after this dreadful accident, two little girls came to the Blueberry bush, and you can imagine how glad they were when they saw it. In a very short time they had every Berry, and by mistake they had also picked the green one, too.

The children's mother was delighted when she saw the beautiful Berries. "We will have a pie, and we will have a short-cake," she said to the cook, "and Bridget, I will help you look the Berries over." In doing this, she found the green one.

"Why, Eleanor, Margaret," she said to the two children, "here is a green Blueberry! we cannot have *him* in our pie, can we?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the other Berries. "Of course you can't!

Throw him away!" But the children's mother paid no attention to the rude little fellows.

"Mama," said Eleanor, "that Berry is the very same color as Belinda Marion's dress, and I will have it for a locket!" She ran to her new work-basket which had been given to her at Christmas, and from it she took a needle, which she threaded with soft green silk, just the color of the Berry. This she drew through the Berry. Next she brought out a most beautiful doll with blue eyes which could open and shut, and with long curling golden hair, and wearing a lovely green dress which really was the Berry's color. The green silk was tied around her neck, and the despised Berry was now hanging as a beautiful locket in the place of honor, and his little heart swelled with pride.

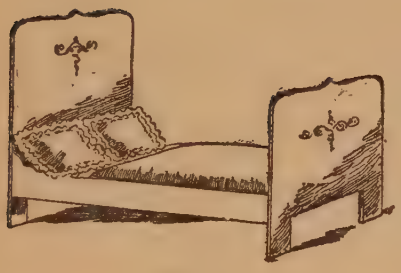
When the children's supper hour came Belinda Marion came to the table too, sitting in her own high chair, and she was very well-behaved and quiet, never speaking one word all through supper time. The children had for their supper bread and butter, milk, and each a small saucer of stewed Blueberries, and oh, how surprised those Berries were, when they saw what had become of their despised Greenie! They almost turned green themselves with envy. In fact one might say they were almost "eaten up" with envy. And the Green Berry sat there in state and saw them disappear!

Nor was this all. The children soon went to bed, first putting Belinda Marion in her white crib, and leaving her in one corner of the dining-room. Belinda Marion shut her eyes directly her head touched

the pillow, and was soon fast asleep, but the Berry kept his one little eye wide open all through the grown people's dinner, which followed the children's tea. When the dessert came in, what should it be but the Blueberry pie! And the Berries in the pie were astonished to find what had become of their green friend! But the Berry smiled and said nothing, and they, too, were all eaten before his very eyes. And he, the Green Berry, hung on Belinda Marion's neck for weeks, and in all probability is hanging there now; at least the last time I saw Belinda Marion and her little mistress he was still there, looking very comfortable, and if possible, greener than ever.

Alicia Aspinwall.

A DOLL-HOUSE BEDROOM.

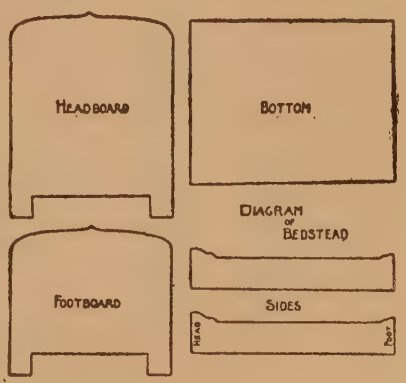


THE BED.

THE furniture for this doll-bedroom is made of cardboard covered with silesia or sateen of a light brown, to look like oak.

There must be a bedstead, a chiffonier, a dressing-table, a wash-stand and one or two chairs.

The bedstead must have all its parts covered on both sides; then they are to be joined together by overhand sewing. The bottom, which takes the place of slats or springs, is to be caught in loosely, after the head, foot and sides are sewed together. A mattress and pillows are made by covering pieces of white cotton wadding the right size and shape with soft old ticking or white cloth; tack the mattress.



The dressing-table is merely a small wooden or pasteboard box

draped with pink or blue stuff covered with swiss. A fine old handkerchief would do for draping, as the color would show through this and the hemstitching would make a pretty finish. Next, take a long straight piece of the colored drapery, lay over it a similar piece of thin white, and tie it in the middle with a bit of ribbon, making a bow. This centre, thus gathered together, is fastened to the wall by a tack, just over the dressing table. It falls in folds to the floor on either side. Over the table is hung a small looking glass. A round vest-pocket glass will do nicely. A very tiny pincushion may be laid on the table.

THE WASH-STAND.

The chiffonier parts are covered with sateen, then overhanded together. The drawers and knobs are outlined lightly in water-color or gilding. It will be well to get help from older fingers in doing this.

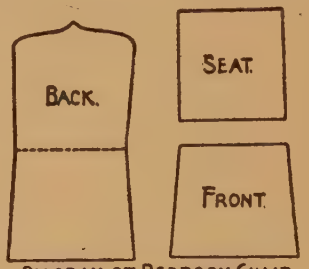
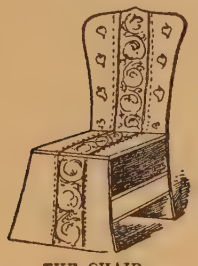


DIAGRAM OF BEDROOM CHAIR.

The wash-stand is merely a smaller chiffonier and is marked in the same way; and a little scroll work may be outlined on the head and footboard of the bed.

A small swiss or lace scarf may be laid over the chiffonier, and a tiny white fringed towel — made of a piece of the handkerchief or any old linen — may be laid on the wash-stand.



THE CHAIR.

If a set of toilet crockery that is small enough cannot be found, make part of a five-cent tea-set do, as one doll-house owner did. One of the saucers, with the little milk pitcher, made a washbowl and pitcher. A cup served for tooth-mug, and the square shallow bit of china meant for the sugar bowl made a capital soap-dish, with a cube of white soap laid in it.

The chairs consist of back, seat and front. When the parts are covered and overhanded together, they must be steadied by slats made of pasteboard, covered, and then sewed on either side between front and back, as shown in drawing. The chairs may be

covered with some pretty figured stuff if you wish variety.

The bed should have sheets neatly hemmed, and tiny pillow slips. Or you can cover the pillows neatly with fine white cloth and overhand lace all around the edges.

THE DRESSING-TABLE.

Dainty comfortables for dolls are made from one or two thicknesses of cotton wadding covered with pretty silkolene. Or you can make white ones out of old handkerchief linen, tufted with knots of pink or blue embroidery silk.

Very pretty pillow spreads and counterpanes can be made out of old lace or embroidery laid over the blue or pink stuff like that used on toilet table. Sew the lining neatly to the outside and then overhand on all around some narrow cotton lace such as can be bought for three or four cents a yard. You can "full" the lace on slightly, so that it will look like a frill. In fact almost every little girl will take pride in making up a good store of pretty sheets and spreads and comfortables for her doll-house bedrooms.

Annie Isabel Willis.

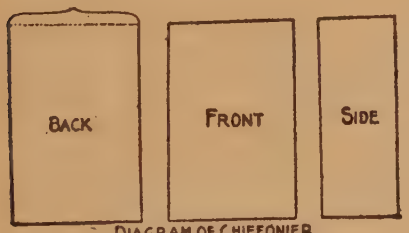
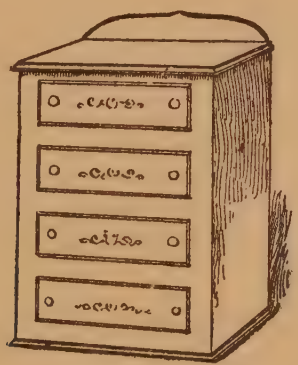


DIAGRAM OF CHIFFONIER
(CUT TOP TO FIT)



THE CHIFFONIER.

THE PHOTOGRAPHING CAT.

SIR, I'll take you while you wait
Both at once, or separate;
Or a group, if you prefer,
Framed complete for sixpence, sir.

Now, my lady, please sit there;
You, sir, stand behind her chair;
Then, sir, for a little while,
Please to wear a pleasant smile.

Head a little on one side,
Eyes not open quite so wide;
Thank you, sir; now, if you will,
For one moment keep quite still.

Do not move, sir; one, two, three;
Thank you, that will charming be;
For a minute take a seat,
I will bring it, quite complete.

There you are, sir; I'll be bound
You could search the country round
For a photographing cat
Who could take a group like that.

R. K. M.

MISTRESS FROG'S SPINNING.

"'TWAS DIS WAY," DECLARED DILSEY.

OUT in the yellow southern summer sunshine two little white children and several little black ones were making "frog-houses." This they did by putting a bare foot flat on the walk, and over the bare foot heaping white sand. The glory of the building was to be able to draw out the foot so skillfully from underneath the sand structure that a mound remained with a good opening left as door to the "frog-house."

Many frog-houses fell that day, but some stood, and in those carpets of flower-petals were laid, and sometimes a big, cool leaf was hung for a door.

"Dere! we done all dis work for Mistis Frog, and Mistis Frog can't live in dese houses," exclaimed Dilsey.

"Why can't she?" asked Alice.

"Oh, frogs 'bleeged to stay on de brooks wid dere toes in de water sence Mistis Frog done so scandulous in dem ole days," said Dilsey.

"Dilsey! tell us what 'twas Mistis Frog did in the old days!" cried Alice, eagerly.

"'Twas dis way," declared Dilsey, seating herself flat in the sand as only negroes can, her bare feet out in front of her, her toes straight up. "Mistis Frog was allus complainin'. Ef 'twarn't too hot, den 'twas too cole. Ef it rain, den she want sun. Dar come one summer-time when de heat wez so great 'twas dryin' up de corn. De pools and brooks wez dryin' up so dat de animals couldn't hardly git a drink. Mistis Frog sat on de hill spinnin'" —

"GIVE US A DROP ER RAIN, MISTIS FROG.'

"Spinning?"

"Ob co'se. Don't you see all dat field yonder full of toad-flax? Dem little blue flowers is toad-flax. Mistis Frog spun dat flax in dem ole days, all day long spinnin' an' singin'" —

"Singing?"

"Ob co'se. Mistis Frog sang sweeter dan any bird in de ole days, singin' an' spinnin', a-settin' on her white satin stool."

"What, Dilsey?"

"You see dem white frog-stools poppin' up in de fields? Dey useter be Mistis Frog's white satin stools, whar she useter set on, spinnin' and singin'. Mistis Frog was allus complainin', but dis hot time Mistis Frog ain't sayin' nottin' 'genst de sunshine, 'caze she wanter git de pretties' blue silk spun you ever see. She say she don't want it *never* rain no mo', 'caze rain 'll wet her blue yarn!

"After awhile, ev'y thing dryin' up, a little cloud come floatin' by. Mistis Frog say, 'Go 'way, cloud! I'm wantin' mo' sun!'

"D'rectly drop o' rain fell —blim!

"Mistis Frog riz up an' flung out her hand. Mistis Frog walk straight in dose days, not hip-py-ty-hop like she do now. She had

pretty hands, not wobblety like dey is now. She say, 'Go 'way, rain! I'm Mistis Frog! I don't want no rain!'

"Rain-drop make answer: 'Ev'ything's perishin' fer rain!'

"'Go 'way,' Mistis Frog say; 'I don't keer. I want ter set an' sing an' spin in de sun!'

"Well, all day Mistis Frog spin an' sing, an' all night in de moonlight her and her folks dance, 'Frog in de middle! And he can't git out! He can't git out! Can't git out!'

"Ev'ything wuz beggin' to her: 'O, Mistis Frog, dough dis be yo' season to spin, let us have a little rain!'

"Mistis Frog say, 'Ev'y dog has its day, an' I has mine like I please!'

"Mistis Frog done her blue silk; but she spinnin' now to make Mister Frog a set of blue soldier-cloze.

"Ev'ything, bird, beast, all come ter Mistis Frog again, an' say: 'Give us a drop er rain, dough 'tis in yo' season to spin! Us perishin'!'

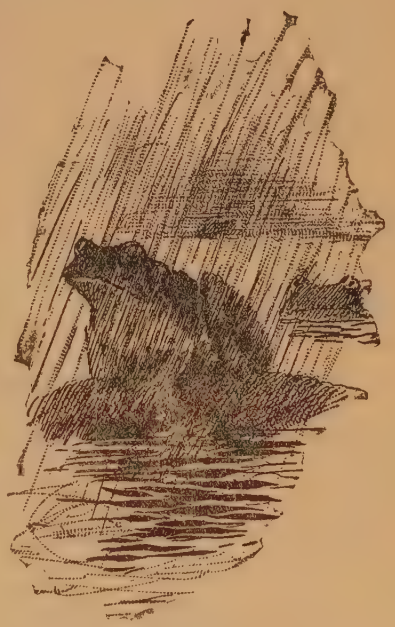
"Mistis Frog des spin on an' sing:

'Mister Frog put on de soldier-cloze,
Went ter de well ter shoot some crows,
Powder flash, and crow flew 'way,
Mister Frog go huntin' another day!'

"Ev'ything pantin' fer water. Yit Mistis Frog say: 'Ef I ain't ever been suited befo', I'm suited now. I ain't guine ax fer nothin' but sun in my season to spin.'

"Den de birds sing to her: 'Ef yer don't give pity, yer can't git pity!'

"De bees hum to her: 'Yer gotter gibe mercy, 'fo' yer git mercy!'



MISTIS FROG HOLLERS "MO' RAIN!"

"De beas'es growl to her: 'Give, nor yer won't git! Give, nor yer won't git!'

"But Mistis Frog spin and sing, trel at las' it git too dry fer her.

She pant and pant. Her satin stool shrivel up under her. Her thread git so dry it whirl round de spindle and break off short and won't spin out no mo'. Her wheel spin round so fast it catch fire and burn all up. Mistis Frog ain't able ter git 'nother wheel yit! Den Mistis Frog, *she* pant and *she* pant and *she* beg fer water and *she* plead fer rain, but all de clouds done pass on by! Mistis Frog, her tongue and throat git so parched dat de song flew out and never come back no mo'!

"'O! water, water, all de time! And no mo' sun!' said Mistis Frog.

"But Mistis Frog didn't git dat wish! Herself and her folks, dey moved from de high-lands ter de swamp, all of 'em. She live in de wet lands yet. Mistis Frog don't spin no mo'. She holler all de time, 'Mo' rain! Mo' rain! Mo' rain!' Mistis Frog 'bleeged ter holler dat.

"Mister Frog, he croak out, 'Knee-deep! Knee-deep!' Mister Frog 'bleeged ter croak dat.

"All de little frogs dey stand on de brook-edge and holler: 'Wade in! Wade in! Wade in!' De little frogs 'bleeged to holler dat.

"And dat's de reason de frogs can't live in dese houses we done built 'em!" said Dilsey.

Martha Young.

"A PENNY, PLEASE!"

TERESA'S FIRST THANKSGIVING.

TERESA was a wild dark little Mexican girl, seven years old. Her father was an Indian, and her soft-eyed mother a Spanish woman.

Teresa was born in New Mexico, and lived in an adobe house, built of mud bricks. It had only one room, with goat-skins on the floor, where the family ate, slept and lived.

We were living in a pretty valley camp, where the beautiful green and blue copper was dug out of the mountains. We walked into the deep, dark mines carrying bits of candles, and the miners wore lamps on their caps. The mountains stood up tall and grand all around us. Teresa was our nearest neighbor, and very fond of our blue-eyed Marjorie, six years old.

In November, Marjorie's papa and mamma said, "Of course we must have a Thanksgiving in Mexico; a truly Thanksgiving dinner, too!"

So the splendid great oxen, with their heavy loads of copper going as usual to the railroad, brought back a turkey, chickens, celery, cranberries, nuts, apples, and a pumpkin for pies!

Marjorie's papa invited the assayer, the book-keeper, and some gentlemen visiting the camp, to dine, and Marjorie invited Teresa.

Before breakfast, Marjorie's guest came hopping in at the door, all ready for dinner. Her dress was calico with a big yellow figure, and her jet-black hair was combed smoothly and tied with white twine. For the first time, we saw her in shoes and stockings.

While the dinner was simmering, roasting and baking, Teresa sat curled up on the wood-box, chattering in both English and Mexican. Then she examined the table laid for dinner, jumped up into the chairs to "look" and poked her little slim fingers under the dishes.

In Mexico, when the sun is shining and the sky is blue, suddenly great storms sweep over the mountains; and this shining, sunny Thanksgiving morning, while everybody was merrily at work, dark clouds appeared. The wind whistled and moaned, and clouds of dust blew in at the open doors. White flashes of snow came flying over the mountains and across the valley. In half an hour a blinding snow-storm was falling on the tents, and on the adobe houses.

Before noon the camp was as white as a good New England Thanksgiving, when all the little men and women are tucked into sleighs, on their way to grandfather's.

All at once everybody was asking, "Where is Teresa?" "Who has seen Teresa?" "When did she go out of the house?"

We looked everywhere. We sent messengers to the mine, to the smelters, to her own house. Then we found somebody had seen her running toward the mountains, chasing after her old burro, an hour before.

All the whistles at the works shrieked at once! The bells rang. The miners left their work, and Mexicans galloped up the mountain roads on their swiftest ponies. Still the snow fell, and the drifts piled high. Little brown turkey frizzled away in the oven, the kettles burned dry, and Thanksgiving dinner was forgotten.

All of a sudden the door burst open, letting inside snow and wind; and what do you think beside? Marjorie's papa, with a funny big bundle in his arms!

"Here she is! our Thanksgiving guest!" he cried. "Dry her off! Get her warm! she'll be as good as new! The men found her fast asleep in a little cave in the rocks, where she had run after her straying burro."

A few quick pistol shots rang through the camp and echoed over the mountains, as the signal that the child was found.

Teresa, dried, warmed and dressed in Marjorie's gown, sat at the dinner table, the wild, dark, merry little Teresa of the early morning. She ate turkey with her slim, brown fingers, and stuffed her small cheeks with potatoes and bread, like a chipmunk. She nibbled nuts like a squirrel, and while Marjorie winked and blinked and giggled, and the guests laughed heartily, we all agreed that Teresa's first Thanksgiving dinner after all the storm and excitement was a success.

For a month Teresa gave Thanksgiving dinners to all the little rag-a-muffins in camp. A poor scraggly chicken was the turkey, and she had a few pinion nuts, a tin can full of "frijoles" (beans), and some "chili" (red peppers), for "side dishes."

Margaret Spencer.

"THIS SMALL STEALER OF GRAPES WAS GERALD ASHLEY."

GERALD AND HIS GIANT.

A large dimly-lighted room, with fire flickering behind a wire guard in a grate. A table set for dinner with dainty care, silver, glass, spotless linen. Flowers in crystal vases, pink candles with little pink shades in tall silver candlesticks, in the center a bowl full of hot-house fruit, peaches, pears, great bunches of white and dusky grapes. At the side of the table a boy of six in a velvet suit, with a mane of yellow "love-locks" falling over his shoulders, looking wistfully at the fruit. He reaches forward: he breaks off a bunch of grapes.

"They're papa's grapes," he says half aloud. "He always gives me his things."

Then he crams the fruit into his mouth, eating very fast, and in

spite of his brave words he is careful to conceal the seeds of the grapes he devours in the palm of the other hand. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all!

This small stealer of grapes was Gerald Ashley, the son of an English army officer, who had left the army when someone died and left him a fortune, and had come to live as a country gentleman on the estate of Cleve Hall. Gerald did not recollect India very clearly because he was but two years old when he left it, but he was quite sure that he loved England best. And indeed, Cleve Hall was the very sort of home for a boy to be happy in, so big and roomy, with a park full of old oaks and a garden full of old roses and such nice bridle paths among the trees to ride ponies on, and a stable where rabbits and guinea-pigs were not only allowed but encouraged. Any boy could be happy in a place like that, and Gerald was very happy. He liked it all, and he liked being the only boy, and in consequence petted and cossetted by every one.

There was one exception. Colonel Ashley did not pet Gerald. He was on the contrary rather grave and peremptory with him, though always kind, and I think it showed what a fine little fellow Gerald was at bottom that he loved his father best of all. He would do almost anything to win a word of praise from him, for he admired him immensely. He was so brave and splendid, he had a sword which he had worn in battles. Gerald was sometimes allowed to hold it in his hand, and that was indeed a proud moment for him. He passionately desired to be approved of by his father, so you may imagine how he felt when as he popped the last grape into his mouth and turned to go into the drawing-room with the seeds squeezed tight in his hot little hand, a rather stern voice demanded, "What have you there, Gerald? What are you eating?"

"Grapes, papa."

Gerald's cheeks were very red, but he made no attempt to evade the truth.

"Where did you get them?"

"I took them off the table," replied Gerald, his cheeks growing still redder.

"Did you have leave to do so from anyone?"

Gerald began to feel quite miserable. "No, papa," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, you stole them?"

There was a scornful tone in the quiet voice which cut Gerald to the heart.

"Papa — indeed, indeed — I didn't. I never meant — they were your grapes, I thought."

"Mine? Yes, but did you ask my leave to take them?"

Gerald did not reply. A lump had come in his throat. He felt very like crying.

"Now, Gerald," said Col. Ashley, sitting down and drawing the child closer to him, "let us talk this matter over. We are friends, you and I, are we not?"

"Oh, papa — yes, yes."

The little voice was choky.

"You know how we have talked very often about what bravery consists of, and how fine it is to be brave. Now, to be brave one must begin with little things and learn how gradually. No boy ever has giant's heads to cut off in these days. If he wants to grow up into a brave man he must educate himself by fighting with small things which are the same to him — tempers, temptations, little faults, and conquering them one by one. When you took those grapes you lost your little battle."

"Papa, I never thought of that — I only, I only — thought of the grapes."

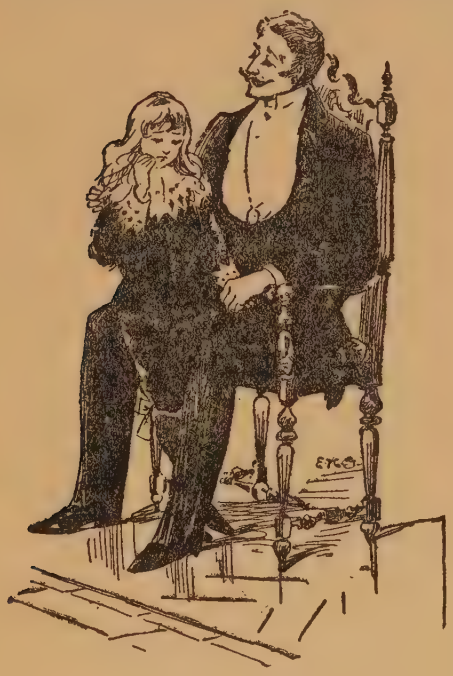
"Yes — but all the same you were beaten. It is mean and ill. And to steal things — even very little things — a gentleman and a brave man will not do it. Remember this, Gerald."

"I will — indeed I will," protested Gerald with energy. It seemed at the moment quite easy to resist temptation.

But four nights after this, Colonel Ashley, coming home earlier than usual, saw a little figure slipping in through the dining-room door. His face grew dark, but he followed and stood in the shadow of a screen to watch what should take place. Very slowly the little feet went across the wide room toward the table. The candles were lit and the watcher could see the boy's face as he stood looking

intently toward the bowl of fruit on the top of which shone a large peach with a cheek like a ripe rose.

Three times the small hand extended itself toward the peach, and three times it was drawn back. At last the hand went out for the fourth time and took the peach. Gerald looked at the beautiful fruit, smelled it, hesitated; then he began slowly to move toward the door. Col. Ashley watched him grimly and gravely, without a word. At the very door, Gerald stayed his steps, stood still for a moment thinking, then turned, hurried back to the table, put the big peach again in the bowl exactly where it had been before, and almost ran out of the room as if afraid to look again toward the temptation which had so nearly overcome him.



TALKING IT OVER.

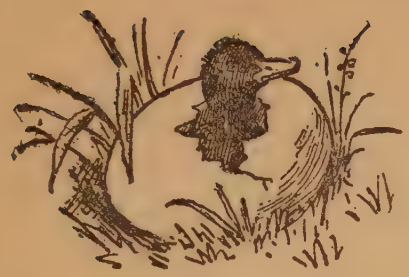
Col. Ashley smiled to himself behind the screen, a very pleased and happy smile.

"Thank God," he said to himself. "There is a real giant overcome. My boy is stronger than I thought."

Presently he went into the drawing-room, where he found Gerald sitting gravely by the fire, and quite ready to hear a story; and neither the father nor the son said a word to each other about the big peach and the temptation vanquished. Both were secretly happy, especially Gerald — for to earn your own approbation is even better than to win the approval of some one else. And when one has fought with self and won, there is a sense of inward growth and valor which is particularly pleasant even when you are only six years old.

Susan Coolidge.

JEWEL, THE DRAKE.



"CHIP, chip, crack!"

"Dear me!" said the Duckling. "Where have I got to now?"

He certainly had only a hazy recollection even then of previous affairs; but this was really something quite new. His head was well through the thin, white, crackly cavern which had hitherto enclosed him — he couldn't quite remember for how long; and he soon wriggled himself out altogether, and became aware that he was a soft, yellowish, fluffy sort of a creature, with a mouth which gaped with a desire to have something put into it. Then looking up, he saw a white, feathery creature before him, and, somehow, he knew that it was his Mother.

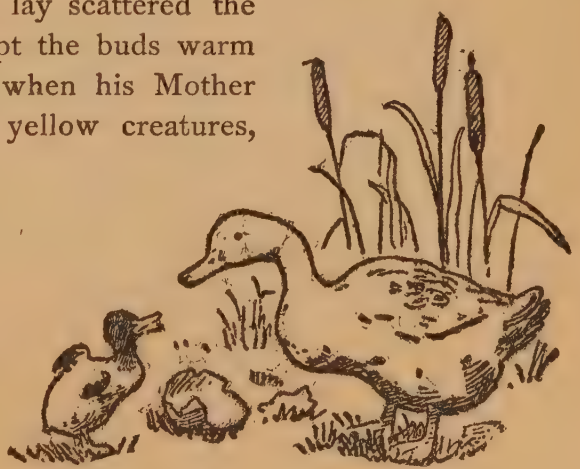
"What is this?" said the Duckling. "Where am I?"

"This is the world!" replied his Mother.

"What is the world?" he asked again.

"The world is the pond we live in," answered she, "and just what goes round it."

The Duckling thought the world seemed a pleasant place. Over his head, high, high up, was the blue sky, with soft white clouds floating across it; beneath his feet was grass, fresh and cool to his young toes. The trees were all a mist of green with their tender leaves, and under the limes lay scattered the little pink nightcaps that had kept the buds warm through the winter frosts. And when his Mother led him and some other fluffy yellow creatures, whom he knew to be his brothers and sisters, down to the pond, and he saw its waters lying so sheeny and so still, with tall green reeds, bending in the faint breeze, growing at its edge, he decided that really it was a *very* pleasant place.



"Now, children," said Mother-duck, when they came to the brink of the pond, "now, you must learn to go in properly. Some people's children just *flop* in, without a bit of style about them, especially when they have been brought up by one of those foolish old hens; but you may thank your stars that you have a Mother who can teach you properly. Now, then, watch me, and do as I do."

So they tried to do as she did, and softly bowed and curtsied themselves into the water; and Mother-duck was pleased, and said it wasn't bad for a first attempt. And then they swam about; and as our Duckling felt the cool ruffle of the water to his breast, and about his pink legs and feet, and the warmth of the sunshine on his back, a great joy began to grow up in his heart — it was so nice to be alive in such a beautiful world! — so nice that he thought that he would like to try to sing, as he heard a lark singing somewhere far, far above his head. But, alas! when he tried, all he could say was, "Squee, squee!" which didn't express at all what he was feeling. Still, perhaps, it wasn't so bad for a Duckling not above a day or two old.

And so a very pleasant life began. Every evening they went back to the farmyard, and had a cosy sleep all through the night among the warm straw; and every morning they got up with the sun, and shook themselves, and preened their feathers, and then pecked about the yard and the field, before they waddled off in a string along the path under the trees to the pond, and there they swam, and splashed, and dived, and played at Snip, Snap, Snip, when they tried to catch the shining flies that darted about above the placid water, and dabbled their bills in the soft mud, and caught the worms, and gobbled up the poor snails which they found among the grass or under the big dock-leaves. Then sometimes they went and chatted to the big old frog who lived on the bank among the flags and reeds, and who had grown so old and big that all the ducks respected him, and never tried to eat him, but used to talk with him, and so gain a great deal of information.

But changes came, as changes always do come to every one in this world. One day the Farmer's Wife came down to the pond, and looked attentively at the Duckling and his sisters as they were swimming about enjoying themselves.

"As fine a brood," she said to her husband, who stood by her, "as ever I see! I'll take them up to Madam at the Hall to-morrow."

"What does Madam want with them?" he asked.

"They have been that unlucky with their ducks this year as never was," she answered; "and she asked me only yesterday if I could spare her a brood."

Our Duckling did not understand them; but the next morning, instead of strolling down to the pond as usual, he found himself caught and thrust into a dark place where he had hardly room to stir. He was terribly frightened, and his only comfort was that he felt he was among his own friends, for his sisters were all shaking and trembling round him, and he could hear the familiar though stifled "Quack, quack," of Mother-duck in the gloom. Then came a curious shaking and jumbling which terrified him still more, because he did not know it was only the motion of the arm of the Farmer's Wife, as she carried her basket up to the Hall. Presently there were sounds of voices, and at last the lid of the basket was lifted up, and there was the blue sky and the sunshine again, and the prisoners were all let out on some green turf, where a lady stood, and a little girl, beside the Farmer's Wife; and lo! there was a pond twenty times bigger than the old pond, spreading out shining and dimpling, with the swallows skimming over it.

"A new world!" thought our Duckling; "a new and a beautifuler world still! And away he went to examine it, and learn all its wonders.

It took him quite a long, long time to swim all round it, and there were so many new things to see that he grew quite bewildered. Among other wonders, there were some beautiful birds with great white, feathery, curving wings, and long, graceful necks, who swam stately about.

"Those are swans," said Mother-duck, when he asked her. "Oh, yes! they are very grand; but I don't care for them — cross, ill-tempered things. Don't you go too near them, my dear, for they are very fierce."

But there was one person he grew to like very much, and that was Patty, the Squire's little daughter, who ran down every day to feed the birds with crumbs — a gentle little creature, to whom the ducks and swans all came crowding when she called them.

"But I like you best, you little dear," said Patty to our Duckling, "for you are not rude and greedy, like the others, and you take the bread out of my hand quite gently, and don't snatch, and tear, and quarrel, like some of the others. And then, you are growing so beautiful! I shall call you Jewel, for your head and neck are getting all green and sheeny, like the sparkling stone in Mother's ring. I expect you came out of that egg which Mrs. Brown, the Farmer's Wife, said she thought was a wild duck's egg."

Jewel was pleased with his new name, and he and Patty grew great friends. He would go up the path to meet her when she was coming down to the pond, and take the corner of her pinafore in his bill, and walk back beside her, so that every one laughed who saw them. And sometimes Patty would sit down by the lake under the shade of the trees, and sing her songs, and Jewel would sit by her. One song she was very fond of singing, and Jewel liked it, too, though he thought it didn't quite do his people justice. It was called

THE SEVEN WISE DUCKS.

A little toy-boat came floating along,
Met seven wise ducks together.
"Quack, quack!" said they, "here's a strange odd fowl,
That swims with never a feather —
With never a feather it glides along.
Was ever such heard of in story or song?"

"No beak!" said one, "nor a scrap of tail!
One wing — but truly a queer one."
Then they twisted their necks, and screwed up their eyes,
"Is it safe to let it come near one?"
"Will it bite? Can it quack? Oh, dear!" cried they,
"We never did see such a thing till to-day!"

That bit of a craft went floating on,
Nor stayed a reply to utter;
Then those valiant ducks they all turned tail,
And swam away in a flutter.
"Of course we're not frightened — oh, no!" said they;
"But perhaps it is prudent no longer to stay."

By and by the sun didn't shine so brightly, and the green trees grew orange and yellow and brown, and the leaves came showering down like golden rain, and made a bright carpet over the smooth lawns. And one morning there was a new-comer in the lake — a strange water-fowl, as beautiful as Jewel himself, but wild and shy.

"Where have you come from?" asked Jewel.

"I come from the shining North, because Giant Winter has frozen the sea with his icy breath."

"The sea! — what is the sea?"

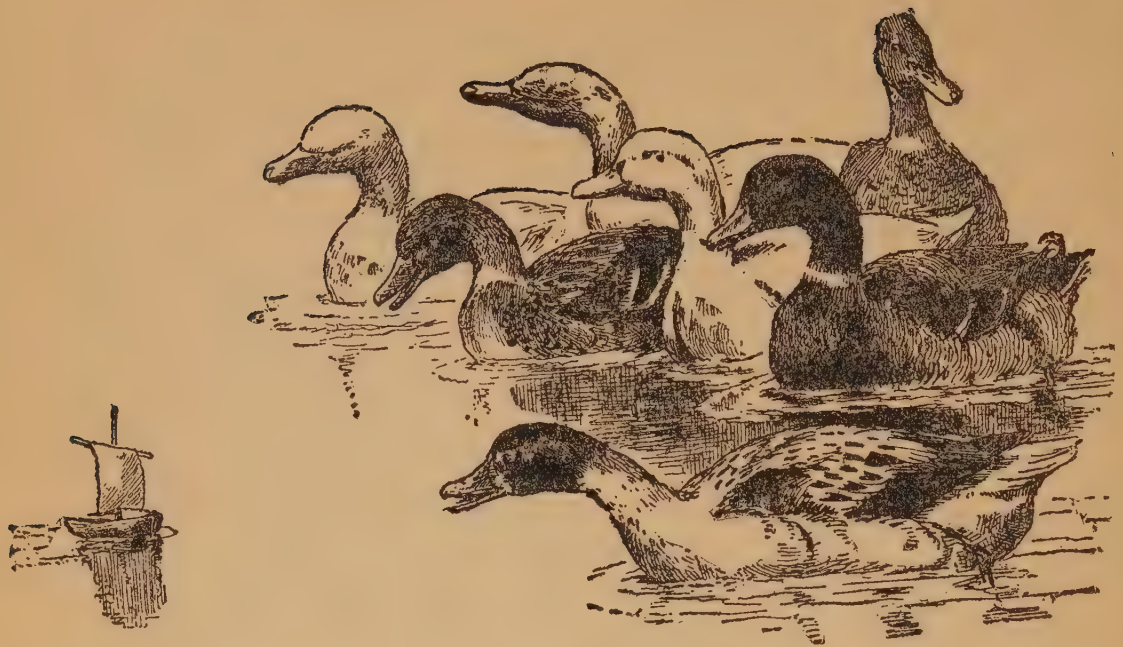
"It is a great pond," said his new friend, "miles and miles long."

"What! bigger than this?" asked Jewel, amazed. "Is there another world as much bigger than this, as this is bigger than the Farmer's pond?"

"Bigger than this!" said the Wild Duck, disdainfully. "Do you call this big? Pooh! this is nothing — this is not the world. You must come with us in the spring. You are one of us — I see by your coat — and were never meant to be mewed up here."

"This is home," said Jewel. "Home is better than the world, I think."

But all the winter the Wild Duck talked to Jewel, and told him such stories about the sea and the North, with its icebergs and snow-fields, and great mountains topped with snow, and laced with glaciers, and of deep green valleys, with their rushing streams, that a new, strange longing filled



Jewel's heart to see all these wonders, and most of all the great sea, with its heaving green billows and seething foam.

"You must come," said his friend; "it will soon be time."

"But I can't leave Patty."

"Patty! oh, nonsense! You can come back to her; besides, you haven't seen her for weeks."

And so one night in early spring, when a strange cry sounded overhead, the Mallard said it was his friends gathering for their journey, and he must go. Then the longing grew so strong in Jewel's heart, that he, too, spread his strong wings and flew away — away, leaving home and Patty, and so went off to see the world.

There isn't space to tell you of all the wonderful things Jewel saw in his journey. They flew over hill and dale, and moor and fen, till they came to the sea, and Jewel saw at last its tossing waves and heard the roar of the breakers. On they fleeted, day after day, till they came to land again, and then again sea; and there were tall cliffs, where the sea-fowl perched along the ledges, and islands where they screamed and swarmed among the rocks. But on went Jewel and his friends, with but little pause, till they reached the great beds of reeds which grow where the Gulf of Bothnia spreads its

northernmost waters into the land. And there were myriads of other birds — whistling swans and gray-legged geese, and ducks and teal, and all kinds of water-fowl. There they stayed all the summer days, when the great sun never seemed to set, but just circled round, washed his face in the sea, and then was up again. There they built their nests, and reared the little ducklings, and swam and splashed, and played among the reed-beds. But still, though very delightful, Jewel never forgot Patty and his home, and often thought about them when his friends were asleep, and wondered if Patty was sorry that he was gone.

Then it began to grow chill again, and the time came to go South; and they all began to prepare for the journey with an immense clang and clatter. First went off the mammas and the little ones, and then the papas followed more leisurely. They did not mind a little cold, so long as the ice wasn't too thick; and when they reached the more southern and western coast of Sweden, they stayed for a while enjoying themselves among the little islands which there fringe the coast. One day Jewel and his friend were swimming about together.

"Well, Jewel," said his comrade, "are you not glad you came to see the world, instead of staying in that hum-drum –

He never finished his speech, for, bang! bang! a terrible noise burst out near them, and the poor Mallard fell over with a cry, and there floated dead upon the water.

Up rose all the birds, Jewel among them, with screams of fear and dread, till the sky was darkened by their beating wings, and the air filled with clamor and cry. Away, away they streamed with screams and flutter.

"I will go home," thought Jewel. "I will go home."

And how had it been at home all these months? When Patty, who had been ill in the winter, was strong enough to go down to the lake, she was quite broken-hearted to find Jewel was lost.

"Oh, dear Jewel!" she sobbed. "Oh! where are you — where are you."

"Don't fret, Missy," said the old Gardener. "Jewel is off with that strange Mallard who was here all the winter, I'll be bound. He is a bit of a wild duck himself — you could see by his beautiful plumage, for all his gentle ways. But I shouldn't wonder if he comes back in the autumn."

And now the autumn had come, and the leaves were golden again.

Patty came down to the lake, and began to feed the ducks and swans; and as she did so, she thought of her pet.

"Oh, Jewel!" she said, sorrowfully, "won't you come back soon?"

Just then she heard a little flutter of wings, and felt a gentle pull at her frock; and looking down, there was Jewel beside her, with the corner of her pinafore in his beak, just as of old.

"Oh, Jewel! you dear! you darling!" she cried. "You have come back at last!" And sitting right down on the grass amid the red and golden leaves, she hugged her new-found pet in her arms quite in ecstasy.

"Well," said the swans, when Jewel swam round, and said "How do you do?" to all his friends — "well, now you have been to see the world, what do you think of it?"

"It is all very beautiful," said Jewel with a sigh, as he thought of his poor slain friend. "It is very fine and lovely; but, after all, there is no place like home!"

HOW TO MAKE A DOLL-HOUSE.

ONE of the nicest doll-houses ever seen can be made out of an upright piano-box. A carpenter will fill out the upper front corners, which are cut off in these boxes, and will fit in partitions to divide the box into four, or six rooms, as in *fig I.* If there are four rooms they will each be about 28 inches high, and the floor space will measure 27x31 inches. Doors should be cut between rooms on the same floor, and door draperies put up as in *fig. VI.*

Several small boxes make a good doll-house, each box being fitted up for one or two rooms, and then all set together. Such a doll-house can be moved about, while the big piano packing-box house cannot.

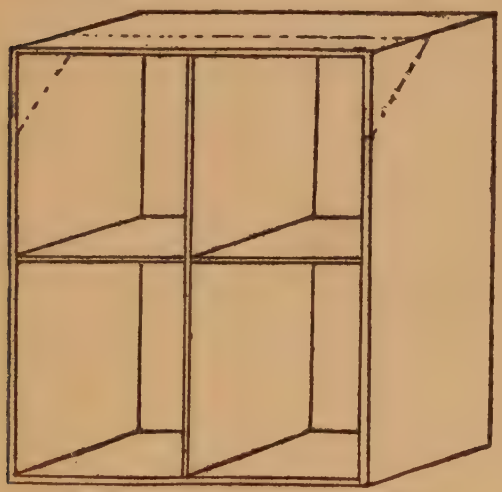


Fig. I. — THE PIANO-BOX DOLL-HOUSE.

The parts that form the walls and ceilings of the rooms are to be papered with real wall-paper, a roll of which costs little. Select a small figure, or plain cartridge paper. But first it is necessary to have the outside painted some dark color. I would advise you to paint all the floors and edges the same color. Both these jobs, papering and painting, can be done by any boy or girl, who can work neatly with paint-brush and paste-pot.

Put a narrow wall-paper border around the top of the walls, such as real rooms have; a two-inch border is a good width for doll rooms.

When the wall-paper is on, paste white-paper oblongs, ruled heavily like window sashes, as in *fig. II.*, on the walls where you would like to have windows. The parlor may have long French windows. Over these sashes, as in *fig. III.*, are draped curtains of various stuffs suitable to the different rooms; lace in the parlor, silkolene in the bedrooms and dining-room, plain flat shades of muslin in the kitchen. One

doll-house where I am very much at home has tiny shades made of white cambric. They reach half-way down the window-space. The

Fig. II.

Fig. III.

Fig. IV.

Fig. V.

part below that is covered with a sash-curtain of silkolene, shirred on a cord top and bottom, and tacked in place as in *fig. IV.* Over all are hung swiss muslin draperies as in *fig. V.*

If you have painted the floors you can lay down rugs, or carpet them entire. In a large doll-house pieces of real carpet can be used. For small houses pieces of figured woolen cloth, or even sateen will make a gay carpet. First a layer of cotton wadding must be laid down to pad the floor smoothly. Fine oval rugs can be made out of the gay worsted-work that is done with spools and pins.

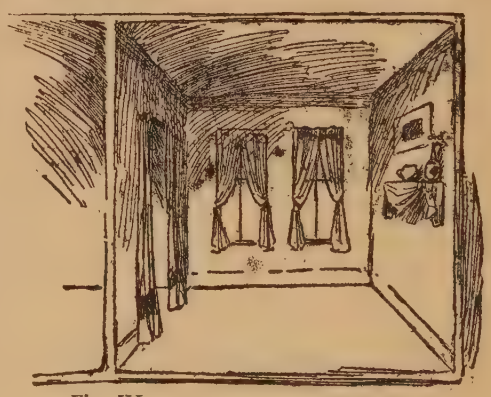


Fig. VI. DOOR DRAPERY AND MANTEL.

A mantel-piece is made by laying a narrow bit of wood, four or five inches long, across two small nails driven in the wall. Drape with stuff to match the curtains. Loop up the drapery with bright ribbon, as in *fig. VI.*

The doll-house is now ready to furnish and decorate. How to do this I shall tell you later.

Annie Isabel Willis.

OH! OH!! OH!!!

NEVER, no never, was there such a hubbub and a row! The donkey was braying, the geese cackling, cows mooing, horses neighing, piglings squeaking, dogs barking, and pussy snarling. In fact, every animal on the farm was making just as much noise as it possibly could.

But why? That's what we want to know.

Well, the END OF THE WORLD HAD COME; and quite suddenly, too, without one word of warning. So you see the animals had an excuse for making a noise, and most certainly took advantage of the occasion.

The end of the world had come, so the donkey said, and said it again and again. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! What shall we do?" he brayed, putting his head out of his stable-door and addressing the geese: "The hill behind the farm has turned over, and is rolling down the field. Let me out. What *shall* we do?" He *was* a donkey.

Away ran the geese, tumbling over one another in their hurry and excitement. Gabble, gabble. Cackle, cackle.

"Tweet, tweet, don't leave us behind, our legs are not so long as yours," cried the goslings, trying hard to keep up with their father and mother.

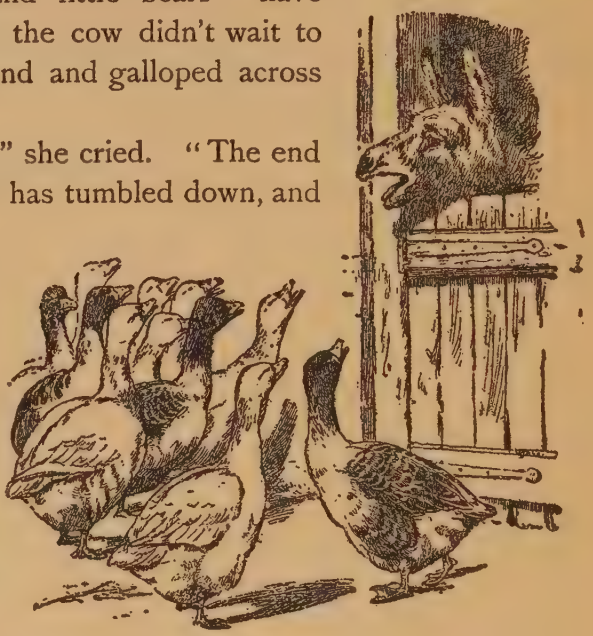
"My whiskers!" cried the cat, who was sitting on a gate-post, "My whiskers, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough for one day," hissed the gander. "The end of the world has come. The mountains have tumbled out of the moon, and are rolling down the hill at the back of the farm."

"How very awkward!" said puss, as she jumped off the post and scampered away across the field, in a terrible fright.

"What on earth has happened?" asked the cow, as the cat came hurrying by.

"Happened indeed! The end of the world has come. The moon and the stars — including the great and little bears — have tumbled down. And ——" But the cow didn't wait to hear any more. She whisked round and galloped across the field to the gate.



"Open the gate. Let me out," she cried. "The end of the world has come. The moon has tumbled down, and is rolling about the earth like a big Dutch cheese; and the Milky *Whey* has also fallen and will drown us; and the Great Bear is sliding down the North Pole. Let me out, or I shall go mad."

The sheep heard the cow, and rushed off to tell the horses the alarming news, and the horses told the dogs, and, as I said at the commencement, never, no never, was there such a hubbub and a row.

"My dear girl," said Mr. Cock-Robin, to little Jenny Wren, "if you go on laughing like that, you will have a fit, or go into hysterics, or do something equally ridiculous. Pray try and be calm."

"I — I really can't help it," gasped Jenny, who was really quite faint from laughing. "To think that all this excitement should have been caused by old Mrs. Brown's umbrella being blown out of her hand, and being sent bowling along after the little pigs. They are young and don't know any better, so I daresay they thought that the end of the world really had come. But to think that the other animals should have believed them when they came scampering and squeaking into the yard! It's really too much, it is indeed."

MOTHER'S STORY BOOK

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

With Color Plates
and
Numerous Illustrations
in Black and White

NEW YORK
THE PLATT & MUNK CO. INC.

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HURST & COMPANY

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EFFIE'S LITTLE MOTHER.

WAS early one afternoon that little Mysie's father, who had just come home, found her sitting on a bench under the lilac-tree, with her doll Jemima propped up stiffly in one corner, and Mysie looking sad and ready to cry in the other.

"What is it, little one?" asked her father kindly as he patted her curls: "is Jemima naughty?"

"Jemima is never naughty," returned Mysie with a droop of her lip, — she could speak more plainly now, — "but I am tired of talking to her, and she never, never, never answers."

"Well, she is only a doll, you see."

"Yes, but I love her very much, if she would only love me too;" and here Mysie heaved a sigh, so deeply, that a little white butterfly, who was settling on a leaf near her, fluttered off in the idea that a storm was brewing.

Mysie's father was a very kind man, and he was sorry to find that his little girl was dull; so he good-naturedly had a game with her, and Mysie forgot Jemima's indifference as she raced down the garden paths, shrieking with delight at the great growling bear, who pretended to eat her up — she did so love that bear-game.

And the next day Mysie had a delicious surprise. She was just wishing that father would come home early again, when she saw him crossing the little lawn, with a tiny bundle in his arms: the next moment he dropped it on the grass, and Mysie saw a fat, white puppy, almost as round as a ball, who rushed at her with a wheezy little bark, as much as to say, "Come, play with me."

"I have brought you a new playfellow, Mysie," said her father, as Mysie's great blue eyes were fixed on his face in their usual questioning way: "is he

not a dear little baby dog? — just feel how soft he is. We'll call him Jem: he will quite cut Jemima out, — eh, Mysie?" but Mysie did not hear him: she was sitting on the grass, with the baby dog hugged in her arms, and his little red tongue was licking her face in the most loving way.

Mysie was a happy little girl that day, and for many a day afterwards, — the puppy proved an excellent playfellow. But by and by Mysie grew older, and there were still times when she longed for a real playfellow.

"Father," she said one Sunday evening, after she had repeated her hymn, "I wish I had a little real sister: Bertha Rose has two. Jem is very nice, and he loves me very much, but he can't talk to me, you know. When one talks to him he only winks and says bow-wow."

Now, the very next day the most wonderful thing happened. Mysie could not believe it at first, she thought her father was joking, — fathers always joke, you know; but she was rubbing her eyes and trying to wake properly, when she saw her father standing by her bed.

"What makes you sleep so late this morning, Mysie? it is Christmas Day. Do you know what the angels have brought you? A beautiful Christmas gift, the very one for which you were wishing last night, — a little real new sister!"

Mysie turned quite pale when her father said this. She did not utter a word as her father kissed her tenderly, and wrapped her up in her little blue

dressing-gown, and carried her into her mother's room. "You will be very quiet," he whispered, "and not wake baby," as he put her down.

Mysie never looked at her mother — her eyes were fixed on a tiny red-faced infant, with a soft downy head, lying placidly asleep. She still thought she was dreaming — could it be true? How soundly she must have slept, not to see the great white angel coming down from the stars with her little sister in his arms. Mysie's mother thought she looked like a little angel herself, with those tangled golden curls, and that enchanted look in her eyes.

At that moment baby stirred, and uttered a little cry — a little hungry cry it was, only Mysie did not know that; but before her father knew what she was doing, Mysie had clambered up on the bed, and was hugging the baby to her breast.

"Oh, don't cry, mine baby — don't cry, my own dear little sister! Mysie will take care of you, Mysie will love you," — in short breathless little sentences; until Nurse interposed, and took the baby away.

You oughtn't to have touched her, Miss Mysie," she said rather crossly: "you have disturbed your mamma," for Mysie's mother had tears in her eyes.

"I may touch my own, own sister," returned Mysie, as her father lifted her down.

"Yes, darling; but she is too little and weak just now, and you are very little yourself; by and by, when you are bigger, you shall hold her yourself."

Mysie was not allowed to see her little sister for a few days after that, but she spent most of her time in the passage outside her mother's door. Her father always found her there on his return, curled up on the window-seat, with the puppy and Jemima.

"Why do you sit here, Mysie?" he would ask: "it is much warmer and pleasanter down-stairs. You will catch cold, my child."

"I was only waiting to hear baby cry," was the invariable answer: "she does cry so loud. Father," she would continue plaintively, "why is nurse such a cross old thing; she will not let me bid good-night to my own little sister."

"We will see about it to-morrow night," was her father's answer. "Don't you want your tea, Mysie? Susan has baked a famous cake, and I am as hungry as a hunter," and then Mysie was induced to go down-stairs.

Mysie was not long banished from the room.

"It is so pretty to see them together," Mysie's mother would say. "Mysie holds baby beautifully. We let her sit on a low stool, and then nurse puts baby in her lap; it is astonishing to see what a little woman she has grown. Sometimes I pretend to be asleep when nurse is out of the room, and I can hear Mysie talk to baby in the prettiest way. We call her baby's little mother."

This was what Mysie's mother heard one afternoon.

Mysie was on her little stool, and baby lay on her small lap gurgling happily in the firelight, and curling up her pink toes after the manner of babies.

"Are you comforble?" for Mysie loved long words that she could not quite pronounce, — "very comforble, darling? I wonder," here Mysie's face puckered up a little anxiously, "if you know it is sister holding you? Do you love sister, baby? When you are bigger, I shall call you Effie, — Effie is such a sweet name, ever so much prettier than Mysie. What are you saying, baby? Goo-goo. I wonder what that means. If mother were not asleep I would ask

her, mother knows everything. Goo-goo. I wish I knew," — and then a little blow at the end.

"I shall always love that angel for bringing me mine baby. What a good angel he must be. Father thinks he must be the same who brought the child Christ, — that was Christmas Day too. When I go to heaven I mean to thank that angel very much."

Another pause — then rather excitedly, "I am sure baby understands me; she is smiling ever so, and look how her arms move, just as though she were trying to fly. She knows I am talking of the angel, though she was fast asleep when he brought her," — then with a sigh, "Oh do, do be quick and grow up, baby, I do so want to hear you talk. What nice games we will have together. You shall have Jemima for your very own, to wash and dress; and Jem — well, perhaps I can't part with Jem, he is so fond of me. We will both have him — eh, baby?"

"Mysie is growing quite a chatterbox; I never heard her talk so much before," was her mother's remark, "she used to be such a little mouse. What a blessing baby will be to her!"

Mysie's mother was right. Baby, or Effie as she was soon called, was the joy and blessing of Mysie's life.

No more dulness for Mysie, no more secret longings for a real live playfellow. Effie soon grew big and sturdy, and her first game of play was to tangle Mysie's curls, or to play peep-bo behind her mother's shoulder.

"Here comes the little mother," Mysie's father would say in his joking way, as Mysie, panting a little, carried Effie to their favorite window-seat.

"No, father, please don't help me, I want to carry Effie all myself. See how comforble she is," — for Mysie still found her long words difficult.

One night when Effie was a year old, Mysie's father and mother went out to a Christmas party in the village, leaving Susan in charge. The two children were sleeping together, and Jem had a rug beside them. It was very late, and they said afterwards that Susan must have fallen asleep in the kitchen; and how it happened no one knew, but Jem suddenly barked or choked, and Mysie woke and found the room full of smoke, and a bright tongue of fire seemed to shoot in at the window.

"Were you not very frightened, darling?" asked her father afterwards.

"I had no time to be frighted," answered Mysie simply, in her wise old-fashioned way, "there was so much to do. I had to get baby out of her crib without waking her, and she is so heavy, you know; and there was Jem choking and whining, and I had to coax him. I got down-stairs somehow: I think the Christmas angel helped me, I felt so strange. And Susan woke up and screamed, and baby screamed too, and the door opened, and there were you and mother in the snow, — mother crying so badly too."

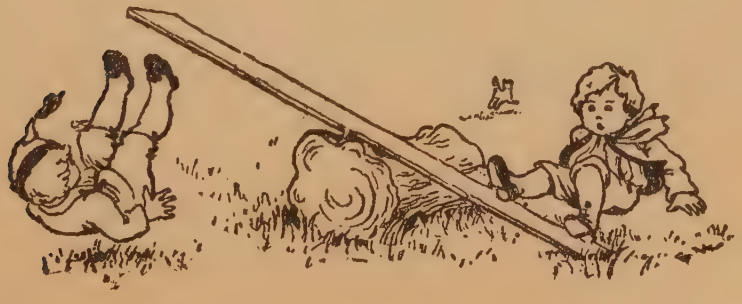
"We thought — we thought that neither of our darlings would be saved," returned her father hoarsely, but there were tears in his eyes. "You are a brave child, Mysie. When Effie grows up, we shall tell her the story of this Christmas night, and how her little mother — God bless you, my darling — carried her barefooted through the smoke and fire."

UPS AND DOWNS.

BOBBY and Freddy, a plank and a log,
And a dear little, queer little, curly-tailed dog,
Barking to give them a bit of his mind,
Because he was certain they'd fall off behind.

"I said so!" cried doggie, "bow-wow-wow-wow!
I said you'd go over; come, didn't I, now?"
Then away to their mother the little dog sped,
To tell what had happened to Bobby and Fred.

"'Tis odd," cried doggie, "and really not nice,
That children won't listen to words of advice."



"TOO MANY COOKS."

DOT and Marjory were two happy little children, and no trouble to anybody, mother used to say, as long as they were playing with their dollies, or had something else to do.

One day, when mother was going out shopping, Dot and Marjory said, "Oh, mother, may we play with our new cooking-stove — the one Aunt Lizzie gave us? And will you give us something out of the store cupboard to play with, because it's Rosy Cheeks's birthday, and we want to give her a real birthday treat?"

So their mother unlocked the store cupboard, and gave them an apple and an orange, some biscuits, and sugar, and plums.

"There, now," she said, "you can be as busy as bees, but remember that 'too many cooks spoil the broth.'"

So up-stairs they scampered, and began their cooking.

"I shall make a cake," said Dot. So she ground one of the biscuits into powder, and chopped up some apple for suet, and stirred in a bit of sugar and a few of the plums. Then she mixed it all into a paste with orange-juice, and put it into the oven to bake.

"How does mother make a blanc-mange, Dot?" said Marjory.

"Why, first she puts some milk into a saucepan, then a lot of corn-flour, and stirs and stirs, till it's as thick as thick."

"Well, here's some milk," said Marjory, "just enough to fill the dear little saucepan." So she put it on the top of the stove.

"Now let's go down-stairs, and ask Sarah for some corn-flour," she said, "and leave Carlo and Rosy Cheeks to look after the cooking."

But when the little girls reached the kitchen, there was Sarah sitting in the rocking-chair before the fire, with Baby on her lap, and Baby was screaming so dreadfully, that Sarah's face was as red as the ribbons in her cap.

"Whatever is the matter, Sarah?" cried the two little sisters.

"Matter!" answered Sarah. "Why, here's Baby as cross as two sticks,

and your ma gone out, and all this washing to do before she comes back again. How in the world shall I get it done?"

"Never mind, Sarah, we'll amuse Baby," said Dot and Marjory.

Sarah was so pleased with the kind little girls, that she gave them each a good hearty kiss and dumped Baby on the floor; and Baby soon left off screaming, and was as happy as a little king. But then nobody could play bo-peep like Dot and Marjory, or make such lovely music on the kitchen tea-tray. So what with the music and laughing, and Sarah singing over her wash-tub, mother had to knock ever so many times at the street-door before she could be heard.

But as soon as she was let in, and had taken off her things, she carried Baby away to his cot, and then Dot and Marjory ran back to their cooking.

But Carlo had eaten the birthday cake, upset the milk, and naughty little Rosy Cheeks was looking as though she had done nothing but laugh all the while.

"You naughty, greedy fellow!" cried Dot and Marjory.

"Ah," said mother, coming in to look at the mischief. "I told you that 'too many cooks spoil the broth,' now, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Dot. "But it wasn't broth, you know, mother, it was blanc-mange and birthday cake, and now poor Rosy Cheeks will have to go without."

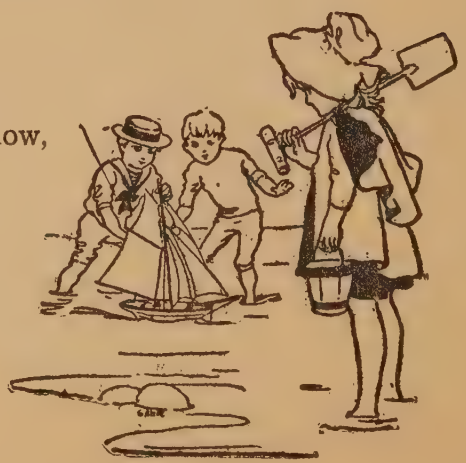
"Suppose you run and fetch my bag," said mother. And when they brought it and peeped in, they saw two lovely little cakes covered with pink sugar, and red cherries on the top of each.

"Thank you, dear darling mother," said Dot and Marjory. "What a lovely birthday Rosy Cheeks will have, after all!"

DOLLIES' PLEASURE BOAT.

THIS is our Dollies' pleasure boat,
It has a paper sail,
And it will beautifully float
When Bobby blows a gale.
The Dollies do not fear the storm,
Salt water does not harm;
They both are happy now, and gay,
A-sailing on this pleasant day,
Though he has wholly lost his legs,
And she has but one arm.

You cannot see *she's* not complete
Under her pretty gown,
And *he* can do without his feet
When he is sitting down.
It's true the boat is very small,
And likely to capsize.
You can't have everything, and so
We make the best of things, you know,
And we *pretend* the dolls are whole,
And the boat the proper size.



THE THREE KITTENS.

"DEARY me!" said old Nanny Wheeler, "what lucky children you be! Why, there ain't nothing you can ever wish for!"

This was very true, for once we used to live in the city, but now we live quite far away in the country, and, oh! what a delightful change it is!

Instead of a stiff walk with Nurse round the smoky Square, or bowling our hoops in the Square gardens, where we were scolded if we picked the tiniest flower, we now can rush about the fields, gather the wild roses and honeysuckle, and walk down the street *without* our gloves on!

There are five of us, counting Papa and Mamma, a very nice number for a family, do you not think so? I am the eldest; my name is Maud, then comes Bell, and then Dora. Papa has nicknamed Dora the "chatter-box," because she talks so about everything, and asks more questions than anybody could ever answer.

We have such a large rambling old garden; there never seems any end to it, because there are such low fences to divide it from the meadows, where the sheep graze, now that the hay is all cut.

We did enjoy the haymaking so much. We used to make a castle to live in, by building a high wall of hay all round us, and putting the carriage umbrella on the top. You cannot think how cool and shady it was. Nurse used to bring our tea to us there, so it was quite like a picnic every day!

Dora used to ask the haymakers such funny questions, and amuse them so much, that they were kind enough never to pull down our greenhouse, unless

we told them we meant to build a fresh one. Often, too, when we played at "Dandy-chair" with Dora, they offered to give her a ride, when they saw how hot it made Bell and me to carry her.

In the city, we only had one small house-dog, while here we have four different dogs, four bunnies, that a little boy who often comes to see us gave to us, a cat, and three kittens.

We love our kittens best. We each have one; mine is named "Spot," Bell's "Dot," and Dora's "Minnie." They live in a basket, which they like very much; and if we prevent one from getting in, he will struggle and kick, while the others will pop their heads out and mew for him to join them. But I must tell you how they came to be given us. I began by telling you how Nanny Wheeler said what lucky children we were, and that we had nothing we could wish for.

When she said it, I did not answer, neither did Bell, because there *are* one or two little things we want, but Dora said instantly: "'Es, Nanny, me does!"

"Eh! what is it she says?" asked the old woman.

"Dora thinks there is something," I said.

"What is it, my pretty?" asked Nanny.

Dora went close to Nanny's ear, and whispered "Tittens." Nanny shook her head.

"What would your Mamma say? For kittens are that *mischievous!*"

"I don't think Mamma would mind," said Bell. Nanny said we were such good children, and brought her nice silk pieces for her patch-work, and pretty flowers from our own gardens, that she would speak to Nurse, and Nurse would speak to Mamma, so that *perhaps* — but only *perhaps* —

Well, a few days afterwards the kittens came. Was it not kind of Mamma to allow us to have them? I never saw Dora so delighted with anything. She let them scratch her, and never cried, even when the blood came; and her delight is to take them round the garden in her wheel-barrow, while our old cat comes tearing after them, for she seems to fear some accident may happen to them — and no wonder!

These naughty, frolicsome kittens crawl up the sides of the wheel-barrow, and often fall over, flop! upon the hard gravel path.

"Why don't tittens never get ugly blue and black bumps on their heads, Mamma, like me did when I felled out of the swing?" asked Dora.

"Well, they are so much lighter than you, Dora, for one thing, and their soft fur protects them for another," explained Mamma.

Our kittens were certainly wonderful little creatures. They used to try and catch their tails, spinning round like tops after them. If we played at croquet, they would run after the balls, and spoil our game dreadfully by stopping them, or rolling them through the hoops the wrong way. Kittens can be very tantalizing at times.

Sometimes we pretend they are ill, and put them into the dolls' bassinette until the doctor comes. Dora is generally the doctor, because she is so fond of dressing herself up in an old coat and a broken hat of Papa's. Whenever she felt their pulses, they scratched her, and jumped out of bed. It was always a very short game.

But you must not think we allowed our kittens to behave badly. On the contrary, we tried all we could to teach them good manners — but still they were mischievous, as Nanny said. They tore up a pair of Dora's shoes, they scratched the polished furniture, and clawed the new leather, just for the delight of exercising their pin-like nails.

But how good they were compared with the stable kitten, which Dora invited one afternoon to her dolls' tea-party. It was a black kitten with bright green eyes, and had a yellow ribbon tied round its neck.

Instead of purring and mewing, and waiting for its milk as our kittens do, it dashed among the five dolls, who were sitting up so properly round the new white-and-blue tea-service.

"Oh, Bouncer!" cried Bell, "how badly you always behave!" and she ran after her little Dot; for our kittens were so horrified that they scampered off, and were quite out of sight.

Bouncer did not mind being scolded. He knocked over all the cups and

saucers, he lapped up all the milk that was spilt, and he sharpened his claws on the dolls' frocks. Certainly, Bouncer had no manners whatever!

Dora was in tears, for her little tea-party was quite broken up. So we helped her to carry the dollies indoors, and then we went to dig in our gardens. We each had one, but we used to help Dora with hers, because she was so little. Papa used to give us the seeds to plant, and we were so serious over our gardening, and worked with such a will, that our gardens were quite the talk of the village. Nanny said the cottagers' children were imitating us —which Papa said was the surest sign of success. I will tell you the flowers we grew. Snowdrops, Lent-lilies, pinks, mignonette, and in the autumn we have asters and chrysanthemums.

Dora made a wreath of them the other day, and put them on her head, like a little Queen of the May, and was looking at her reflection in the brook when we found her.

It certainly was better than any looking-glass in the house — for there were so many other things to see besides her own rosy cheeks.

Dora had an idea that Nanny Wheeler could get us anything we wanted, ever since the kittens came, so her latest wish is for a pet lamb.

It was Bell's birthday last Thursday, and in the morning, while we were at breakfast, Papa came in and told us to come out to the stable. We came out through the garden to the stable-yard, when the door opened, and what do you think we saw? Why, the loveliest little white lamb!

"Look, Maud and Dora! Isn't he a beauty? He is to belong to us all — we are all to ride him, but I am to *name* him, because it is my birthday!"

I begin to think that Nanny has secret meetings with the fairies! First the kittens, then the lamb — and only yesterday, she said to us in such a mysterious way —

"You'll see, some day, what my patchwork quilt will turn into!"

Perhaps our *Three Kittens* will be transformed! Do you think they will? We hope not.

To Dear Miss Fillissy-Follissy, and the Children, and Miss Myrtle:

As all are invited to send in whatever they may know that is pleasant, especially if it has made any one happier, I will write you of some sunshine which came in at our back-door one rainy day and brightened the room.

Need enough of brightening! Two wooden chairs set back against the two windows; a cooking table between them; a black sink; a black stove; black kettles; a black coal hod; and a lot of black flat-irons. The sun can never give even one peep in at the windows, but still we now have sunshine there!

I suppose your Corner kind of sunshine is always just the same, wherever it shines. This must be so, for the outdoors kind, whether it brightens a bed of flowers or a muddy bog, is always the same thing, just sunshine. Goodness is good, and cheeriness is cheerful, wherever shown.

This is why I write of Maggie.

Now our hired girls have not usually been glad to see us in the kitchen. If any one of us dared to enter, for putting up a lunch, or to cook a favorite dish, or to do some nice ironing, it was with a very meek, creeping-softly kind of manner. Usually they have let us see plainly that we were a bother, and have found fault if all things were not always exactly what all things ought to be, which of course all things never are.

Maggie came into the house with a quick step and a laughing face, and a chatter of words, bustled upstairs, then down into the kitchen — a homely, awkward, ignorant girl. But that friendly way of hers, and her gay laugh, how they do make sunshine!

"Maggie, would there be room on your ironing-table for one end of this ironing-board!"

"Bless you, Dear! Plenty room! If there's room in the heart there's room all round!"

"Maggie, shall I disturb you if I stir up a cake here?"

"Bless you, Dear! Sure there's room in this world for all!"

If things do not go right as to stove drafts, on washing-day, or if mud tracks the floor, or provisions do not arrive on time, she says, "But we must have patience," pronouncing the word "payer-shunce." "We can't expect all things."

If she sees me searching for anything in the pantry, or that I am in need of some special spoon, knife or dish, Maggie drops whatever she may be doing and frisks about like a live whirlwind till the thing is found.

Maggie has her ideas of duty and lives them out. It is her "dooty," she says, to rise early and prepare the early breakfast. Another of her duties is "not to sass the missus." And when the "missus," or anyone, is compelled to find fault with her cooking, she takes it all and never gives a cross answer. Still another of her duties is to speak the truth. "Whatever I do bad," she says to the other girl, "I never tell lie. I shpake the thruth. That's dooty."

Well, this kitchen sunshine is making its way through the house. If things happen to vex us, and we sigh and lament, at once some one will say, "But we must have *payershunce!*" or, "But we can't expect all things!"

And even among the children, if any are overcrowded in the plays and begin to complain, having heard it from us, some one will say, "Bless you, Dear! There's room for all!" or, "Bless you, Dear! If there's room in the heart, there's room all round!"

Now I think this is a clear case of sunshine.

CATHERINE GILDERSLEEVE.

And Miss Myrtle and I and the Corner-children think so, too.

Miss Fillissy-Follissy.

TIC-TAC-TOO.

TIC-TAC-TOO was a little boy; he was exactly three years old, and the youngest in the family; so, of course, he was the king. His real name was Alec; but he was always known in the household, and among his wide circle of friends generally, as Tic-tac-too. There was a little story to account for this, and it is that story which I am now going to tell.

There are very few children who do not know the funny old nursery rhyme of "Tic-tac-too;" it is an old-fashioned rhyme, and in great vogue amongst nurses. Of course Alec enjoyed it, and liked to have his toes pulled, and the queer words said to him. But that is not the story; for it is one thing to like a nursery rhyme very much, and another to be called by the name of that rhyme, and nothing else.

Now, please, listen to the story.

There was no nicer house to live in than Daisy Farm: it was old-fashioned and roomy; there were heaps of small bedrooms with low ceilings, and heaps of long passages, and unexpected turnings, and dear little cosey corners; and there was a large nursery made out of two or three of the small rooms thrown together, and this nursery had casement windows, and from the windows the daisies, which gave their name to the farm, could be seen. They came up in thousands upon thousands, and no power of man and scythe combined could keep them down. The mowing-machine only suppressed them for a day or two; up they started anew in their snowy dresses, with their modest pink frills and bright yellow edges.

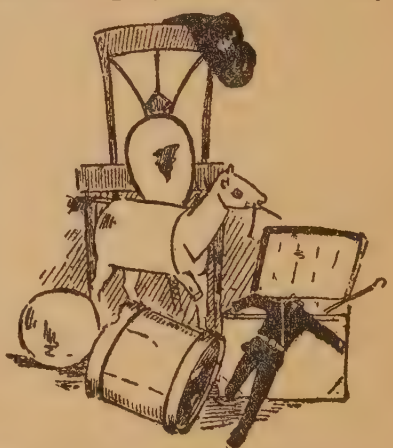
Mr. Rogers, who owned Daisy Farm, objected to the flowers; but his children delighted in them, and picked them in baskets-full, and made daisy-chains to their hearts' content. There were several children who lived in this

pleasant farmhouse, for Tic-tac-too had many brothers and sisters. The old-fashioned nursery was all that a modern nursery should be; it had deep cupboards for toys, and each child had his or her wide shelf to keep special treasures on; and the window-ledges were cosey places to curl up in on wet days, when the rain beat outside, and the wind sighed, and even the daisies looked as if they did not like to be washed so much.

Some of the children at Daisy Farm were old enough to have governesses and masters, to have a schoolroom for themselves, and, in short, to have very little to say to the nursery; but still there were four nursery little ones; and one day mother electrified the children by telling them that another little boy was coming to pay them a visit.

"He is coming to-morrow," said mother; "he is a year younger than Alec here, but his mother has asked us to take care of him. You must all be kind to the little baby stranger, children, and try your very best to make him feel at home. Poor little man, I trust he will be happy with us."

Mother sighed as she spoke; and when she did this, Rosie, the eldest nursery child, looked up at her quickly. Rosie had dark gray eyes, and a very sympathetic face; she was the kind of child who felt everybody's troubles, and nurse said she did this far more than was good for her.



The moment her mother left the room, Rosie ran up to her nurse, and spoke eagerly —

"Why did mother sigh when she said a new little boy was coming here, nursie?"

"Oh, my love, how can I tell? People sigh most likely from habit, and from no reason whatever. There's nothing to fret anybody in a sigh, Miss Rosie."

"But mother doesn't sigh from habit," answered Rosie; "I expect there's going to be something sad about the new little boy, and I wonder what it is. Harry, shall we collect some of our very nicest toys to have ready for the poor little new boy?"

Harry was six; he had a determined face, and was not so generous as Rosie.

"I'll not give away my skin-horse," he said, "so you needn't think it, nor my white dog with the joints; there are some broken things down in that corner that he can have. But I don't see why a new baby should have my best toys. Gee-up, Alec! you're a horse, you know, and I'm going to race you from one end of the nursery to the other — now trot!"

Fat little curly-headed Alec started off good-humoredly, and Rosie surveyed her own shelf to see which toys would most distract the attention of the little stranger.

She was standing on a hassock, and counting her treasures over carefully, when she was startled by a loud exclamation from nurse.

"Mercy me! If that ain't the telegraph boy coming up the drive!"

Nurse was old-fashioned enough still to regard telegrams with apprehension. She often said she could never look at one of those awful yellow envelopes, without her heart jumping into her mouth; and these fears she had, to a certain extent, infected the children with.

Harry dropped Alec's reins, and rushed to the window; Rosie forgot her toys, and did likewise; Jack and Alec both pressed for a view from behind.

"Me, me, me, me want to see!" screamed baby Alec from the back.

Nurse lifted him into her arms; as she did so, she murmured under her breath, —

"God preserve us! I hope that awful boy isn't bringing us anything bad."

Rosie heard the words, and felt a sudden sense of chill and anxiety; she pressed her little hand into nurse's, and longed more than ever to give all the nicest toys to the new little boy.

Just then the nursery door was opened, and Kate, the housemaid, appeared, carrying the yellow envelope daintily between her finger and thumb.

"There, nurse," she said, "it's for you; and I hope, I'm sure, it's no ill-luck I'm bringing you."

"Oh, sake's alive!" said nurse. "Children, dears, let me sit down. That awful boy to bring it to me! Well, the will of the Lord must be done; whatever's inside this ugly thing? Miss Rosie, my dear, could you hunt round somewhere for my spectacles?"

It always took a long time to find nurse's spectacles; and Rosie, after a frantic search, in which she was joined by all the other nursery children, discovered them at last at the bottom of Alec's cot. She rushed with them

to the old woman, who put them on her nose, and began deliberately to read the contents of her telegram.

The children stood round her as she did so. They were all breathless and excited; and Rosie looked absolutely white from anxiety.

"Well, my dears," said nurse at last, when she had spelt through the words, "it ain't exactly a trouble; far from me to say that; but all the same, it's mighty contrary, and a new child coming here, and all."

"What is it, nurse?" said Harry. "*Do* tell us what it's all about."

"It's my daughter, dears," said nurse; "she'll be in London to-morrow, on her way back to America."

"Oh, nurse!" said Rosie, "not your daughter Ann?"

"The same, my love; she that has eight children, and four of them with carrotty hair. She wants me to go up to London, to see her to-morrow; that's the news the telegraph boy has brought, Miss Rosie. My daughter Ann says, 'Mother, meet me to-morrow at aunt's, at two o'clock.' Well, well, it's mighty contrary; and that new child coming, and all!"

"But you'll have to go, nurse. It would be dreadful for your daughter Ann not to see you again."

"Yes, dear, that's all very fine; but what's to become of all you children? How is this blessed baby to get on without his old Nan?"

"Oh, nurse, you *must* go! It would be so cruel if you didn't," exclaimed Rosie.

Nurse sat thinking hard for a minute or two; then saying she would go and consult her mistress, she left the room.

The upshot of all this was, that at an early hour the following morning nurse started for London, and a girl, of the name of Patience, from the village, came up to take her place in the nursery.

Mrs. Rogers was particularly busy during these days. She had some friends staying with her, and in addition to this her eldest daughter, Ethel, was ill, and took up a good deal of her mother's time; in consequence of these things the nursery children were left entirely to the tender mercies of Patience.

Not that that mattered much, for they were independent children, and

always found their own amusements. The first day of nurse's absence, too, was fine, and they spent the greater part of it in the open air; but the second day was wet — a hopelessly wet day — a dull day with a drizzling fog, and no prospect whatever of clearing up.

The morning's post brought a letter from nurse to ask for further leave of absence; and this, in itself, would have depressed the spirits of the nursery children, for they were looking forward to a gay supper with her, and a long talk about her daughter Ann, and all her London adventures.

But this was not the real trouble which pressed so heavily on Rosie's motherly heart; the real anxiety which made her little face look so careworn was caused by the new baby, the little boy of two years old, who had arrived late the night before, and now sat with a shadow on his face, absolutely refusing to make friends with any one.

He must have been a petted little boy at home, for he was beautifully dressed, and his curly hair was nicely cared for, and his fair face had a delicate peach bloom about it; but if he was petted, he was also, perhaps, spoilt, for he certainly would not make advances to any of his new comrades, nor exert himself to be agreeable, nor to overcome the strangeness which was filling his baby mind. Had nurse been at home, she would have known how to manage; she would have coaxed smiles from little Fred, and taken him up in her arms, and "mothered" him a good bit. Babies of two require a great lot of "mothering," and it is surprising what desolation fills their little souls when it is denied them.

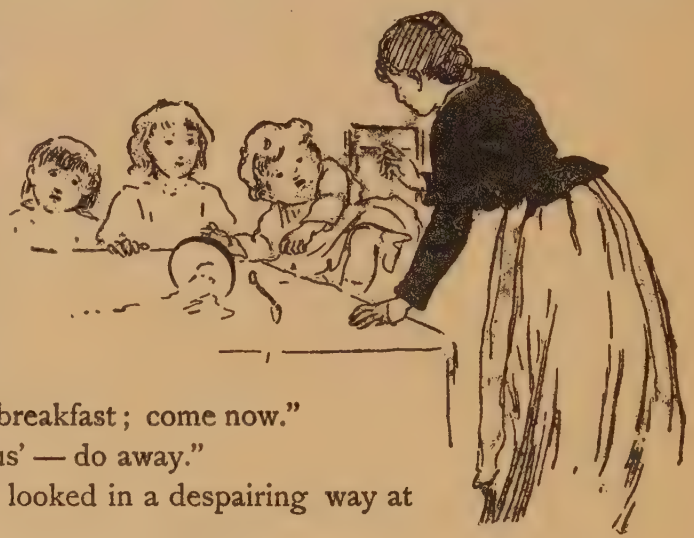
Fred cried while Patience was dressing him; he got almost into a passion when she washed his face, and he sulked over his breakfast. Patience was

not at all the sort of girl to manage a child like Fred; she was rough in every sense of the word; and when rough petting failed, she tried the effect of rough scolding.

"Come, baby, come, you *must* eat your bread and milk. No nonsense now, open your mouth and gobble it down. Come, come, I'll slap you if you don't."

But baby Fred, though sorrowful, was not a coward; he pushed the bowl of bread and milk away, upset its contents over the clean tablecloth, and raised two sorrowful big eyes to the new nurse's face.

"Naughty dirl, do away," he said; "Fred don't 'ove 'oo. Fred won't eat bekfus'."



"Oh, Miss Rosie, what a handful he is!" said Patience.

"Let me try him!" said Rosie; "I'll make him eat something. Come Freddy darling, you love Rosie, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said Fred.

"Well, you'll eat some breakfast; come now."

"I won't eat none bekfus' — do away."

Rosie turned round and looked in a despairing way at her own three brothers.

"If only nurse were at home!" she said.

"Master Fred," said Patience, "if you won't eat, you must get down from the breakfast-table. I have got to clear up, you know."

She popped the little boy on the floor. He looked round in a bewildered fashion.

"Let's have a very exciting kind of play, and perhaps he'll join in," said Rosie, in a whisper. "Let's play at kittens — that's the loveliest of all our games."

"Kittens" was by no means a quiet pastime. It consisted, indeed, in wild romps on all-fours, each child assuming for the time the character of a kitten, and jumping after balls of paper, which they caught in their mouths.

"It's the happiest of all our games, and perhaps he'll like it," said Rosie.

But the little stranger did *not* like the game of kittens. He marched in a fat, solid sort of way across the nursery, and sat down in a corner, with his back to the company. Here he really looked a most dismal little figure. The view of his back was heart-rending; his curly head drooped slightly, forlornness was written all over his little person.

"What a little muff he is!" said Harry; "I'm glad I didn't give my skin horse to him."

"Oh, don't," said Rosie, "can't you see he's unhappy? I must go and speak to him. Fred," she said, going up to the child, "come and play with Alec and me."

"No," said Fred, "I'se too little to p'ay."

"But we'll have such an easy play, Fred. *Do* come; I wish you would."

"I'se too little," answered Fred, shaking his head again.

At that moment Rosie and her two elder brothers were called out of the room to their morning lessons. Rosie's heart ached as she went away.

"Something must be done," she said to herself. "That new little boy-baby will get quite ill if we can't think of something to please him soon."

She did not know that a very unexpected little deliverer was at hand. The two babies were now alone in the nursery, and Patience, having finished her tidying up, sat down to her sewing.

"Patie," said Alec, going up to the new nurse, "does 'oo know *Tic-tac-too?*"

"Of course I do, master Baby — a silly game that."

"I 'ike it," said little Alec.

He tripped across the nursery to the younger baby, and sat down by his side.

"Take off 'oo shoe," he said.

Fred was very tired of being cross and miserable. He could not say he was too little to Alec, for Alec was scarcely bigger than himself. Besides he understood about taking off his shoe. It was a performance he particularly liked. He looked at Baby Alec, and obeyed him.

"Take off 'oo other shoe," said Alec.

Fred did so.

"Pull off 'oo 'tocks," ordered the eldest baby.

Fred absolutely chuckled as he tugged away at his white socks, and revealed his pink toes.

"Now, come to Patie."

Fred scrambled to his feet, and holding Alec's hand, trotted down the long nursery.

"Patie," said Alec, "take F'ed on 'our lap, and play *Tic-tac-too* for him?"

Patience was busy sewing; she raised her eyes. Two smiling little baby-boys were standing by her knee. Could this child, whose blue eyes were full of sunshine, be the miserable little Fred?

"Well, master Alec," she said, kissing the older baby, "you're a perfect little darling. Well, I never! to think of you finding out a way to please that poor child."

"Tic-tac-too!" said Fred, in a loud and vigorous voice. He was fast getting over his shyness, and Alec's game suited him to perfection.

Patience lifted him on her lap, popped him down with a bounce, kissed him, and began, —

"Tic, tac, too,
The little horse has lost his shoe,
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tic, tac, too!"

When the other children returned to the nursery, they heard peals of merry baby laughter; and this was the fashion in which a little boy won his name.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN

A GOOD THANKSGIVING.

SAID Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away;
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price.
And the Shoemaker said, "What a big bird! how nice!
And, since such a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."
"This fine chicken, O see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make someone as happy as I —
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."
"And O, sure!" Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!
Now it's *my* turn, I think; and a sweet ginger-cake
For the motherless Finigan Children I'll bake."
"A sweet-cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"
Said the Finigan Children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh;
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little Lame Jake — who has nothing that's nice."
"O, I thank you, and thank you!" said little Lame Jake;
"O what bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And O, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little Sparrow that comes!"
And the Sparrows, they twittered, as if they would say,
Like Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away!"

Marian Douglas.

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MRS. SPECKLE'S DILEMMA.

MRS. SPECKLE, the hen, was sad. Ten out of her eleven eggs were hatched, but the eleventh, the largest and glossiest of the lot, still remained in the nest, and although Mrs. Speckle had sat on it two days longer than on the others, no chicken had appeared.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Waddle, the duck, "it has been boiled. Nothing hardens an egg's heart so much as hot water. If they once find their way into the saucepan, try how you will, you can never get them to take an interest in anything after. I'd give it up if I were you."

"Ah, well, perhaps it would be best to give up trying to hatch it now," sighed Mrs. Speckle. "The other chickens are getting quite neglected. I shall have to borrow Mr. Cock's comb to straighten out their feathers. And I thought this egg would turn out such a fine child. Ah, me, I'm afraid it's no use."

"Never say die!" said Mrs. Crawleyweb, the spider, who rented the top corner of the hen-house. "Try, try, try again, is my motto. Some hundreds of years ago an ancestor of mine said the same to King Robert Bruce of Scotland;" and then the spider told Mrs. Speckle all about it, and how King Robert took the spider's advice, and tried again, and succeeded.

"Very well," said Mrs. Speckle, "I *will* try." And she did, and kept on trying; but the egg still remained unhatched, and the chickens grew more neglected and untidy every day.

"Dear me," said the Farmer's wife, "here's poor Speckle been trying to hatch the china nest-egg; how stupid of me to leave it in the nest with the others!"

"Bother!" said Mrs. Speckle, "I've wasted all my time for nothing."

"Never say die," chimed in Mrs. Crawleyweb. "Try, try, try again, is my motto. Some hundreds of years ago an ancestor of mine——"

"Bother your ancestor," cried Mrs. Speckle. "It's all very well trying, but even King Robert Bruce couldn't hatch a china nest-egg."

THE ASS, THE LION AND THE COCK.

ONCE upon a time an Ass and a Cock were walking together in a field near a forest. A Lion, who happened to be passing by in the forest, caught sight of the Donkey, so he thought to himself, as he felt hungry, "This is very fortunate — I'll eat that Ass." But, all of a sudden, the Cock began to crow very loudly, and so frightened the Lion, that he scampered away across the field, and the Donkey and the Cock saw him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" brayed the Ass. "He is afraid of me."

"My friend," said the Cock, "you are wrong. The Lion is not afraid of you, but of my crowing."

"Stuff and nonsense," said the Donkey. "This is not the first time I have frightened him. I'll just show you that I speak the truth."

Away ran the silly animal after the Lion, braying with all his might and main, and he very soon caught him up.

"Hullo!" said the Lion, stopping. "What do you want?"

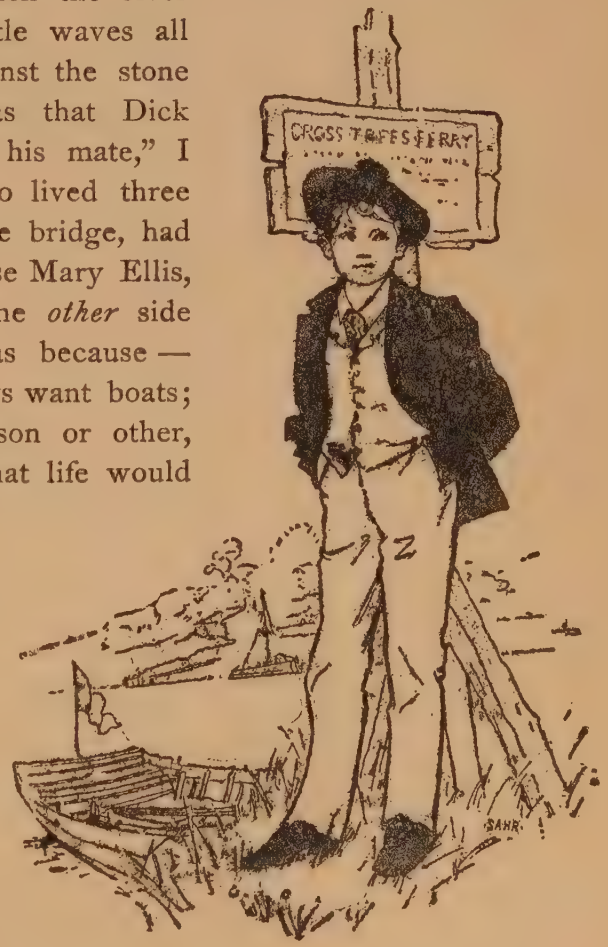
"N — nothing, said the Donkey, suddenly feeling frightened.

"But I do want something," remarked the Lion; and he jumped on the Donkey and ate him up. "I want my dinner."

"Alas, he *was* an Ass!" said the Cock. And after giving one sad crow he continued to look for worms.

CROSS TREES FERRY.

NOW if there was one thing that Jimmy Brown wanted above all things, it was a boat. I don't know how it was, whether it was because his father had (when he was a lad) been a sailor, and could tell such delightful stories about ships and storms, and cannibal islands, and cocoanut palms, and sharks, and I don't know what besides; or whether it was because Jimmy's bedroom window was just over the water, so to speak, at least so close that when the river was extra full of water the little waves all night long went "lap, lap," against the stone wall below; or whether it was that Dick French, his particular friend ("his mate," I think he used to call him), who lived three miles higher up the river, by the bridge, had a boat; or whether it was because Mary Ellis, a little cousin of his, lived on the *other* side of the river, or whether it was because — because he was a boy, and all boys want boats; but at all events, for some reason or other, Jimmy had made up his mind that life would not be worth living until he had a boat. So it was that all the boys in the neighborhood called him in fun Jimmy Wish-I-had-a-boat.



Now Jimmy (although he was, in the opinion of some of the old people of Cross Trees, a young rascal) was with all a wise lad, and he soon came to the conclusion that wishing would never get it. So he set his brains to work, and thought — and thought — and thought; and this is what he thought:

"Now, if I'm to get a boat, either Father'll have to buy it, or some rich old fellow'll give me one for nothing. I don't know any rich old fellow except Squire Wynn, our landlord. Catch *him* giving me anything. Why, he drove me out of his wood last nutting-time, and said I broke his trees down. So there's only Father, and I 'spect he'll say, 'No, Jimmy; not till I've paid the mortgage off the ten-acre field.' Bother that mortgage! that's why I didn't have a new coat last Christmas. It's no good asking."

However, Jimmy got his courage up one day, and asked, but the result was just as he had prophesied; when to his surprise his Mother said,—and if she had not said it I don't think this story would have been written,—"*He's a very good boy, Father; don't you think you could manage it?*"

"Well, we'll see later on in the year, or next year."

Were you ever praised when you did not expect it, and, more than that, when you knew you did not deserve it? If so, you will know how Jimmy felt. He blushed, turned pale, and then blushed again, as he thought of his secret misdeeds, and of that rent in his trousers that his Mother had not yet seen. And then he firmly made up his mind that he would be for the future such a good boy that his Mother would be on his side, and help him get the boat. For he had learnt this useful lesson,—and don't you boys and girls forget it, for it may come in handy some day,—*that the fathers do to-day what the mothers asked them to do yesterday.*

Now there were two things that Jimmy had to do every day, and, somehow or other, these two things were always left undone as long in the day as he could possibly manage, and hence there were constant grumblings and "rows" as Jimmy called them. It was: "Jimmy, there's not a drop of water in the house; run to the well at once, or I'll tell your Mother." Or, "Jimmy, you naughty boy, there's not a stick of wood in the house; who do you think's going to light the fire and get breakfast ready by eight o'clock? You wait till your Father comes down, and see if you don't catch it." You see it was Jimmy's business to fill all the jugs and pails with water from the little spring at the other side of the garden, and also to keep the wood-pile well supplied with wood. So now you know why Jimmy blushed.

But from this time there was a change. The wood-pile was a sight! And so much water did he draw from the spring, that the oldest inhabitant

said he had never seen it so low since he was a lad. It actually went down four inches, and two of the frogs who lived in it moved away in consequence. For a whole month his Father never once had to say, "James!" And, more than that, twice he had offered — yes, offered without being asked — to rock the baby to sleep when it cried. I wonder if any Jimmy or Tommy who reads this ever did that.

Well, just at this time, another unexpected thing happened, for this letter came to Jimmy:

"DEAR JIMMY:

"Mr. West, who lives here, is going away to London, and wants to sell his boat — that flat-bottomed one that you and I went fishing in. Father says it is a good one, and that perhaps your father could get it cheap.

"With love and respects to all, from

"FREDERICK FRENCH."

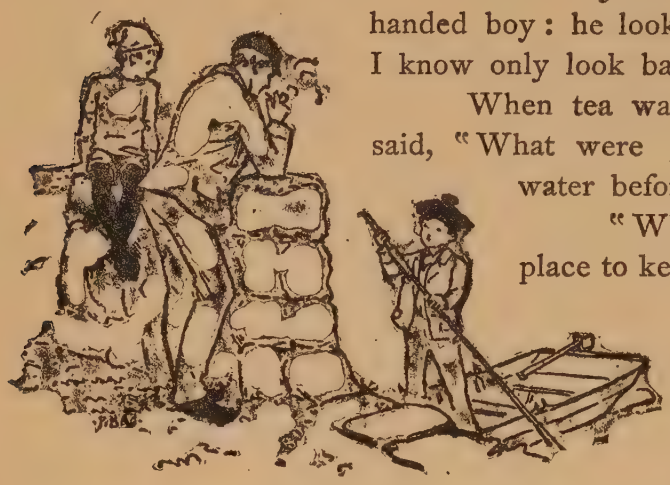
Jimmy handed it to his Father to read, and then to his Mother, and then his heart came almost into his mouth as his Mother said:

"He's been a *very* good boy lately, Father. I think you might go round there and look at it. It would save me a long walk when I want to cross the water to sister's."

"Well, I'm going to Kingswestern this afternoon, and I'll look at it, if I have time."

Oh, what a long day that was! how slow the hours went! I don't know what Jimmy would have done between school hours, had not he thought this thought: "If Father buys that boat, I should like to keep it just under my bedroom window. I'll take off my shoes and stockings and dig out some of the bank there so as to make the water a

little deeper; then I can pull the boat up close to the bedroom window, and then, after that's done, I must make a landing-place for it."



You see Jimmy was what I call a fore-handed boy: he looked forward, but some boys I know only look backward.

When tea was almost done, Mr. Brown said, "What were you doing, Jimmy, in the water before tea?"

"Why, Father, I was making a place to keep my boat in."

"What boat?"

"Why, Father, the boat you're going to get for me."

"Now, see here, Jimmy," said his Father, "your Mother's been talking to me, and saying what a good boy you've been lately; so I had a look at that boat, and asked Mr. Brown the price. He wants £4 for it. I don't feel inclined to spend so much as that on a toy for you, even if I could afford it; but I'll pay £1 towards it if you can earn the rest, and then it'll be your boat."

Jimmy's face fell. "Thank you, Father," said he; "but it's such a lot of money to earn; however, can I do it?"

"Well, Mr. West said to me, 'Your son might use it as a ferry-boat. Why, lots of people 'ud be glad to cross there, instead of going all round by the road. The river isn't three feet deep, and very quiet; more like a mill-pond than a river. It 'ud be well worth paying a penny to cross there, instead of having to come all up here, and over the bridge, and down again.' Well, now, Jimmy, what do you think of that?"

"Why, Father, I would like it better than being a king."

"Well, if you agree to it, you can go up Saturday afternoon and get it; but you'll have to pay Mr. West one shilling and sixpence a week until it's all paid for; and if you don't pay, he's to have it back. And see here, Jimmy, you're not to neglect your house-work, mind; and you're to do your lessons just as well as ever, or else the boat goes back. And when you're at school, I'll let one of the men see to it if any one wants

to cross. I don't expect you'll get many passengers; but your pocket-money will help."

"All right, Father. I can learn my lessons in the boat, and I'll be ever so good in the house; you see."

"And," said his Father, with a wink, "I think you must take your Father and Mother across at half-price."

Next morning Jimmy came down with this bill nailed on a board:

CROSS TREES FERRY.
TOLL, ONE PENNY.

JAMES BROWN,
FERRYMAN.
IF YOU DON'T SEE HIM, SHOUT OR BLOW THE HORN.
N.B.—NO CHARGE ON SUNDAYS.

"Hallo," said Mr. Brown, "this looks like business. But you're not going to run your boat on Sundays, are you?"

"Well, Father, I thought I could, in between the services, and then Uncle and Aunt and Cousin Mary can come to our church."

"And what's this about the horn?"

"I was going to ask you to let me have that old horn upstairs, and fasten it to a post on the other side; then people who want the boat can blow me up."

You should just have seen Jimmy when that boat came down the river on Saturday; and the crowd of boys that came with him. His mother had made him two big flags, and knitted him a red Tam o' Shanter, so that you could see him quite a long way off. It seemed to him that there were at least a hundred passengers, waiting. There was the Squire and his wife, and all the farmers from the village, and about three times as many boys as had ever been seen before; whilst the passengers on the other side were so impatient that the horn was continually going. Who should cross first? Jimmy settled it by saying, "Mother, you must be the first passenger; if it hadn't been for you I should never have had it. You're the *goodest* Mother a boy ever had." Then came the Squire, who insisted upon

paying sixpence this time; and after him a host of small boys, some of whom, I am afraid, came free, or worked their passage by taking to the oars.

But I must not stop to tell you all his adventures that day. I believe he cleared six shillings by night-time, and afterwards — well, perhaps next year I may tell you some more of him, and how he — but there, that's telling. But there's one thing I'll tell you, and that is, that the boat never went back to Mr. West; and that of all his passengers, his most frequent customer, and his best one, was — his Mother.

John Mack.

THE DISOBEDIENT CHICKEN.

EIGHT babies! Eight little yellow chicks to look after! Eight young children to be instructed in polite manners and the very best of morals! Certainly, Mrs. Hen had her wings full.

The little chickens were hatched one sunny morning; and no sooner had they popped out of their shells and got over their astonishment, than they began to scratch for worms, and tumble over one another in their eagerness to catch the passing flies and gnats.

"Hoity-toity! this sort of thing won't do," cried Mrs. Hen. "My dears, you musn't be greedy. Come here, and listen to me while I give you your names."

Now, as a rule, the finding of a name for one baby gives a great deal of trouble; so we can easily imagine how worried poor Mrs. Hen and her husband were before they settled what they should call their eight children. But it was finally agreed that the names should be: Snap, Peep, Scrap, Tweet, Snip, Puff, Pop, Scruff; and very good names, too, I think. But, at any rate, the chicks thought so (which is far more important), and were immensely proud of themselves as they went to walk with their father and mother, and were introduced to the other animals in the farmyard.

Certainly, the chicks, with one exception, were a credit to their parents, and I am sorry to say that Scrap was that exception. Although the smallest

chick in the whole brood, he had more naughtiness in his little body than all the rest of his brothers and sisters put together. While Mrs. Hen's other children paid the greatest attention to their lessons every morning, Scrap's mind was filled with thoughts of flies and worms, and he was always wishing it was dinner-time. Scrap, I am grieved to say, was a greedy chicken. Then he caused his family terrible anxiety by being too friendly with the young ducks. Now, young ducks, in their own way, are just as nice as young chickens; but their way led them to the pond, for they delighted in water, and could swim perfectly. But Scrap could not swim; and so his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, were afraid that if he continued to associate with the ducklings, he might venture one day into the water and be drowned. And it so happened that Scrap's greediness *did* lead him into terrible trouble. One afternoon he met the ducks coming away from the pond; they were talking about the happy day they had spent, and how far more pleasant it was, and what a lot more there was to eat on the other side of the water. Scrap said nothing, but listened very eagerly; and that night before he went to sleep under his mother's wing, he made up his mind that on the morrow he would, by hook or by crook, reach the other side of the pond.

The next day Scrap was awake betimes, and as soon as he saw a good opportunity, this naughty chick stole away from his family, and ran as fast as his little legs could carry him to the water's side. But there he came to a standstill, just as you would have done if you had run away from home and had come to the wide sea, and were thinking about swimming across it. Scrap put one foot into the water, and drew it out again very quickly — he thought it very cold and uncomfortable. He would not have ventured in the water then for all the dinners in the world. But still he could just see the little ducks in the distance swimming gayly over to the other side; it was really very tantalizing. Scrap thought for a moment, and then determined that, as he could not cross the pond, he would go round it.

Poor Scrap! he did not know what a terrible undertaking this was for so small a body.

At first, his journey was easy enough, for it lay through short, sweet grass, but soon he had to encounter thistles, nettles, and thick brambles.

With great difficulty he pushed himself through these, having to rest every minute. And he very soon got so tired, and scratched, and wet with the dew, that he made up his mind to return to his mother. But, all of a sudden, he heard a rustling, and, to his horror, he saw a big rat. Now, for a chicken to meet a rat, is just as bad as if you were to meet a lion. Poor Scrap lay quite still, trembling all over, and oh, how thankful he was that the rat didn't see him as it passed along. Then, up he jumped and ran off — in his fright he did not know where. On he went, tumbling over sticks, and tumbling into ditches, until he was in a terrible plight, and had lost his way.

You can fancy how anxious his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, were about him all this time. They hunted high and low, and searched the farm-yard, the kitchen garden, and even the flower-beds, but he was nowhere to be found. No one had seen or heard anything of him.

It was dusk, and night was fast approaching. Mrs. Hen was sadly putting the remaining children to sleep, when a small black object was seen to limp towards the fowl-house.

"Tweet! tweet!" it cried faintly, as it came near, and then threw itself beneath Mrs. Hen's wing.

Dear me! It was poor Scrap, but oh! how changed — black with mud, and with hardly a bit of fluff remaining on his little body. You can imagine how glad Mrs. Hen was to get him back again, and the fluff soon grew; but I am glad to say that Scrap was a much better chick afterwards, for whenever he felt inclined to be disobedient he always remembered the big black rat.

He never stays away now from the crowing class which his father holds every day; and although he was very backward at first, I am sure he will soon make up for lost time, for his father is very indulgent.

Listen to what he and his brothers are saying now:

"Is it hard to do, papa? Is it hard to do?
We would like to crow like that, and be as big as you,
But you are old and fatherly, and we are young and new!"
"Silence, children, while I speak, now, Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Now, my children, run and scratch, I am coming too,
Mother let you out to play, she'll her kindness rue,
If you don't obey papa, as all good chickens true.
Well, to please you, once again, 'Cock-a-doodle-doo.'"

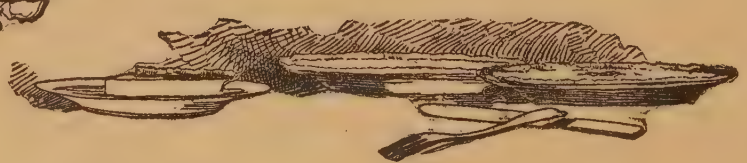
PIE SEEDS

A FAIRY story I know
That tells how pie-seeds grow.
Did you ever see pie-seeds, light
As an empty husk, and white?
Ah! the very sharpest eyes
Nothing could find in the sight
The very least like pies.

But plant one. When the sun
And the gladsome rain have done
Their best, then close to the tall
Straight corn a vine will crawl—
Golden trumpets will hold,
Then green gourds round and small,
Then pumpkins yellow as gold.

Then a pie grows, spicy, sweet,
And fit for a king to eat
If touched by mother's hands—
Ask her, she understands,
How out in the corn-field lands
Thanksgiving pie-seeds grow.

Clara Doty Bates.



THE SNOW WITCH.

THERE was skating on the ponds where the snow had been cleared; there were icicles on the trees, nice blue, clear skies in the daytime, cold, bright, wintry moonlight at night.

Lovely weather for Christmas holidays! But to one little five-year-old man, nothing had seemed lovely this Christmas, though he was spending it with his Father and Mother and his big sisters at Grandpapa's beautiful old country house, where everybody did all that could be done to make Grandpapa's guests happy. For poor little Roger was pining for his elder brother, Lawson, whom he had not seen for more than four months. Lawson was eight, and had been at school since Michaelmas, and there he had caught a fever which had made it not safe for him to join the rest of the family till the middle of January. But he was coming to-morrow.

Why, then, did Roger still look sad and gloomy?

"Stupid little boy!" said Mabel. "I'm sure we've tried to amuse him. Why, Mamma let him sit up an hour later than usual last night, to hear all those funny old fairy tales and legends Uncle Bob was telling."

"Yes, and weren't they fun?" answered Pansy. "I did shiver at the witch ones, though, didn't you?"

Poor little Roger! Pansy's shivering was nothing to his! They had all walked home from the vicarage, tempted by the clear, frosty moonlight

and the hard, dry ground; and trotting along, a little behind the others, a strange thing had happened to the boy. Fancy — in the field by the Primrose Lane, through the gateway, right in a bright band of moonlight, *he had seen a witch.* Just such a witch as Uncle Bob had described — with shadowy garments, and outstretched arms, and a queer-shaped head, on all of which the icicles were sparkling, just as Uncle Bob had said. For it was a winter-witch he had told the story about, whose dwelling was up in the frozen northern seas — "the Snow Witch" they called her.

Cold as it was, Roger was in a bath of heat, his heart beating wildly, his legs shaking, when he overtook his sisters. And the night that followed was full of terrible dreams and starts and misery, even though nurse and baby were next door, and he could see the night-light through the chinks. If it had not been that Lawson was coming — Lawson who never laughed at him or called him "stupid little goose," Lawson who listened to all his griefs — Roger could not have borne it. For, strange to say, the little fellow told no one of his trouble; he felt as if he could *only* tell Lawson.

No wonder he looked pale and sad and spiritless; there was still another dreadful night to get through before Lawson came.

But things sometimes turn out better than our fears. Late that afternoon, when nursery tea was over and bedtime not far off, there came the sound of wheels and then a joyful hubbub. Lawson had come! Uncle Bob had been passing near the school where he was, and had gone a little out of his way to pick him up. Every one was delighted — oh, of them all, *none* so thankful as Roger.

"Though I won't tell him to-night," decided the unselfish little fellow, "not to spoil his first night. I sha'n't mind when I know he's in his cot beside me." And even when Lawson lovingly asked him if anything was the matter, he kept to his resolution.

But he woke in the middle of the night from a terrible dream; Lawson woke too, and then — out it all came.

"I thought she was coming in at the window," Roger ended. "If — if you look out — it's moonlight — I think *p'r'aps* you'll see where she stands. But no, no! Don't, *don't!* She might see you."

So Lawson agreed to wait till to-morrow.

"I have an idea," said Lawson. "Roger, darling, go to sleep. *I'm* here, and you can say your prayers again if you like."

Lawson was up very early next morning. And as soon as breakfast was over he told Roger to come out with him. Down the Primrose Lane they went, in spite of Roger's trembling.

"Now, shut your eyes," said Lawson, when they got to the gate. He opened it, and led his brother through.

"Look, now!" he said, with a merry laugh. And what do you think Roger saw?

An old scarecrow, forgotten since last year. There she stood, the "Snow Witch," an apron and ragged shawl, two sticks for arms, a bit of Grandpapa's hat, to crown all — that was the witch!

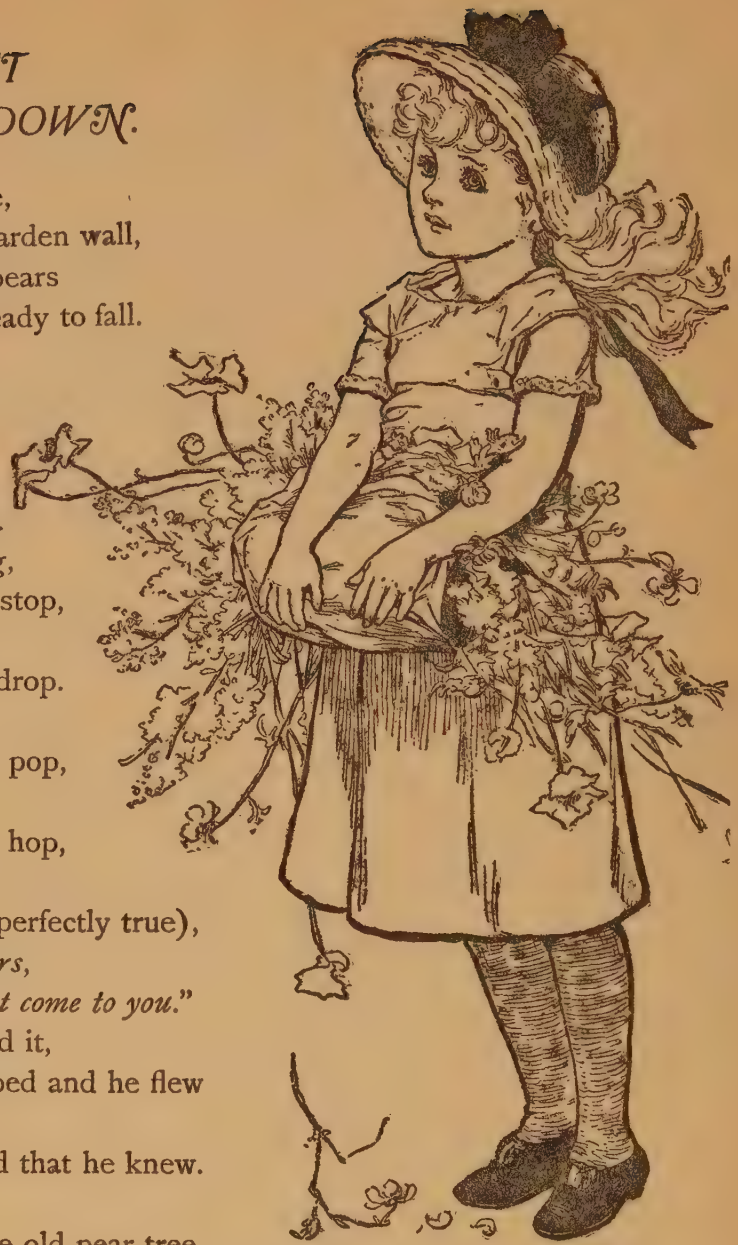
"Shake hands with her, Roger," said Lawson. And shake hands they both did, till the old scarecrow tumbled to pieces, never more to frighten either birds or little boys. "Dear Lawson," said Roger, lovingly, as he held up his little face for a kiss. And happy, indeed, were the rest of the Christmas holidays.

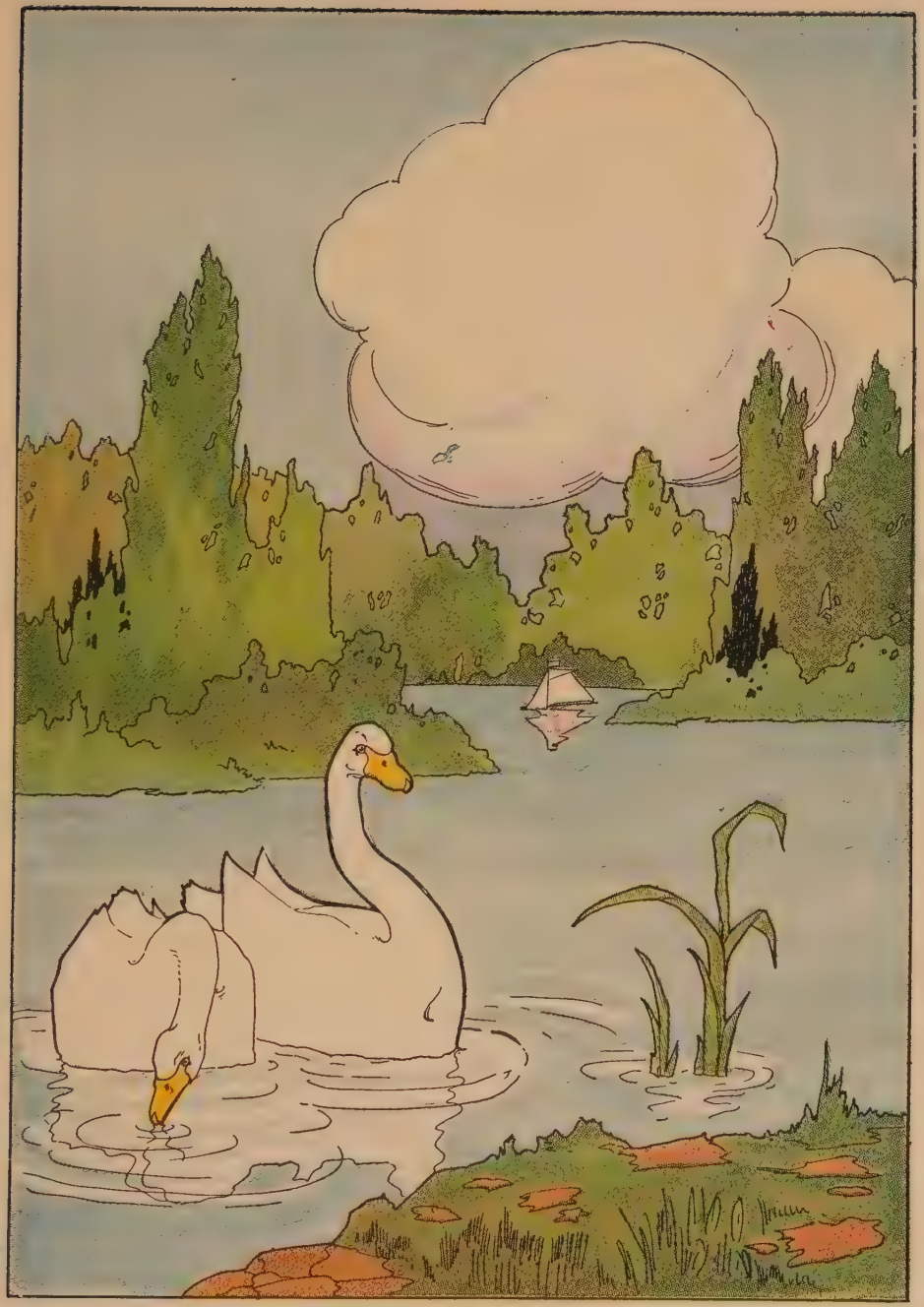
May they never love each other less, these two; may they be true brothers in manhood as they have been in their childish days!

L. Molesworth.

HOW TO GET PEARS DOWN.

HIGH up in the tree,
by the old garden wall,
Hung two rosy pears
that seemed ready to fall.
Low down in the path,
by the old garden wall,
Waits a dear little girl
'neath the pear-tree so
tall.
And waiting, and waiting,
she really must stop,
Just hoping those two
little pears p'r'aps may drop.
When suddenly out of
the branches came pop,
A dear little bird with
a quick little hop,
And he wisely remarked
(it was perfectly true),
"*You must go to the pears,*
they won't come to you."
And then, when he'd said it,
he hopped and he flew
To call on another small
bird that he knew.
On the top of the wall,
by the old pear-tree,
Sat a dear little girl who, it's easy to see,
Is as happy as a dear little girl can be,
Who found out the way to get pears from the tree
Down low in the valley, by every hedge side,
The sweet flowers are nestling, and violets hide.





THE WOLVES CAME AT LAST.

THE THREE CRANBERRIES.

An Indian Legend.

ONCE there were Three Cranberries. They lived in a pretty little hut of leaves. The kind West Wind had blown these leaves together to make them a habitation.

It was cold weather, and as all their neighbors had gone the Three Cranberries felt very lonely.

They had heard the wolves howling around for some time, and they often of what might happen. The eldest of the Cranberries was red, the next was white, while the youngest Cranberry was green.

"What shall we do if the wolves come?" said the Red Cranberry.

"Oh," replied the White Cranberry, "I am not afraid of the wolves! I shall hide myself in the hominy-pot. They will never think of looking in the hominy-pot!"

"I am not so sure of that," replied the Red Cranberry. "I shall get down under the snow; they will never think of looking under the snow."

The little Green Cranberry asked if she might go with either of her sisters, but both refused at once, saying it would be dangerous to have more than one in a place, and telling her plainly she must look out for herself.

"Very well, then," said the little Green Cranberry, "I will climb up in the green spruce-tree, for I don't know where else to go."

Her sisters laughed at her, saying the wolves would see her at once in such a place, and that she had better find another. But the little Green Cranberry said the green spruce-tree was the only place she could think of.

One day in December the wolves came. They stuck their noses in the hominy-pot, at once, and ate up the White Cranberry. As they tramped down the snow the Red Cranberry was soon found. The little Green Cranberry up in the green spruce-tree was the only one that escaped!

Louise Phillips.

THE CHRISTMAS ROBIN.

RED-CLUSTER barberries decked the bush
That stood knee-deep in snow,
Where flocks of hardy winterkings *
Flew chattering to and fro.
To-morrow would be Christmas Day;
And Mark, and Dick, and Will,
To cut the household Christmas-tree,
Went gaily up the hill.

When, severed just above the ground,
The tree began to fall,
They saw among its thickest boughs
A clinging brownish ball,
A feathery lump, two tiny feet—
A robin numb with cold!
O, why had he not journeyed south
Before the year was old?

* A popular name of the snowbird.

The Sunshine Corner

MISS MYRTLE read to the children this afternoon an Account sent by her married cousin, Mrs. Pingry. Mrs. Pingry wrote: "I spell it with a big A, just for fun, because it is of so small a matter, but it was a sunshiny matter for it caused some smiling, and it brought out real kindness from several persons.

"Mr. Pingry goes in on the 8.17 train and attends to his furnace the last thing, allowing twelve minutes to reach the station. When about half-way there, yesterday, it occurred to him that he forgot to shut the drafts. Just then he met Jerry Snow, the man at the Binney place, and asked him to please call round our way, and ask for Mrs. Pingry, and say Mr. Pingry had left the drafts open. Jerry said he would after going to the post-office, but Mr. Pingry, fearing Jerry might forget, called hastily at the door of Madam Morey, an elderly woman who does plain sewing, and said he forgot to shut the furnace drafts; if she should see a boy passing would she ask him to call at our door, and ask for Mrs. Pingry, and tell her? Madam said she would be on the lookout for a boy, while doing her baking.

"Now as Mr. Pingry was hurrying on, it came to him that he had not yet made a sure thing of it, and at that moment he saw the woman who does chore-work at the Binney's, coming by a path across the field. He met her at the fence, and asked if she would go around by our house and say to Mrs. Pingry that Mr. Pingry had left the drafts all open. She agreed, and Mr. Pingry ran to his train, a happy man.

"Now Madam Morey felt anxious about the furnace, and stepped often to the window, and at last spied a small boy with a sled, and finding he knew where we live, told him Mr. Pingry went away and forgot to shut the furnace drafts and wished to send back word.

and would the boy coast down that way and tell Mrs. Pingry? The boy promised, and coasted down the hill.

"Madam Morey still felt uneasy about the furnace, and not being sure the boy would do the errand kept on the watch for another; and when the banana-man stopped and made signs at her window 'would she buy?' she wrote a few words on a bit of brown paper and went with him far enough to point out the house and made signs, 'would he leave the paper there?' He made signs 'yes?' and passed on.

"Now at about half-past eight, our front doorbell rang and I heard a call for me. I hurried down, and received the chore-woman's message and acted upon it at once.

"Sometime afterwards, as I was in the back-chamber, I heard voices outside and saw six or eight small boys trying to pull their sleds over a fence, and wondered how they happened to be coasting in such a place. Presently I heard a commotion on the other side and went to the front windows. All the sleds were drawn up near the steps, and the small boys were stamping around like an army come to take the house. Seeing me they all shouted something at me. They seemed so terribly in earnest, and came in such a strange way, that I flew down, sure something dreadful had happened — perhaps Willy was drowned! and I began to tremble. At sight of me at the door they all shouted again, but I did not understand. I caught hold of the biggest boy and pulled him inside, and said to him, in a low, tremulous voice, 'Tell me! What is it?' He answered, in a bashful way, 'Mr. Pingry said he left the drafts open.' 'Thank you all!' I said.

"Next, the banana-man, bobbing his head, and making signs, though I shook my head 'no.' Finally up came Bridget with a slip of brown paper having written on it, but no name signed: 'Your furnace drafts are open.' Such a shout as went up from us!

"Grand company coming, I guess! exclaimed my sister, a short time afterwards. Sure enough there stood a carriage and span. Jerry Snow, it seems, forgot our furnace until he went to look at his own. He was then just about to take Mrs. Binney out for an airing. He mentioned it to her and she had him drive round with the message

"By this time we were ready to go off, explode, shout, giggle, at

the approach o. any one; and when Madam Morey stepped up on our piazza we bent ourselves double with laughter, and my sister went down upon the floor all in a heap, saying, 'Do — you — suppose — she — comes — for that?'

"Even so. She had worried, thinking the hot pipes might heat the woodwork, and half-expected to hear the cry of 'fire!' and bells ringing, and could not sit still in her chair, and in the goodness of her heart she left her work and came all the way over!

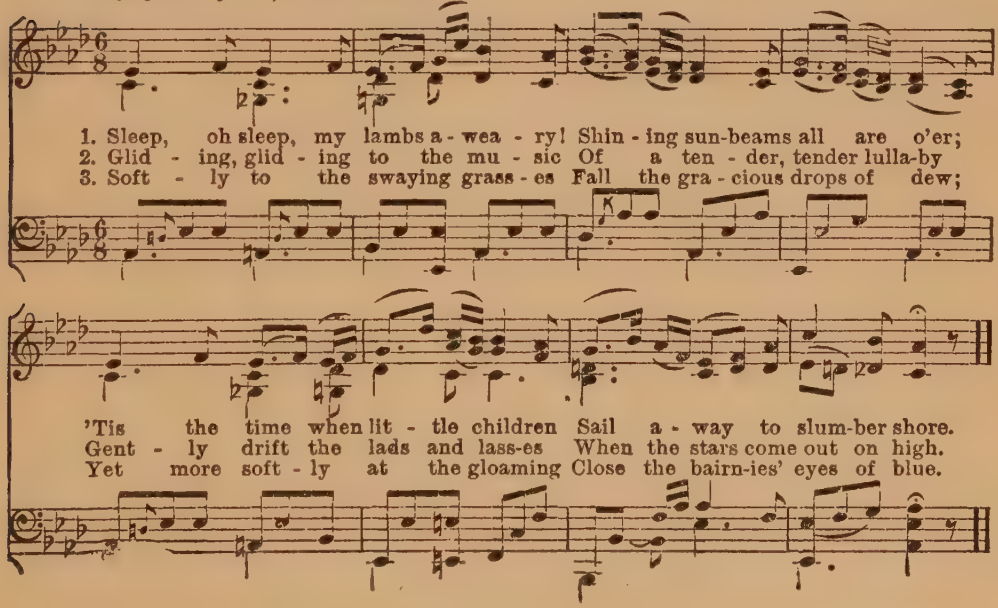
"Oh! we had fun with Mr. Pingry that evening. But now, my dear Miss Myrtle, the funniest part of all was that Mr. Pingry did not forget to shut the drafts!"

Miss Fillissy-Follissy.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Words by M. H. Music by F. E. S.

Softly throughout, but well accented.


1. Sleep, oh sleep, my lambs a - wea - ry! Shin - ing sun-beams all are o'er;
2. Glid - ing, glid - ing to the mu - sic Of a ten - der, tender lulla-by
3. Soft - ly to the swaying grass - es Fall the gra - cious drops of dew;
'Tis the time when lit - tle children Sail a - way to slum-ber shore.
Gent - ly drift the lads and lass-es When the stars come out on high.
Yet more soft - ly at the gloaming Close the bairn-ies' eyes of blue.

A MORNING RIDE.

THIS is the way we
ride to town,
In a blue silk bonnet
and white silk gown,
And a brand-new carriage
that's painted brown,
On a fine summer morning!

Now, first we'll call
on Miss Lucy Grey
At Doll's House Villa
over the way,
And ask if they're all
quite well to-day,
This bright and sunny morning!

Then spend an hour
at the candy-shops,
And fill our pockets
with lollipops,
Sweet barley-sugar,
and chocolate-drops,
This bright and sunny morning!

Then home we'll go
at a rattling pace,
Round Sideboard Corner
and Hearthrug Place,
With laughing eyes
And rosy face,
This bright and sunny morning!

IN THE HEN-HOUSE.

A FEAST OF EGGS.

JUDY, the cook, was puzzled. The Lady of the House was puzzled. In fact everybody on Roselands plantation was puzzled.

For several days the hen-house had been robbed, not of chickens, but of eggs. And yet, what was more curious still, the eggs would be found in the nests, looking exactly like other eggs, but when they were lifted they were as light as empty egg-shells, which in fact they were. For, through a tiny hole in the end, all the meat of every egg had been drawn out.

The Lady of the House said it must be a weasel that got into the nests. "Moughty cunning weasel, dat," grumbled black Judy, "to suck an aigg widout breaking nary aigg-shell. Moah likely, it's some big snake."

One of the men was set to watch the hen-house at night, but he saw no weasel or snake either. So the mystery remained.

At noon, one day, the Lady of the House took her parasol and started out to examine the hen-house for herself. It was very quiet about the premises, she thought as she crossed the yard. All the grown-up people of the plantation were at dinner in the big kitchen. She wondered where the little plantation children were, for they always had to wait till "second table."

When she reached the hen-house door, all the mysteries were solved.

On the hen-house floor, in a row, sat twenty dusky youngsters ranging in age from three to seven years. Each of the twenty pairs of chubby little fists held an egg. And each of the twenty pairs of lips was busy sucking in the contents of the egg.

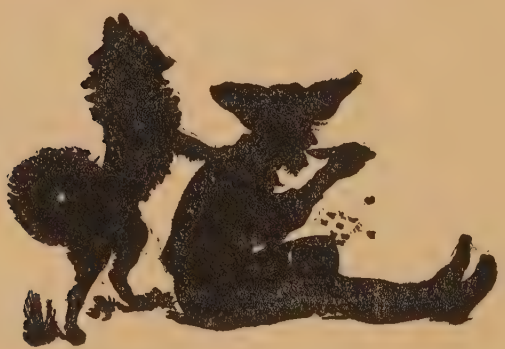
Young Hannibal Henry, who boasted of nine years and much wisdom, presided over the robber feast. He it was who made the small opening in the end of the egg with a sharp piece of wire; he it was who put the eggs carefully into the babies' hands, with the caution: "Easy now, an' doan' break de missis' aigg-shells."

As soon as each child finished his egg, the empty shell was laid back in the nest by Hannibal Henry, and a fresh one supplied.

Silently and solemnly the youngsters sat, grasping their eggs, when suddenly the twenty pairs of bright black eyes espied the Lady of the House in the doorway. Down dropped the twenty eggs, and their contents flew over jacket and pinafore. Up went twenty little voices in a howling wail, and the twenty pairs of black eyes were drowned in tears.

As for the Lady of the House, she sat down and laughed till she cried, too.

Mary A. Winston.



"LET ME TASTE!"

LITTLE JANUARY.

WHO is the little fellow knocking, knocking,
Light as the tapping of the falling snow?
And why this other one with haste unlocking
The gate, in such a fluttering to go?

He cannot wait to see his rosy cousin,
Fur-wrapt, the snowflakes melting in his hair,
The gayest one of all the dear gay dozen
Who eagerly will cross the threshold there.

Come in, come in, then, laughing little fellow!
Quick! shut the door! the wind is blowing drear.
'Tis you, 'tis you, sweet lad, with locks of yellow,
With ruddy countenance and look of cheer!

The grass, the rose, the cherry, and the berry,
Let others bring; the frolic in the grove,
The bursting plum, the reddening leaf, the merry
Music of hayfield-ride and swimming-cove.

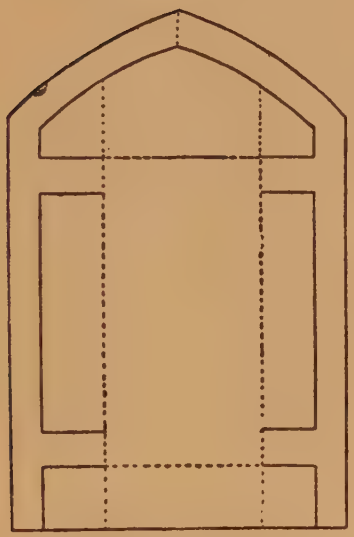
But *you* bring sleds, and snow-forts, joyous crying
From ice-boats sweeping on a straining sail,
Bring rushing benders on the ice, bring flying
On the toboggan like a comet's tail!

DECEMBER AND "LITTLE JANUARY."

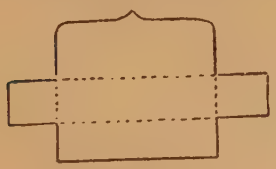
You bring the twilight bustle and glad scurry,
Where silence follows all the happy din,
To hear the story by the fire — O, hurry,
Dear Firstling of the Year! come in, come in!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A SLEIGH FOR LITTLE BROTHER.



PATTERN OF SLEIGH.

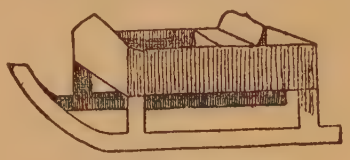


PATTERN OF SEAT.

MAKE this little sled of cardboard, and let your little brother watch you do it.

Do not have the cardboard too heavy and stiff. Draw on the cardboard, accurately, all the lines of the patterns. Cut out both shapes, the sleigh and the seat, on the outlines.

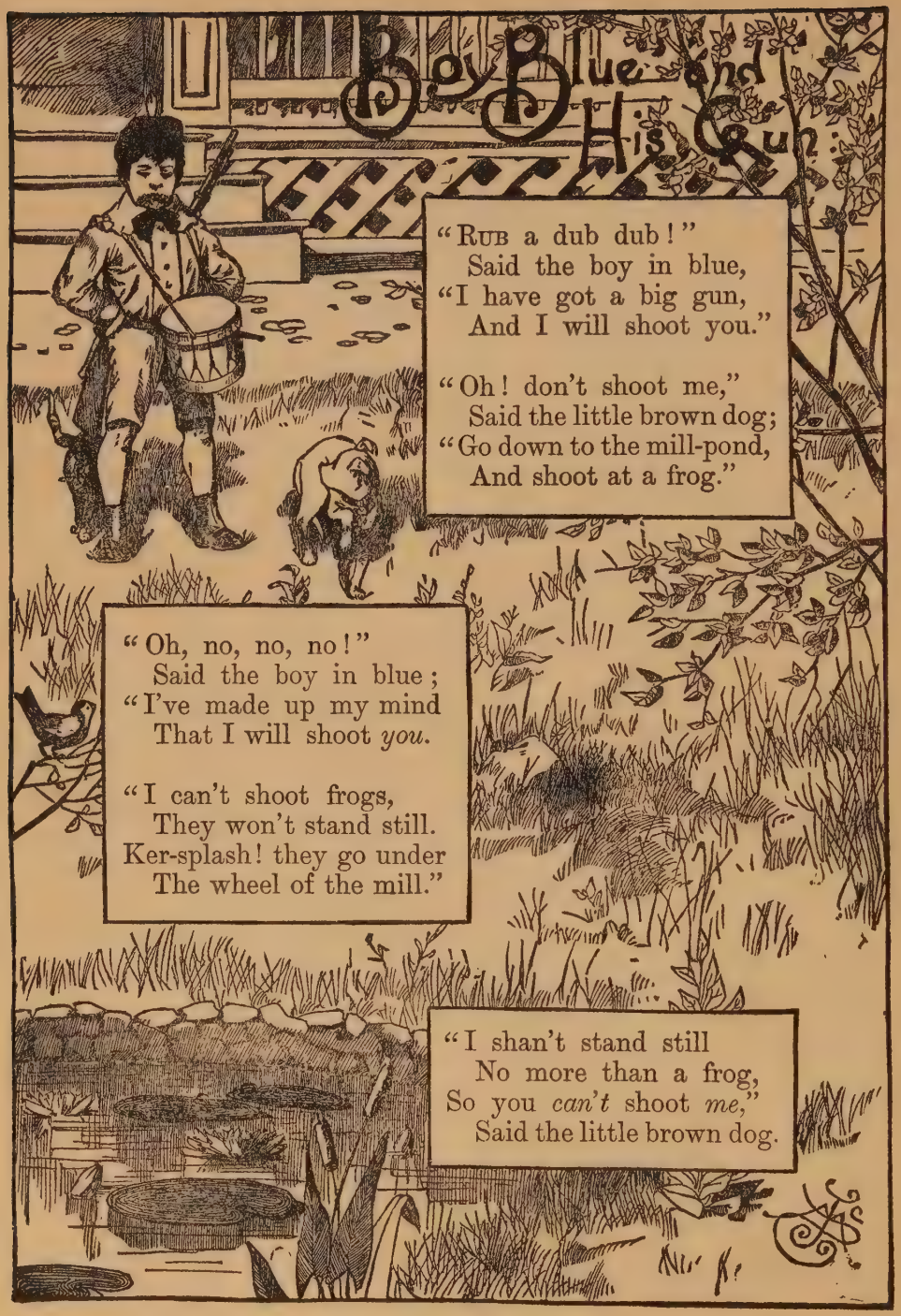
Next with your sharp knife cut through all the inside lines which are *not* dotted. Then cut *half way through* along all the dotted lines, and then bend by a sharp fold. Now the tiny sledge will come easily into form. Lap the ends of the front-piece, and of the back-piece, upon the side-pieces, and fasten with a touch of glue.

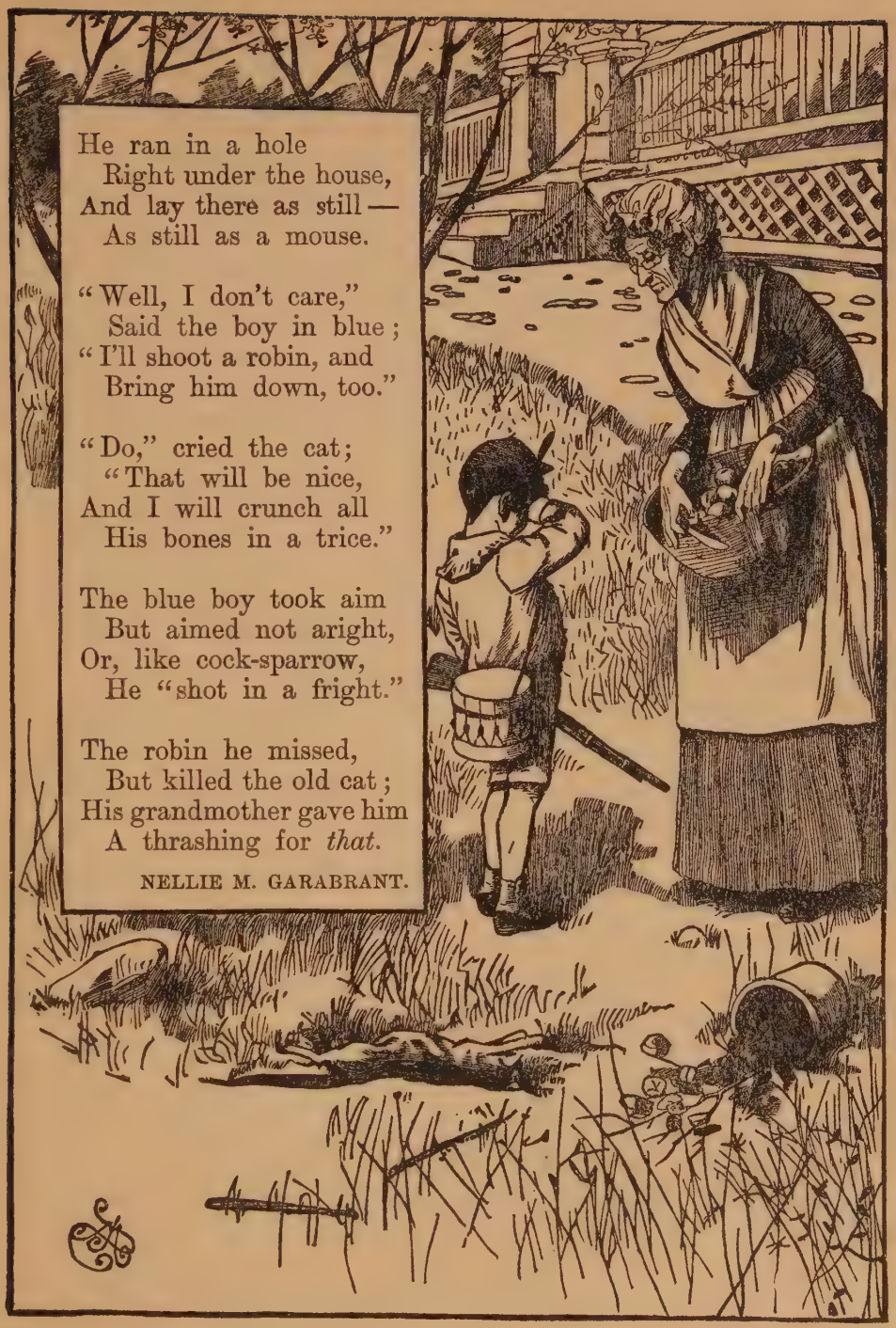


THE SLEIGH COMPLETED.

After cutting out and bending the cunning little seat, glue its side-pieces to the sides of the body of the sleigh. You can paint and decorate this little sleigh as you please.

C. McHugh.


Boy Blue and His Gun
"Rub a dub dub!"
Said the boy in blue,
"I have got a big gun,
And I will shoot you."
"Oh! don't shoot me,"
Said the little brown dog;
"Go down to the mill-pond,
And shoot at a frog."
"Oh, no, no, no!"
Said the boy in blue;
"I've made up my mind
That I will shoot *you*.
"I can't shoot frogs,
They won't stand still.
Ker-splash! they go under
The wheel of the mill."
"I shan't stand still
No more than a frog,
So you *can't* shoot *me*,"
Said the little brown dog.



He ran in a hole
  Right under the house,
And lay there as still —
  As still as a mouse.

"Well, I don't care,"
  Said the boy in blue;
"I'll shoot a robin, and
  Bring him down, too."

"Do," cried the cat;
  "That will be nice,
And I will crunch all
  His bones in a trice."

The blue boy took aim
  But aimed not aright,
Or, like cock-sparrow,
  He "shot in a fright."

The robin he missed,
  But killed the old cat;
His grandmother gave him
  A thrashing for *that*.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

SHE WISHED TO BE A PRINCESS.

A True Story.

LITTLE Mary had had a volume of Hans Andersen's Fairy Stories given her at Christmas. The story she liked best was "The Princess and the Pea," for, like all little girls, little Mary had a natural desire to be a Princess.

When she went to bed at night with her doll little Mary would think to herself, "Oh, how beautiful to be a real princess of such very fine blood as to feel a little bit of a pea under twenty mattresses!"

One morning a comforting idea came to little Mary. "Who knows," she said to herself, "with all my very many great grandfathers and grandmothers, but p'raps I am related to some King or Queen way back?"

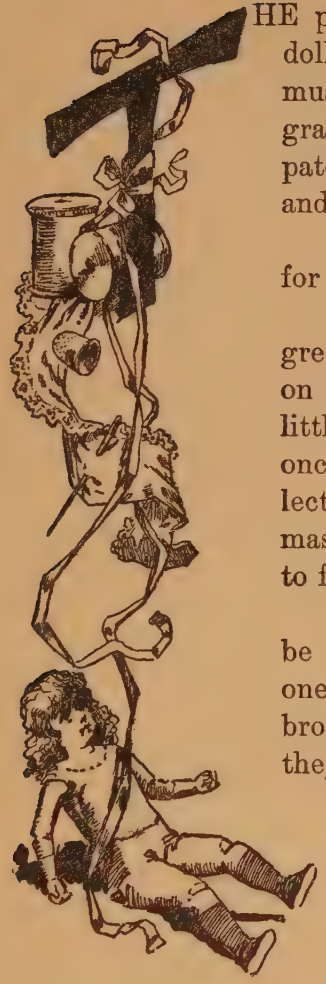
Thereupon, she went to her mother's pantry and took a bean from the jar — as large a one as she could find — and, going to her room, put it carefully under the hair mattress. That night she went to bed happy, with joyful hopes.

In the morning little Mary's elder sister found her with her head buried in her pillow crying. "Oh," little Mary sobbed, "I did think I might have just a little speck of royal blood in my veins, but I couldn't feel even that big bean under just one mattress!"

Nothing would comfort little Mary until her mama explained to her that even princesses were not happy unless they had good hearts; and *she* could have, if she tried, just as good and royal a heart as any Princess under the sun.

Anne Fiske Davenport.

DOLL DRESSMAKING.



THE pleasantest way to learn to sew is by making dolls' clothes. All the little women agree that it must be a great deal better than the way their grandmothers learned, with their "stints" of patchwork, towel hemming, and the long "over-and-over" sheet seams.

In the first place it is a delight simply to plan for the wardrobe of a lovely doll-child.

I know one thrifty, orderly little girl who finds great pleasure in having a stock of pretty "goods" on hand to "make up" for her doll, and those little women who keep their "doll-rags" (as I once heard a vexed woman call her daughter's collection of pieces) tumbled together in a crumpled mass in a box or basket or drawer, would do well to follow her example.

Many nice pieces the right size for a doll, can be found in the piece-bag. Even in the rag-bag, one is apt to come across delightful bits of embroidery and lace and ribbon, put there because they once trimmed clothes that are worn out. Cut or rip these off neatly, and if they are clean, fold them; if not, wash the lace and embroidery before putting it away. If any soiled ribbon, trimming or cloth, is not washable, do not keep it. No dainty girl will tolerate untidy things for her dolls.

Save all pieces of cambric you may find, folding them away if clean, washing and ironing them if soiled. These will make night gowns, petticoats and drawers.

Pieces of silk, satin, and velvet will be useful for hats, caps, and capes, also for trimming. Everyday silk gowns for a doll are not very

desirable, unless they are of simple India silk that can be easily cleaned. One handsome silk dress a year is enough for a doll, unless she goes out a great deal.

These rich fabrics are all to be rolled, not folded. Lay them on tissue paper, then begin at one side and roll them, paper and all, over smooth sticks. That keeps them smooth. Doll ribbons can be rolled on spools.

Pieces of white flannel will do for under petticoats, and colored flannel for house sacques. Ginghams will be useful, also dotted or plain muslins. The straw braid of old hats can be ripped and sewed and shaped into dolls' hats and bonnets. All delicate artificial flowers should be saved, and kept in a box by themselves. Feathers from chickens, or the pretty colored ones from very small dusters, make good hat trimming.

The tidy little girl will have her own thread, needles, thimble, and scissors in a box or basket. Black and white thread, in sizes 50 to 70, will be needed, and an assortment of colored silks, a little of each. Besides these she should have a paper of assorted needles, a tape-measure, a bodkin, and any tiny glove or shirt buttons she can find. It is surprising what a stock of "doll things" can be collected in a house.

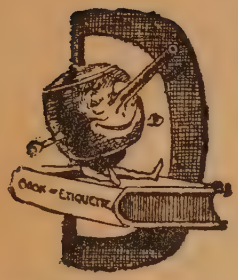
A little tea-table is first-rate for cutting out clothes on. Otherwise a lap-board of very thick pasteboard that will not bend, size 1 1-2 by 2 feet, will answer.

A girl ought to have a little trunk to hold such things as I have described, small, but yet large enough to prevent any confusion or crowding. Still, a strong, deep, heavy pasteboard box can be used. Fasten the lid on one side with tape hinges, after taking off the edge-piece. Put straps between the lid and sides to keep the lid from falling too far back when lifted. A shallow box, slightly smaller, will make a tray for the box-trunk, and then a piece of pine glued along each end inside the box will make cleats inside for the tray to rest on. Handles of cord passed through holes in the sides, and knotted inside, will make the trunk easy to move.

In the next number there will be patterns and instructions for stylish dolls' nightgowns.

Annie Isabel Willis.

KITCHEN MANNERS.



"O you consider it good manners," said the Fire to the Saucepan, "to come and sit down on me, without taking your lid off, or saying 'By your leave,' or 'Excuse me,' or 'Pardon this intrusion'?"

"Pooh, my fiery friend!" said the Saucepan, "I'm here on business, and good manners have nothing to do with it."

"Your character is black, Sir," replied the Fire; "you're not fit to mix in good society."

"Who blackened me?" retorted the Saucepan. "Why you, through your bad habit of smoking, to be sure."

"Sir," answered the Fire, "although I don't like you, I have, until now, always been polite enough to give you a warm reception. I appeal to my friends, the Fender and Fire-irons, whose manners are as polished as emery powder can make them, to say if you ought not to take your lid off before sitting down."

"Certainly he ought," shouted the Poker, who was always ready to stir up the Fire's hot temper. "Certainly he ought," echoed the Tongs and Shovel.

"Take off your lid, Sir," said the Fire.

"Sha'n't," answered the Saucepan.

"Then, I'll make you, Sir," said the Fire, and his flames beat the Saucepan's sides, thumping harder and harder, till out of sheer agitation he lifted his lid, boiling over with rage.

Oh, what a commotion! how the Fire did sneeze and sputter as the water fell on his glowing face. How rusty-red with shame the Fender and Fire-irons turned, as the steam and drops of water reached them, and they saw the mischief that they had helped to bring about.

"Ah!" said the Fire, as he sank down in a faint, "I feel quite put out."

"This comes of having a hot temper," said the Bellows, as he blew in his face to bring him back to life again, "but it's no use telling *you* to keep cool, that's what I think." And I think so too.

ROBIN'S RIDE.

IT was no good — Robin had begged, and prayed, and coaxed, but no one would tell him what the present was going to be. His Father's and Mother's Christmas present. All that he could find out was that it was to be more delightful than any he had had in his life, and that it was not a watch, because it was much too large to get into the stocking he always hung at the foot of his bed on Christmas Eve.

"Santa Claus is going to bring you something really magnificent, this time," his Father had said, "because you have been a good boy. It will be ready for you on Christmas morning. Be patient till then."

But it was a very difficult matter to be patient under the circumstances, particularly as the little boy had neither brothers nor sisters to talk the matter over with, and when he questioned his Mother, she only shook her head and smiled, and said, "Wait and see."

Well, that was all he could do; for six weeks he waited, burning with impatience, and amusing himself the best way he could. He built a snow-man, and made a snowball nearly as big as himself. He went sliding on the pond, which was frozen almost to the bottom, very much to the disgust of the ducks, who much preferred flowing water to ice, and who thought that much too much fuss was made about Christmas-time. Then he helped to stir the plum-pudding, and make mince-pies, and stuffing for the turkeys, and went cutting red-berried holly and white-berried mistletoe in the woods, to decorate the house with, and so the time passed on, and at

last it was Christmas Eve. Now it was very seldom that Master Robin cared to go to bed earlier than his usual time, but this evening he was all eager to say good-night, because, as he very wisely remarked, the sooner he went to sleep, the more quickly the morning would come. He didn't forget to hang his stocking out, for although his Father's and Mother's present was too large to get into it, that was no reason why other and smaller presents should not find their way there. His Mother tucked him up warm and snug, kissed him, and bade him good-night, and then, putting the light out, left him to sleep. So Robin shut his eyes up tight, and tried to go to sleep at once. But this, he found, wasn't quite so easy as he thought it would be. He couldn't help thinking about the present—the present that was to be more magnificent than any he had had before. Then he said to himself, "What's the good of my guessing at what it is, if there is nobody here to tell me if I'm right? No, I'll turn over on the other side, and go to sleep *at once*." So Robin turned over, and squeezed his eyes together tighter, and breathed hard, just as if he were asleep; but it was no good, so he turned back again, and as that wasn't any use, turned over again, and having done this for about an hour, the time seemed so long that he thought it must be morning, so he got up and looked out of the window, but found to his disappointment that it was still night, with a beautiful white moon shining on the beautiful white snow. Then he crept, shivering, back to bed, and once more tried to go to sleep.

Now, I cannot tell you how long he had been in bed, but all of a sudden he heard the jingling of bells and the crack of a whip in the distance; and as he listened, the sound came nearer and nearer, till it stopped just under the window. So Robin got up once more, and was very much astonished indeed when he looked out this time. It was enough to astound any one, I think; for drawn up before the house was a beautiful sleigh, with five reindeer harnessed to it, and in which sat a handsome old gentleman with a white beard, a red coat, and a fur rug over his feet, and any number of toys sticking out of his pockets.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, my boy!" shouted the old man

shaking his whip and nodding his head at Robin. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

"Thank you; same to you," answered the little boy, throwing open the window. "But, I say, what are you doing out this time of night?"

"Doing, indeed! You might ask me what I've already done. I've been all over the world, stuffing stockings for sleeping babies, and seeing that the puddings are getting on all right. Why, don't you know me? You must have seen my portrait often enough. My name is Santa Claus."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Robin in an awe-struck whisper. "I—I hope, sir, you did not think me rude, sir. I—I really didn't know."

"Oh, don't bother about that," answered Santa Claus. "I've heard that you are a very good little boy. Come for a ride?"

"Thank you; I should like to very much. Shall I put some clothes on? It may be rather cold," said Robin.

"Certainly; but don't be long."

The little boy hurriedly dressed himself, and was soon seated in the sleigh, driving along at a rapid pace, while the bells jingled and the whip cracked as merrily as ever.

"I hope, sir," said Robin, when he was comfortably seated, "I hope you haven't forgotten *me*. What is the present that Papa and Mamma said you were going to bring me?"

"You haven't been forgotten, no, no, no!" replied Santa Claus, patting the little boy on the back with the end of his whip. "Wait and see. Your present will be ready for you to-morrow morning."

"Why, that's just what Papa and Mamma say," replied Robin, somewhat disappointed. But he forgot to think about both his present and his disappointment in his wonderment at all he saw. They had been travelling for some time across a sea of ice, past enormous icebergs, when suddenly

they came to a forest that was lit with thousands of lights hanging from the trees.

"This," said Santa Claus, "you can very quickly guess is Christmas-tree Forest."

"Why, it's more beautiful than fairy land!" exclaimed Robin; "and what's that big volcano in the distance, with flames all round it?"

"That," replied the old man, "is Plum-pudding Mountain, and a little further on is Snap-dragon Lake."

Up to the present they had met no one; but now they could see strange-looking figures dotted about the white landscape, and the first person they passed gave Santa Claus a nod of recognition. He was blowing so hard that his cheeks looked as if they would burst. Santa Claus explained that he was Jack Frost, and that he was blowing the north wind over the earth, which froze the rivers and pumps, and put icicles on the trees. The next person they came to was a funny-looking old woman, who wore a comical conical cap, and who was plucking geese.

"That," said Santa Claus, "is Old Mother Goose; the feathers she plucks turn into snow. You've heard of her, have you not?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Robin; "but this is a wonderful ride. What's that flagstaff on the top of that iceberg?"

"That, my boy, is the North Pole, and the big iceberg is my palace. You would like to come in and see my people at work, would you not?"

"Indeed, yes, please!" cried Robin eagerly. And the next minute they stood in the palace of Santa Claus, where the noise and confusion were so great that it was difficult to distinguish anything distinctly. In one part of the huge ice-palace were a number of goblins tuning church bells. Then in another part were thousands of workmen making toys, sticking on dolls' heads, pasting here and hammering there; and as they all talked while they worked, you can understand that they made a good

deal of noise. The only people who seemed to be quiet were a lot of little girls, who were sewing away as fast as their little fingers could move. Their work was not very pretty, for they were making small woollen shirts, and tiny petticoats, and wee shoes.

"To keep the poor little children warm who have no one to work for them," whispered Santa Claus in Robin's ear.

"What pretty work!" said Robin. "But look! Look there! Who are those people in fancy dress? I seem to know them."

"Of course you do; they are the people from the nursery tales (great friends of Mother Goose, by the by); there is Little Miss Muffet and the rest of them."

"Dear me," cried Robin, "this is a wonderful place! I hope everybody here will have a Merry Christmas."

"A Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas to you!" shouted every one in reply.

"A Merry Christmas, Robin!" said Old Santa Claus, taking him by the shoulders and shaking him. "Wake up, Robin! A Merry Christmas!"

And Robin opened his eyes, and found himself in bed, with his Father and Mother and Nurse bending over him.

"My dear, you *have* overslept yourself," said his Mother; "your breakfast and present are waiting for you."

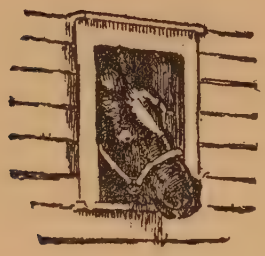
Robin was not long before he was in the breakfast-room, with his eyes looking in every direction. But he could see no parcel that looked likely to contain the wonderful present. "It's out-of-doors," said his Father.

Then he was taken round to the stables, and there, in a stall, stood the present. A pony, a real live pony, with four legs, and eyes that could see, and a mouth that could eat.

"And what will you call him?" asked his Father.

"Santa Claus," replied the delighted boy; and then he told about his wonderful ride. And although since that day he has had many a pleasant ride on his four-legged Santa Claus, he has never had such a wonderful journey as the one he took with the Old Santa Claus, to his palace at the North Pole.

Edric Vredenburg.



A CAT'S PARTY.

"THERE was only one hitch, otherwise it was a lovely party," said Mrs. Tabitha-Scratch to Sandy Maria Tortoise-shell. Sandy was a poor relation and never went anywhere. In fact, she and her kittens lived in a hollow tree in the orchard, which nevertheless was a very comfortable house. However, when her rich relations gave a party, she used to make a little call next day, to hear how things went off.

"Everything was perfect," went on Mrs. Tabby, "music, dancing, fighting, and refreshments. Everybody was there — everybody worth knowing. Now, don't put your back up, Sandy, or I sha'n't go on. *I* didn't make you an ugly cat, did I?"

"No, cousin, no, please, go on; but they might have asked me."

"Stuff! There was Tinker and Topsy, Snowy and Smut, Bully and Spitfire. But Bully and Spitfire behaved very badly indeed, all on account of a miserable sardine."

"'That was the 'hitch,' I suppose, ma'am," said Sandy.

"No, I'm coming to that as fast as I can. We'd been playing at 'Fly on the wall,' rushing about all over the place, up and down the curtains, over and under the tables and chairs, till the whole lot of us were as hot as pancakes. Then Professor Grimalkin asked to be allowed to show his performing mice, by way of a change. He was just in the middle of the entertainment when we saw —"

"What, ma'am, rats?"

"No, worse than that; *something*, it wasn't a man, it wasn't a cat and it

wasn't a dog. Such eyes! Such a flat nose, and, oh, such a grin — a Cheshire cat couldn't cap it, if it tried for a week." "And what was it doing, ma'am?" "Scratching its head." "What did you do?" "Stood on the staircase, staring as hard as we could." "And what next?" cried Sandy. "It ran towards us; but when it saw such a lot of us, and Bully and Spitfire ready to spring, it got scared, and jumped up to the hall lamp, and swung on it, backwards and forwards, grinning all the time."

"Dear, dear, how exciting, Mrs. Tabby, ma'am! What did the Persians and Angoras do?"

"Scampered off, helter skelter, some up-stairs, some down, some into cupboards, some under beds; one fell into the flour-tub."

"And the mice, ma'am?" "Got clean away, worse luck."

"Did you discover what it was, Mrs. Tabby?"

"Yes, a monkey! Disgusting to keep monkeys in the house, worse than babies, ten times."

"Ah, well, that comes of being fine folks," said Sandy. "Good-morning, ma'am." And she went home to her hollow-tree.

DOT'S PET KITTEN.

IT came in a hamper. But what was it? It was a big hamper, tied up with blue ribbon, and rather heavy; and a very neatly written label, addressed to "Miss Baby Dot," was on that hamper. What *could* it be? Was it apples and pears, cakes and crackers, or bags of sweeties?

Dot stood by while mamma undid the ribbons, and then what do you think she saw? Why, nothing less than a little tabby kitten, with light blue eyes.

Dot clapped her hands with joy, and hugged and kissed the kitten. Dot had no brothers and sisters; and although she had a number of toys, dolls, and dolls' houses, bricks and picture-books, she had never had anything that could love her so much as a kitten might do. Of course she had her papa and mamma, and nurse, but she had nothing young like her little self.

Now, I am sorry to say that Dot pulled that kitten's tail, and picked it up by one paw, and then by another paw, until the poor little cat did not know which leg to stand upon.

"Humph!" said the kitten to itself, "that's a very nice little baby-girl, I dare say; but she seems to think I'm made of rags and sawdust, like her dollies, and I must say it is rather uncomfortable to be treated so. And yet I don't like to scratch her."

It was certainly very good of Kitty not to scratch Dot; but whenever she saw the little girl coming, away she would run and hide in the coal-scuttle, so that Dot could not catch her.

"Oh, what a naughty Pussy!" said the Baby to her Nurse. "She always runs away from Dot, and Dot loves her so."

"Well, dear," said Nurse, "I daresay you love her very much, but you don't treat her properly. Suppose you had a tail and I were to pull you round the room by it; and suppose I were to pick you up by your hands and feet, why I am quite sure you would run away whenever you saw me coming." Baby did not say anything in reply to this, but that very day she put a saucer of milk on the floor for Kitty.

TRUMP, THE TERRIER.

BY "TABBIE."

TRUMP, the terrier, came to us of his own accord, a poor little wretched dog that looked as if he hadn't had anything to eat for a fortnight. Our cook found him one morning lying on the doorstep so weak that he could hardly walk; so she brought him into the kitchen and gave him half of my milk and half of her own breakfast. You may, perhaps, think that I was annoyed at a *dog* drinking out of my saucer; but if you had seen how miserable the little creature looked, you would have pitied it and let it drink the other half of the milk, as I did.

Trump (who was a well-educated dog, for he had been to a dog and cat school) and I soon became fast friends; a good many of our tastes were the same. One thing, he disliked water as much as I did; another thing, he used to help me to catch the mice and rats, and after a little training from me he was very successful. He was also a great favorite with the children — Harry, Bessie, and Lilly. He would go out hunting rabbits with them — not that he ever caught any, for he couldn't run quick enough; and when the apples fell in the orchard, he would pick them up and give them to Harry, and wait patiently on the seat for his share.

Well, one day we all went to stay at the seaside. I was packed in one hamper, and Trump in another, and Princess Matilda, a very beautiful doll, quite as beautiful as Angelica, I should think, was packed in a box.

Trump used to tell me what fine fun it was racing on the sands with the children, but said that nothing whatever — no, nothing — would induce him to put even so much as one paw in the water. So you can imagine how very much surprised I was one day when he came home dripping wet.

"What on earth have you been doing — not bathing?" said I, in horror.

"No, not bathing," replied Trump, "but I've been in the sea. While on the sands this morning I was startled by loud cries of 'Oh, Matilda has fallen into the sea!' 'Her Royal Highness will be drowned!' 'See, she is drifting out. Oh! Save her! Save her!' I rushed to the spot and saw Princess Matilda far out at sea, and our children looking fearfully on. I didn't pause a moment, but with one shudder I jumped into the water and brought her safe to shore, very much frightened and her clothes spoilt, but not otherwise hurt."

I complimented Trump on his bravery, and gave him my corner by the fire till he got dry, for really he was a very good and courageous dog, was he not?

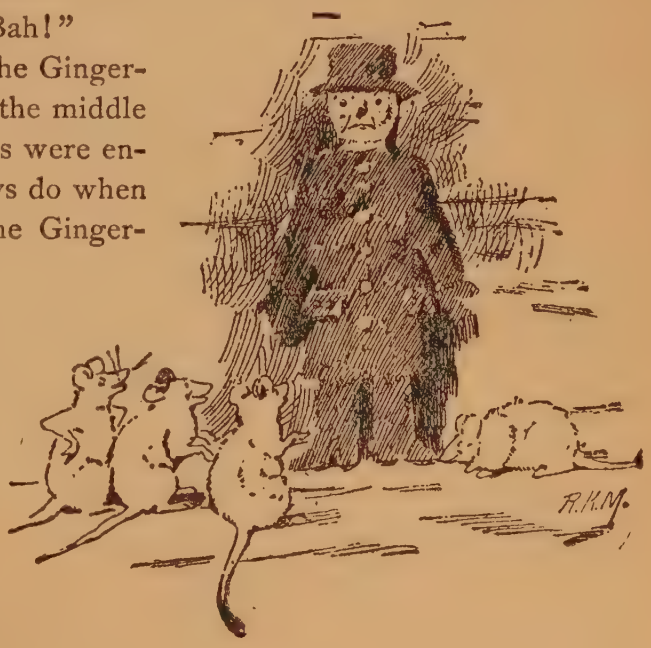
THE GINGER-BREAD MAN.

THERE was once a Ginger-Bread Man, really a very fine fellow indeed. He was made of the very best Ginger-Bread; and his face, hands, and boots were all of beautiful colored sugar, to say nothing of pockets and buttons, and a walking-stick made of the same sweet stuff. But although he was possessed of all this finery, that was no reason why he should turn up his sugar-nose at everything and everybody, and give himself terrible airs, which he most decidedly did.

In fact, he considered himself so very grand, he would hardly speak to the wax-dolls and the colored animals that lived in the Noah's-ark, and as to the plain wooden ones he didn't even condescend to look at them; so you can imagine he was not a favorite in the nursery.

"What a come-down in the world it is to be placed here with a lot of stupid toys, after living in a shop window, with others of my family, and being admired by all beholders," he sighed to himself, hour after hour, instead of making himself agreeable. "It is impossible for anybody to appreciate me here; nobody knows what first-rate stuff I'm made of. Bah!"

But it so turned out that the Ginger-Bread Man was mistaken, for in the middle of the night, when the other toys were enjoying themselves (as toys always do when everybody else is asleep), and the Ginger-Bread Man was sulking by himself in a corner, there popped out of a hole in the wall six little brown mice.

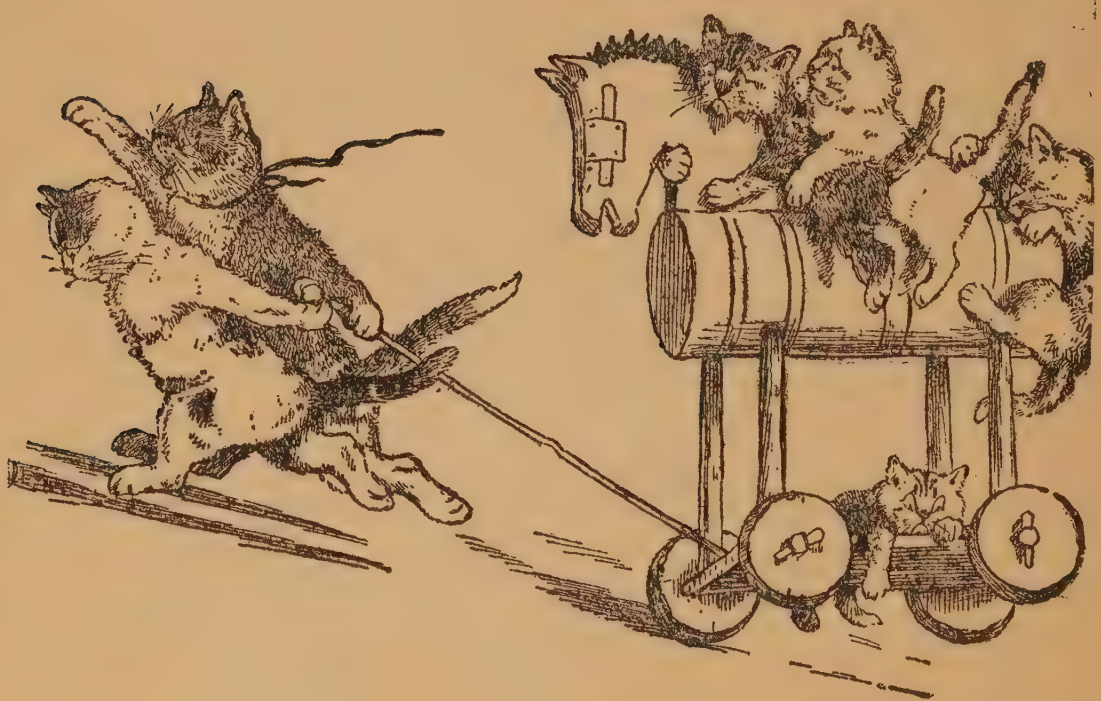


There was the Father and the Mother mouse and their four children, and they all were very hungry. "Oh, dear, what a beautiful man!" cried the four little mice, as

they saw the Ginger-Bread Man "I should think so, indeed," thought he to himself. "Gracious me!" exclaimed Papa and Mamma Mouse, in one breath, "he's made of Ginger-Bread and Sugar. My dears, he is good to eat; try him." So they tried him. "Isn't he lovely?" cried one. "Delicious!" said another. "What first-rate stuff he's made of!" said a third, with his mouth full; which, by the by, was very bad manners.

So the little mice nibbled, and nibbled, and nibbled away, and in the morning, all that was left of the Ginger-Bread Man was one sugar pocket and four buttons. And nobody in the nursery was very sorry; every one agreed that it served him right; for conceit and pride are sure to have a fall, one day or another.

Edric Vredenburg



THE SEWING MEETING

THE BUNNIES' PARTY.

THE Bunnies have given a picnic party,
Every one came with an appetite hearty.
Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel, invited,
Said that to come they'd be most delighted.
Miss White-ear climbed all the stiles so sprightly,
Mr. Whisker assisting her, most politely.
The servants laid out the picnic table,
As cleverly as they were able.
Soon up the guests began to scamper,
They'd brought the wine in a great big hamper.
They'd pies and puddings, and cream and ices,
In fact, quite everything that nice is.
Then some went through the forest, walking;
And others sat in the sunshine, talking.
At last, their homeward way they wended,
And all were sorry the day had ended.
And I've heard it confidently asserted,
Miss White-ear and Mr. Whisker flirted.
I hope, don't you, on the next occasion,
The Bunnies will send us an invitation.

C. B.

THE END OF WASHINGTON'S CENTURY.

(When Grandfather's Grandfather Was a Boy.)

THE PLEASANT FARM-HOUSE AT MOUNT VERNON.

ONE day your grandfather's grandfather heard the bells of Boston town tolling solemnly. Other small boys in other towns and villages heard their bells tolling just as solemnly. Sad news was traveling across the land — George Washington was dead.

I do not know that your grandfather's grandfather ever saw George Washington. Many boys and girls in many places did see him at different times in his life — when he rode from Mount Vernon in Virginia to Cambridge in Massachusetts to take command of the American armies at the beginning of the Revolution; when he rode under arches and over flowers from Mount Vernon to New York to become President of the United States; and when on the steps of the Federal Hall in Wall Street in New York he promised to be a good and faithful president, while the bells rang and the cannon boomed a salute, and the people — men and women, boys and girls — cried with a great and joyful shout: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States."

But, whether or not your grandfather's grandfather ever saw George Washington, he believed George Washington the greatest man that ever lived. And when the "Father of his Country" — as men even then called Washington — died in his pleasant farmhouse at Mount Vernon, on the last hour of the last day of the week of the last month of the last year of the century in which he had lived, you may be certain your grandfather's grandfather felt very sober to think so great an American had died, and in his way mourned his loss as sincerely as did all Americans, and in fact many men who were not

Americans; for you must know that when England, Washington's greatest enemy, heard the news, she put the flags of her fleet at half-mast; and the French nation wore mourning to show how sorry the land of Lafayette was at the death of that noble Frenchman's noblest friend.

Perhaps your grandfather's grandfather did see Lafayette. For, in 1824, when he had grown to be an old man — and when, I suppose your grandfather's grandfather was a father himself — Lafayette visited the land he had run away from his home in France to fight for when he was scarcely more than a boy.

I don't know how many other of the famous men of the Revolution your grandfather's grandfather ever saw. Boys and girls did not have such good chances to see famous folks as they do to-day, when the steam cars carry everybody everywhere, but he may have seen some of them.

Benjamin Franklin died before your grandfather's grandfather was born; so, too, did James Otis, the Boston boy who did so much for liberty, and John Paul Jones, the great sailor who whipped the British on the sea. Wayne and Greene, the brave generals, died when your grandfather's grandfather was a baby; Patrick Henry, who made a great speech for freedom that you should know by heart, died in the same year with Washington; and, soon after that, Benedict Arnold, the traitor who sold his country, died far away from the land he had betrayed.

But Alexander Hamilton, whose story I have told you, and Sam Adams, the Boston patriot, and Robert Morris, the rich man in Philadelphia who lent the government all his money to pay the soldiers, and Knox, the Boston bookseller who became Washington's best-loved general, all lived when your grandfather's grandfather was a small boy. Let us hope he saw them.

We take it for granted he saw John Adams, for everybody in Boston knew that famous old man; and perhaps he saw Burr who might have been a hero and president if he had not turned wicked and tried to betray his country as Arnold did. And Jefferson and Madison and Monroe, three famous men of the Revolution, each of

whom became President of the United States later on, lived until your grandfather's grandfather was a man, though whether he ever saw them or not I cannot say.

But he knew their names well; and though he may not have thought as some of them did when he grew to be old enough to vote, I am sure he honored them all as American citizens who wished to do what was best for their country, even if they did not agree as to how things should be done.

For, as I have told you, after Washington's day, men followed different leaders and thought and acted differently when great questions came before the people to be settled.

"The people" did settle every question. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States both said Americans believed all men were created free and equal and had a right to say who should govern them, how they should be governed, and what those they put in office should do for the good of the country.

The young United States made lots of mistakes and had troubles — just as you had the measles or the whooping cough when you were small; they nearly had a war with France and did have wars with the Indians, and some fisticuffs and quarrels among themselves. But on the whole they got along very well.

Elbridge S. Brooks.

THE FIRE-CRACKER.

THE Fire-Cracker said, "I am really not
A Cracker at all, but a patriot,
And for Freedom's sake I am ready to die,
When my Country calls on the Fourth of July!"

Marian Douglas.

DISCOVERED IN A KALEIDOSCOPE.

EVERY boy finds fun in his toys. Most boys find nothing more. The boy I am to tell of, however, found much more than fun — he found a fortune!

The way of it was this.

Wilberforce — I call him Wilberforce here, because that was not his name. The fact is, I am telling this story without his permission, so it would not do to call him by his real name.

Most boys spend their pennies for peanuts, or peppermints — Wilberforce spent his for pencils — lead pencils.

A lead pencil would last Will about a day. He usually managed to get another the next.

One night his mother turned his pockets inside out (mothers sometimes do that), and she found seven pencil stubs in his trousers pockets and eleven in his jacket pockets.

Now this was not because Will was so wasteful, but because he was so industrious. Will was a great worker. He worked just as he played — like a little steam engine.

Will was always drawing something with these pencils — squares, diamonds, circles, scrolls — then combinations of these forms into designs, like those in the carpets and wall papers.

One day — I think it was St. Valentine's Day — though how Santa happened to be six weeks late I can't now say — he had a present of a kaleidoscope.

I wish you could have seen the smile that spread over his face when he held the cylinder to his eye and turned it slowly. I did. I shall never forget it. Will will never forget it either!

All that day he found fun in the toy. The second day he began also to find the fortune.

As he slowly revolved the cylinder, and the gorgeous bits of rainbow glass in the end shifted about with a clink-chink-dink, he would every now and then cry out, "O," or "O-o!" and sometimes "O-oo-o!" That meant he saw a very curious or beautiful arrange-

ment in form or color. After every "O-oo-o!" he would drop the kaleidoscope, out with his pencil, and make a drawing of the picture he had just seen.

The third day, after every pencil sketch, he exclaimed, "O, if I only had some water-colors."

Well, one morning, a few weeks after, he put his right foot into its stocking with a vigorous shove. It came out as quickly. Then his little brown hand dove down into the stocking — down the long leg, into the foot.

When the hand came out, it brought with it a box of water-colors — another belated Christmas present!

That day Will not only made pencil outlines of the pictures he saw in the kaleidoscope, but also colored them.

As the days and weeks went by, Will not only copied and colored the kaleidoscope designs, but began also to make other designs, "out of his head." Sometimes these were parts of the kaleidoscope pictures arranged in different ways, sometimes they were wholly new.

This went on all that winter, on Saturdays, and holidays, and in the long evenings — and all the next summer.

One day in the fall, a gentleman called to see Will's father on business. This gentleman was a manufacturer of wall papers. He happened to see some of Will's colored "patterns," as Will called them. They interested him. He took several away to his mills.

This visit was forgotten, till one day in the winter. It was a great day for Will — and strange to say it was St. Valentine's Day, just a year from the day the kaleidoscope came.

That day a letter came to Will's father from the manufacturer of wall papers. In it the gentleman offered to give Will an art education. The offer was gladly accepted. And to-day Wilberforce is a famous designer of wall papers, and carpets, and all sorts of beautiful fabrics.

I will not say how many hundreds of dollars his pencil and brush bring him a year now. I will say that the number is large enough to make true what I have said, at the start of this story, about the fortune one boy found in a kaleidoscope.

C. S. P.

TONY'S VOYAGE.

(An American Dog Abroad.)

HEN I am naughty my master calls me "Anthony!" When I am good, which is most times, he says "Tony." So though my real name is Anthony, if I should put it at the head of this true account of my travels, nobody would know it was I, and I wish everybody to know the traveler and writer is I.

My master and I set out on our travels in June. We took a stateroom on board the S. S. Cephalonia, from Boston. At least my master took a stateroom which I was to share, with all the privileges. But there was a woman in the cabin who objected to dogs.

I have observed that almost everywhere there is a woman who objects to dogs. They say dogs bite their ankles.

But I don't bite. I wish everyone to know in this first chapter of my travels that I don't bite. I am a well-bred pug.

By great good luck, the Objector was seasick for three days and could not leave her berth; and each of those days I had a good run in the saloon, where I received a good deal of attention.

But at the end of three days, the Objector to dogs was able to go on deck. Our stateroom was by the foot of the gangway, and I saw her go up. The stewardess followed behind, carrying her deck-chair, five rugs, six pillows, a pile of books and magazines, a bottle of cologne, a tin box of biscuits, a pink box of sweets, something to drink in a flask, a bag of valuables, a sun umbrella and a fan, all for the Objector's comfort on deck.

At night, after the Objector had gone below, my master took me for a stroll on deck, and again in the early morning. I liked the morning stroll best. There were always boys on deck then. And from their conversation, I concluded there were objectors to boys on board, also. But all the objectors slept late, and we had the deck to ourselves.

One morning we saw whales spouting. A singular fashion! I should not wish to take in water and spout it out of a hole in my head.

Another morning we saw an iceberg. The ice I had always seen

before was white. But this was pink and blue and green and red! Truly, I advise every dog to travel and see the wonders of the sea!

I saw nothing else to bark at, except a small vessel that passed near us one day. I saw it from the round window in our stateroom, which was just big enough to put my head out of.

There was a small dog of the spaniel family on board the vessel. He returned my bark with great cordiality. "Any objectors to dogs on your ship?" I asked. "Not one!" said he.

The Objector had overheard our conversation from her place on deck, and I heard her say, "There's that dog again! I thought he was to be confined for the rest of the voyage."

Cruel Objector! after being shut up herself three days in a stuffy stateroom, why wish me to be shut up in one the whole voyage?

But I had a lovely revenge! The last day my master took me on deck. He wished me to see the coast of Ireland. But I was much more pleased with the white seagulls flying about the ship. So was my Objector. "Sweet creatures!" said she. And then she scowled at me. And at that moment the Cephalonia began to roll.

With the first lurch, over went the Objector; and her cushions, and pink box of sweets, and biscuits and something to drink in a flask, and book, and bag of valuables, and sun umbrella, and fan, all began to roll down the slope of the deck towards the water.

Had I been a dog of less good-breeding, I should have sat still on my haunches and let them roll. But I do not take revenge in that unhandsome fashion. I sprang forward and seized the bag of valuables just as it was going over to the fishes. I then made a snatch at the pink box of sweets. But at that instant the ship rolled in the opposite direction, and everything went down the gangway, except the Objector; she was seized by the passing steward.

There were diamonds and gold pins in the bag of valuables, and the Objector sent me a large vanilla sweet, for my pains. I hate vanilla. But my master said, "Tony, good fellow!" in that pleased voice of his, which was better to me than all the sweets in the pink box.

Frank Pope Humphrey.

HOW I SAVED MY DOLLS.

The Story of a Midnight Fire.

WHEN I was eight years old I spent a summer, as I often did, with my three aunts and my uncle Amos at the old family homestead.

At this time I was very fond of paper dolls, and had ninety of them. They were kept in a large pasteboard box, and went with me everywhere. On rainy days I used to sit in an attic room over the kitchen and play with them and paint dresses for them from morning to night. Sometimes they were all pupils, and I "kept school" with them. Again, they were grouped into families, with the most extensive relationships. They all had middle names and certain ages, which staid the same always. This never struck me as being queer, though I knew that I grew older from year to year. Cousins, uncles and aunts were very plenty among them, and I knew just which were which. Most of the dolls were home-made, though some were what we called "boughten." (I do not like that word now.) All of them had elaborate wardrobes, which were kept in large envelopes. It required all the powers I could muster to keep my doll-family in order, but I enjoyed the hard work, for I loved my dolls as I did my best friends.

One day in early September it was very cold and rainy, and we had a fire in the dining-room for the first time that season. The fire did not burn well at all. The chimney seemed to be stopped up, for smoke would curl from every crack in the stove whenever a fresh stick of wood was put in. All day it smoked more or less, and the fire was allowed to go out before six o'clock.

I went to bed at eight, and the family retired at their usual time; but I was waked up in the middle of the night by my Aunt Tessie, who was shaking me and saying, "Get up! Get up! The house is on fire!"

I shall never forget how wild and white her face looked. The air was blue with smoke. I jumped up as quickly as I could, and hurried

on my clothes, getting everything on wrong-side out and back-side before. Aunt Tessie tried to help me, but we were both shaking so that we did not get on very well.

In three minutes we were down in the dining-room. In all the confusion, one thought was uppermost in my mind — my dolls! I ran to the cupboard where I kept them, and when I once had my large doll-box in my arms I felt calmer.

While I was saving my precious dolls, Uncle Amos came rushing in with an axe. There was a loud roaring noise in the chimney. Aunt Caroline stood with her arms clutched together. She shook like a willow in the wind.

"W-what a-are y-you g-going to d-do, Amos?" she asked, with her teeth chattering.

"I am going to chop open the wall," cried Uncle Amos excitedly. "The fire's in there! It's probably been smouldering there all day. We must get at it, or we can't put it out."

He lifted the axe, and pretty soon he had a large piece of the wainscoting out. Then what do you think happened? We did not see leaping tongues of flame, as we had expected. Nothing of the kind — only a vast flock of chimney swallows, which flew out and circled around the room, in the greatest confusion, quite as scared as we were.

It was they who had stopped up the great chimney and whose excited swarming there had made the roaring noise. They did not like to have the fire built, though they made no noise during the day.

While the rest were driving out the swallows, I dropped into a chair with my precious box. There I fell asleep. My Aunt Sylvia woke me. My heart stood still as I heard her say, "Wake up, Katie! We're all going to bed again. Bless me, what *has* the child got! She is hugging the box of macaroni! She must have thought it was her box of dolls!"

I shuddered for weeks to think what if there *had* been a fire, and I had saved only the box of macaroni!

Kate Upson Clark.

TWO DAINTY DOLL-GOWNS.

WHITE GUIMPE.

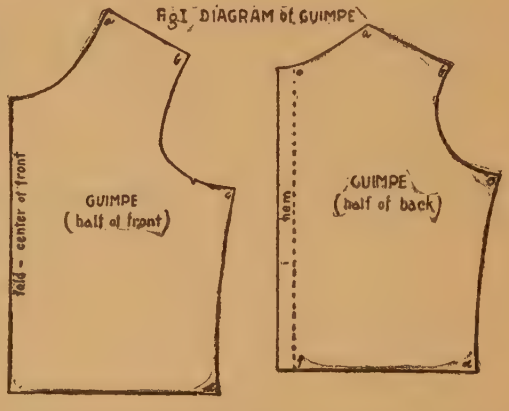
TWO guimpes, one black, one white, are first-rate things to make for dolls, as they will go with gowns of all colors.

For the white guimpe cut pieces like pattern (*Fig. I.*) from lawn or swiss. Seam them together at *a-b* and at *c-d*. Turn in hems at *e-f*. Face the neck, and edge it with a lace frill.

Of course the guimpes will be "fancier" if cut out of tucked goods or all-over embroidery. If plain stuff is used, tuck the goods with three or four tiny tucks down the front and the backs, before you cut it by pattern. The back is fastened by tiny buttons.

The sleeves may be plain puffed ones, like those given in February doll fashions, or they may be bishop sleeves shown here.

Cut out a piece of goods like *Fig. II. b*, long enough to pass loosely around dolly's forearm — allowing for seam — and wide enough to make a deep cuff. Fold and seam up at *a-r*. Cut out the puff, or upper part of sleeve, like *Fig. II. a*, and seam up along *c-b*. Gather along edge *b-b* and sew on edge of cuff, *a-a*. Line cuff with piece exactly the same size, cut by same pattern. Lay it on outside of cuff, *r-r*, seam, gather, then turn it over and hem down over gathers where upper sleeve joins cuff. Gather along the rounded top of puff between notches and set the finished sleeve in the guimpe, making the seam join the notch in guimpe front.



To make a black guimpe of silk or woolen, cut out patterns from lining, and seam up, as before. Then take a bias piece of the goods as long as twice the distance around neck, and wide enough to allow for turning in at both edges, and to reach under the arms. Turn in one edge and gather, so that one edge will stand up in tiny ruffle around Dolly's neck. Baste to the lining of neck, which should previously have been faced or hemmed, making the gathers equally full all around. When basted properly at top, fasten the folds down gracefully, front and back, along lower lining edge. Then let dolly try on. When all is right, backstitch gathers firmly around neck, turn in lower edge and hem neatly, remove bastings, and put in sleeves of either sort.

Waist of plain dress, Fig. III. is low-necked and sleeveless, to wear with guimpe. Cut out the parts of waist, first of lining, and fit them to dolly; then of goods, unless, of course, a wash-dress is being made. Then no lining is used.

Baste goods smoothly on lining. Seam *e-f* together, then *g-h*. Press and overcast, Face the top and arm-holes and back edges very neatly with a narrow bias piece of thin silk, if you have it. Your own little iron will be just right to press seams and facings.

For the skirt take a piece deep enough to allow for a hem and the seam at waist, and wide enough to make a good fullness. This need not be lined, unless of very flimsy goods. Seam it up, leaving placket hole near top, which should be faced and pressed. Hem bottom and press. Gather at the top on two threads. Set middle of skirt in exactly the middle of waist-front and baste together. Try on, to see if the skirt hangs well. Then backstitch this seam firmly and overcast it or cover with a narrow tape hemmed on. Finish waist with three or four buttons and button-holes, and put on rosettes and ends of ribbon, front and back, as in picture.

Another easily made dress for guimpes consists of a plain strip of goods, deep enough to fall from chest to feet, after allowing for hem and the shirring at top. Seam it part way up, and hem and press

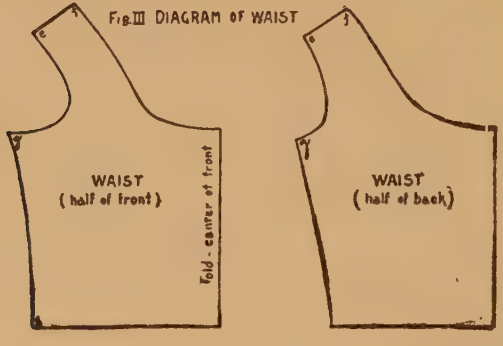
the back-opening thus left. Hem the bottom and press. Turn in the top edge enough to hold two rows of shirring, and leave the threads in when shirring is done. Try it on over the guimpe, fastening the shirring-threads so the top will fit around dolly's chest. Sew the shirred edge on a tape, to make it strong, and put a hook and eye at back-opening to fasten it.

DOLLY'S PLAIN DRESS.

Now sew on two shoulder-straps of tape to go over the arms, and cover them with ribbons to match the dress, and tie it in big bows.

Measure the dress under the arms to find dolly's waist-line, and shirr two threads along this line; leave a little space at front and back unshirred. Fasten a belt of tape inside the dress, and sew the shirred parts to it, so that they will be held in properly to dolly's figure when the belt is hooked. The parts left loose front and back hang in pretty folds as shown. Trim the shirred parts with ribbon rosettes.

Isabel Willis.



THE THREE BLIND MICE.

THE STORY TOLD BY A BROWNIE.

TELL, first of all, I must tell you that I am a Brownie, and although I am ever and ever so old, I look as young to-day as I did when I was but one year old. Well, it was about seven hundred years ago, and I used to be a great deal with some other Brownies, cousins of mine, visiting at the same farm-houses as they did, and helping them with their work. And it was in this way that I got to know the Three Blind Mice, — Purrin, Furrin, and Tod.

Pretty, pleasant little fellows they were; and they were not blind then, — far from it. They lived up in the loft of Dame Marjoram's room, over at Fiveoaks Farm.

Such merry supper-parties as never were, I think, before or since, we used to have then. We would think nothing of finishing a round of apple and a walnut-shell full of honey between us, in one evening, to say nothing of scraps of cheese-rind and the crumbs we stole from the birds. Purrin had a most melodious voice, and could sing a good song, while Tod was never at a loss for an amusing story. As to Furrin, he was almost as quaint as our Mr. Puck, and, though perhaps it is not for *me* to say so, when those in high places do encourage him, not one-tenth as mischievous.

When Angelina, the old stable cat, had kittens, he would get into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and imitate their squeaky little voices, so that she was always on the fidget, thinking she must have mislaid one somewhere, and never able to find it. For you see, as she could not count, she never knew whether they were all beside her or no. Often he would coax a whole hazel-nut out of Rudge, the Squirrel, who lived on the Hanger, just above, and whom every one believed to be a miser. And then his Toast-

ing-fork Dance was so sprightly and graceful, it did your heart good to see it. Ah, me! those days are gone, and Furrin is gone too; and the Moon, when she looks through that chink in the barn roof, no longer sees us feasting and making merry on the great beam.

And this is how they became blind:

They were very fond of Gilliflower, Dame Marjoram's little daughter, and after the nurse had put her to bed, Furrin, Purrin, and Tod used to creep up into her room, and read her some of the funny little tales from Mouse-land till she went to sleep. She would lie there with her eyes shut, and perhaps imagined that it was her own thoughts that made her fancy all about the fairy tales that came into her head; but really it was the mice who read them to her, but in such a low voice that Gilliflower never thought of opening her eyes to see if any one was there. I must tell you that the print in Mouse-land is very, very small and hard to read. This did not matter so much during the long Summer evenings, when there was plenty of light to see to read by; but when the Winter came on, and the mice had only the firelight to read by, then reading the small print began to tell its tale. You know how bad it is for the eyesight to read any print by firelight, and it must be very much worse when the print is very small; and so Furrin would say to Purrin, "My eyes are getting quite dim, so now you must read;" and before Purrin had read a page he would say the same thing to Tod, and then Tod would try; but after a time their eyes became so dim they couldn't see at all, and so they had to invent stories to tell little Gilliflower; so the poor little mice went quite blind, trying to amuse their little girl friend.

I took what care of them I could; but their blindness was very sad for them. No longer had Purrin the heart to sing or Furrin to dance and jest. Only they would sit close together, each holding one of Tod's hands, and listening to his stories, for he kept his spirits best, and did all he could to cheer the others. All the marketing fell to me then, and it gave me plenty to do; for, poor souls, the only amusement left them was a dainty morsel, now and then.

And, by and by, they became so tired of sitting still, when Tod had

exhausted all his stock of stories, that they got reckless, and would go blundering about the house after Dame Marjoram, whom they knew by the rustle of her silken skirt, and the tapping of her high-heeled shoes. They all ran after her, forgetting, that although they could not see her, still she could see them, and trying to follow her into her store-room, where the almonds, and raisins, and sugar, and candied-peel were kept.

I told them she would get angry, and that harm would come of it; but I think their unhappiness and dulness made them quite foolhardy, for they still went on, getting under her feet, and well-nigh tripping her up; clambering into the lard-pot before her very eyes; in short, doing a thousand irritating and injudicious things day by day, until her patience was quite worn out. And at last, when they scrambled on to the dinner-table, thinking it to be the store-room shelf, and sat all in a row, quietly eating out of Miss Gilliflower's plate, Dame Marjoram, who had the carving-knife in her hand, thought it high time for them to have a lesson in manners. So, thinking the knife was turned blunt side downwards, she rapped them smartly across their three tails. What was her horror and their dismay, to find them cut off quite cleanly. The little tails lay still on the table, and the three little mice, well-nigh crazed with terror and pain, groped their way off the table and out of the room.

I was returning from the cheese-room, and met them crossing the great hall.

Of course, I took in at a glance all that had occurred, and I must say that I felt but little surprise, though much sorrow. I guided them to

our old haunt in the loft-roof and then sat down to prepare a Memorial for Dame Marjoram, giving a full account of all that they had suffered for the sake of her family.

This I placed on the top of the key-basket; and while she was reading it, with my usual tact I silently brought in Purrin, Furrin, and Tod, and pushed them forward in front of her.

The tears stood in her eyes as she finished reading my scroll, and from that time forth nothing was too good for the Three Blind Mice. The good wife even tried to make new tails for them.

But they did not live long to enjoy their new happiness. The loss of their sight, followed by the shock of having their tails cut off, was too much for them. They never quite recovered, but died, all on the same day, within the same hour, just a month afterward.

Their three little graves were made beneath the shadows of a lavender bush in the garden.

Sometimes I go there to scatter a flower or two, and to shed a tear to the memory of Purrin, Furrin, and Tod.

Helen J. Wood.

THE GREEN BLUEBERRY.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor little Berry, who could not get ripe.

He lived on a Blueberry bush, and on the bush hung a great many large fat Blueberries, and of course he ought to have been like them; but because he grew too low down on the bush so that the sun and air could not reach him, or for some other reason, he certainly remained a very green Blueberry, although, to be sure, he felt blue enough.

All the other Berries were unkind to him, saying, "No one will pick *you*, Greenie! We, being so big and fat, shall all be picked and put into fine pies and cakes, but no one wants to eat hard green berries, so *you* will be left."

"Yes," said one very big one, laughing — did you ever hear a blueberry laugh? They have such a soft, juicy laugh — "Look at *me*, Greenie! Am I not a glorious berry, so fat, so big, so blue?" The poor little Berry looked up longingly at her, when puffing herself up more than ever in her pride she — oh, what do you suppose happened to her — she burst!

A few days after this dreadful accident, two little girls came to the Blueberry bush, and you can imagine how glad they were when they saw it. In a very short time they had every Berry, and by mistake they had also picked the green one, too.

The children's mother was delighted when she saw the beautiful Berries. "We will have a pie, and we will have a short-cake," she said to the cook, "and Bridget, I will help you look the Berries over." In doing this, she found the green one.

"Why, Eleanor, Margaret," she said to the two children, "here is a green Blueberry! we cannot have *him* in our pie, can we?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the other Berries. "Of course you can't!

Throw him away!" But the children's mother paid no attention to the rude little fellows.

"Mama," said Eleanor, "that Berry is the very same color as Belinda Marion's dress, and I will have it for a locket!" She ran to her new work-basket which had been given to her at Christmas, and from it she took a needle, which she threaded with soft green silk, just the color of the Berry. This she drew through the Berry. Next she brought out a most beautiful doll with blue eyes which could open and shut, and with long curling golden hair, and wearing a lovely green dress which really was the Berry's color. The green silk was tied around her neck, and the despised Berry was now hanging as a beautiful locket in the place of honor, and his little heart swelled with pride.

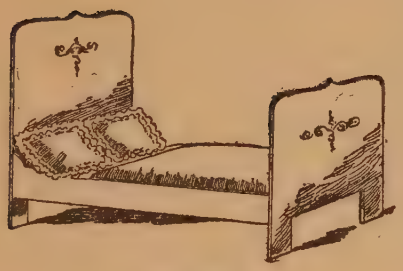
When the children's supper hour came Belinda Marion came to the table too, sitting in her own high chair, and she was very well-behaved and quiet, never speaking one word all through supper time. The children had for their supper bread and butter, milk, and each a small saucer of stewed Blueberries, and oh, how surprised those Berries were, when they saw what had become of their despised Greenie! They almost turned green themselves with envy. In fact one might say they were almost "eaten up" with envy. And the Green Berry sat there in state and saw them disappear!

Nor was this all. The children soon went to bed, first putting Belinda Marion in her white crib, and leaving her in one corner of the dining-room. Belinda Marion shut her eyes directly her head touched

the pillow, and was soon fast asleep, but the Berry kept his one little eye wide open all through the grown people's dinner, which followed the children's tea. When the dessert came in, what should it be but the Blueberry pie! And the Berries in the pie were astonished to find what had become of their green friend! But the Berry smiled and said nothing, and they, too, were all eaten before his very eyes. And he, the Green Berry, hung on Belinda Marion's neck for weeks, and in all probability is hanging there now; at least the last time I saw Belinda Marion and her little mistress he was still there, looking very comfortable, and if possible, greener than ever.

Alicia Aspinwall.

A DOLL-HOUSE BEDROOM.

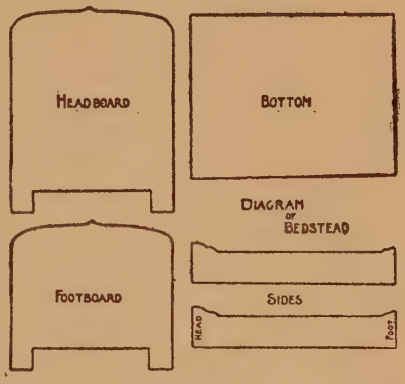


THE BED.

THE furniture for this doll-bedroom is made of cardboard covered with silesia or sateen of a light brown, to look like oak.

There must be a bedstead, a chiffonier, a dressing-table, a wash-stand and one or two chairs.

The bedstead must have all its parts covered on both sides; then they are to be joined together by overhand sewing. The bottom, which takes the place of slats or springs, is to be caught in loosely, after the head, foot and sides are sewed together. A mattress and pillows are made by covering pièces of white cotton wadding the right size and shape with soft old ticking or white cloth; tack the mattress.



The dressing-table is merely a small wooden or pasteboard box

draped with pink or blue stuff covered with swiss. A fine old handkerchief would do for draping, as the color would show through this and the hemstitching would make a pretty finish. Next, take a long straight piece of the colored drapery, lay over it a similar piece of thin white, and tie it in the middle with a bit of ribbon, making a bow. This centre, thus gathered together, is fastened to the wall by a tack, just over the dressing table. It falls in folds to the floor on either side. Over the table is hung a small looking glass. A round vest-pocket glass will do nicely. A very tiny pincushion may be laid on the table.

THE WASH-STAND.

The chiffonier parts are covered with sateen, then overhanded together. The drawers and knobs are outlined lightly in water-color or gilding. It will be well to get help from older fingers in doing this.

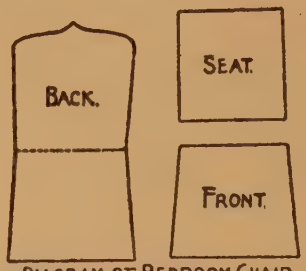
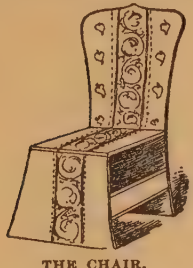


DIAGRAM OF BEDROOM CHAIR

The wash-stand is merely a smaller chiffonier and is marked in the same way; and a little scroll work may be outlined on the head and footboard of the bed.

A small swiss or lace scarf may be laid over the chiffonier, and a tiny white fringed towel — made of a piece of the handkerchief or any old linen — may be laid on the wash-stand.



THE CHAIR.

If a set of toilet crockery that is small enough cannot be found, make part of a five-cent tea-set do, as one doll-house owner did. One of the saucers, with the little milk pitcher, made a washbowl and pitcher. A cup served for tooth-mug, and the square shallow bit of china meant for the sugar bowl made a capital soap-dish, with a cube of white soap laid in it.

The chairs consist of back, seat and front. When the parts are covered and overhanded together, they must be steadied by slats made of pasteboard, covered, and then sewed on either side between front and back, as shown in drawing. The chairs may be

covered with some pretty figured stuff if you wish variety.

The bed should have sheets neatly hemmed, and tiny pillow slips. Or you can cover the pillows neatly with fine white cloth and overhand lace all around the edges.

THE DRESSING-TABLE.

Dainty comfortables for dolls are made from one or two thicknesses of cotton wadding covered with pretty silkolene. Or you can make white ones out of old handkerchief linen, tufted with knots of pink or blue embroidery silk.

Very pretty pillow spreads and counterpanes can be made out of old lace or embroidery laid over the blue or pink stuff like that used on toilet table. Sew the lining neatly to the outside and then overhand on all around some narrow cotton lace such as can be bought for three or four cents a yard. You can "full" the lace on slightly, so that it will look like a frill. In fact almost every little girl will take pride in making up a good store of pretty sheets and spreads and comfortables for her doll-house bedrooms.

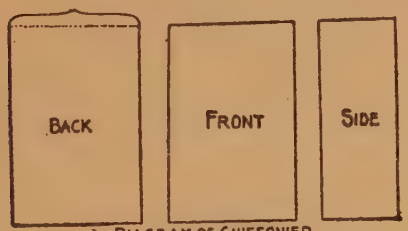
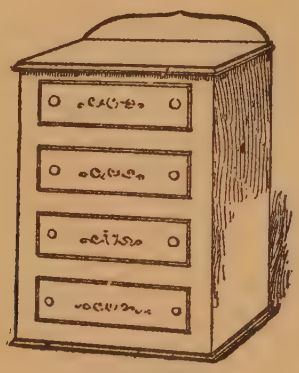


DIAGRAM OF CHIFFONIER
(CUT TOP TO FIT)

Annie Isabel Willis.



THE CHIFFONIER.

THE PHOTOGRAPHING CAT.

SIR, I'll take you while you wait
Both at once, or separate;
Or a group, if you prefer,
Framed complete for sixpence, sir.

Now, my lady, please sit there;
You, sir, stand behind her chair;
Then, sir, for a little while,
Please to wear a pleasant smile.

Head a little on one side,
Eyes not open quite so wide;
Thank you, sir; now, if you will,
For one moment keep quite still.

Do not move, sir; one, two, three;
Thank you, that will charming be;
For a minute take a seat,
I will bring it, quite complete.

There you are, sir; I'll be bound
You could search the country round
For a photographing cat
Who could take a group like that.

R. K. M.

MISTRESS FROG'S SPINNING.

"'TWAS DIS WAY," DECLARED DILSEY.

OUT in the yellow southern summer sunshine two little white children and several little black ones were making "frog-houses." This they did by putting a bare foot flat on the walk, and over the bare foot heaping white sand. The glory of the building was to be able to draw out the foot so skillfully from underneath the sand structure that a mound remained with a good opening left as door to the "frog-house."

Many frog-houses fell that day, but some stood, and in those carpets of flower-petals were laid, and sometimes a big, cool leaf was hung for a door.

"Dere! we done all dis work for Mistis Frog, and Mistis Frog can't live in dese houses," exclaimed Dilsey.

"Why can't she?" asked Alice.

"Oh, frogs 'bleeged to stay on de brooks wid dere toes in de water sence Mistis Frog done so scandulous in dem ole days," said Dilsey.

"Dilsey! tell us what 'twas Mistis Frog did in the old days!" cried Alice, eagerly.

"'Twas dis way," declared Dilsey, seating herself flat in the sand as only negroes can, her bare feet out in front of her, her toes straight up. "Mistis Frog was allus complainin'. Ef 'twarn't too hot, den 'twas too cole. Ef it rain, den she want sun. Dar come one summer-time when de heat wez so great 'twas dryin' up de corn. De pools and brooks wez dryin' up so dat de animals couldn't hardly git a drink. Mistis Frog sat on de hill spinnin'" —

"GIVE US A DROP ER RAIN, MISTIS FROG.'

"Spinning?"

"Ob co'se. Don't you see all dat field yonder full of toad-flax? Dem little blue flowers is toad-flax. Mistis Frog spun dat flax in dem ole days, all day long spinnin' an' singin'" —

"Singing?"

"Ob co'se. Mistis Frog sang sweeter dan any bird in de ole days, singin' an' spinnin', a-settin' on her white satin stool."

"What, Dilsey?"

"You see dem white frog-stools poppin' up in de fields? Dey useter be Mistis Frog's white satin stools, whar she useter set on, spinnin' and singin'. Mistis Frog was allus complainin', but dis hot time Mistis Frog ain't sayin' nottin' 'genst de sunshine, 'caze she wanter git de pretties' blue silk spun you ever see. She say she don't want it *never* rain no mo', 'caze rain 'll wet her blue yarn!

"After awhile, ev'y thing dryin' up, a little cloud come floatin' by. Mistis Frog say, 'Go 'way, cloud! I'm wantin' mo' sun!'

"D'rectly drop o' rain fell —blim!

"Mistis Frog riz up an' flung out her hand. Mistis Frog walk straight in dose days, not hip-py-ty-hop like she do now. She had

pretty hands, not wobblety like dey is now. She say, 'Go 'way, rain! I'm Mistis Frog! I don't want no rain!'

"Rain-drop make answer: 'Ev'ything's perishin' fer rain!'

"'Go 'way,' Mistis Frog say; 'I don't keer. I want ter set an' sing an' spin in de sun!'

"Well, all day Mistis Frog spin an' sing, an' all night in de moonlight her and her folks dance, 'Frog in de middle! And he can't git out! He can't git out! Can't git out!'

"Ev'ything wuz beggin' to her: 'O, Mistis Frog, dough dis be yo' season to spin, let us have a little rain!'

"Mistis Frog say, 'Ev'y dog has its day, an' I has mine like I please!'

"Mistis Frog done her blue silk; but she spinnin' now to make Mister Frog a set of blue soldier-cloze.

"Ev'ything, bird, beast, all come ter Mistis Frog again, an' say: 'Give us a drop er rain, dough 'tis in yo' season to spin! Us perishin'!'

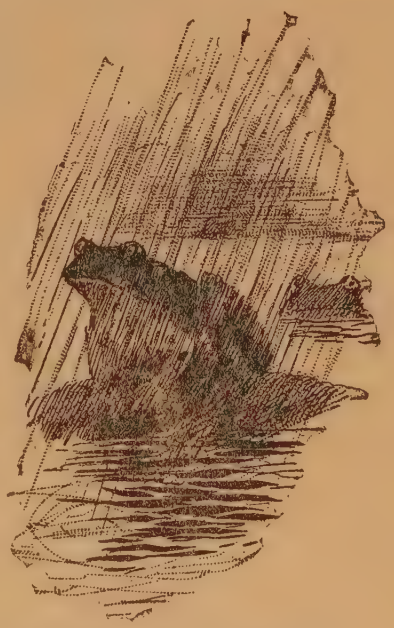
"Mistis Frog des spin on an' sing:

'Mister Frog put on de soldier-cloze,
Went ter de well ter shoot some crows,
Powder flash, and crow flew 'way,
Mister Frog go huntin' another day!'

"Ev'ything pantin' fer water. Yit Mistis Frog say: 'Ef I ain't ever been suited befo', I'm suited now. I ain't guine ax fer nothin' but sun in my season to spin.'

"Den de birds sing to her: 'Ef yer don't give pity, yer can't git pity!'

"De bees hum to her: 'Yer gotter gibe mercy, 'fo' yer git mercy!'



MISTIS FROG HOLLERS "MO' RAIN!"

"De beas'es growl to her: 'Give, nor yer won't git! Give, nor yer won't git!'

"But Mistis Frog spin and sing, trel at las' it git too dry fer her.

She pant and pant. Her satin stool shrivel up under her. Her thread git so dry it whirl round de spindle and break off short and won't spin out no mo'. Her wheel spin round so fast it catch fire and burn all up. Mistis Frog ain't able ter git 'nother wheel yit! Den Mistis Frog, *she* pant and *she* pant and *she* beg fer water and *she* plead fer rain, but all de clouds done pass on by! Mistis Frog, her tongue and throat git so parched dat de song flew out and never come back no mo'!

"'O! water, water, all de time! And no mo' sun!' said Mistis Frog.

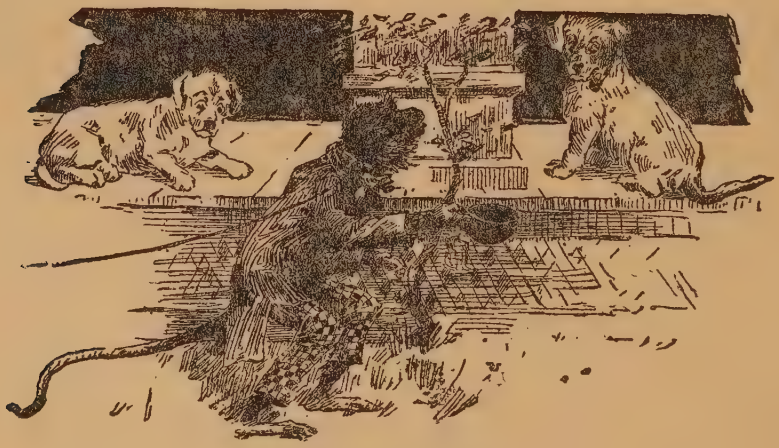
"But Mistis Frog didn't git dat wish! Herself and her folks, dey moved from de high-lands ter de swamp, all of 'em. She live in de wet lands yet. Mistis Frog don't spin no mo'. She holler all de time, 'Mo' rain! Mo' rain! Mo' rain!' Mistis Frog 'bleeged ter holler dat.

"Mister Frog, he croak out, 'Knee-deep! Knee-deep!' Mister Frog 'bleeged ter croak dat.

"All de little frogs dey stand on de brook-edge and holler: 'Wade in! Wade in! Wade in!' De little frogs 'bleeged to holler dat.

"And dat's de reason de frogs can't live in dese houses we done built 'em!" said Dilsey.

Martha Young.



"A PENNY, PLEASE!"

TERESA'S FIRST THANKSGIVING.

TERESA was a wild dark little Mexican girl, seven years old. Her father was an Indian, and her soft-eyed mother a Spanish woman.

Teresa was born in New Mexico, and lived in an adobe house, built of mud bricks. It had only one room, with goat-skins on the floor, where the family ate, slept and lived.

We were living in a pretty valley camp, where the beautiful green and blue copper was dug out of the mountains. We walked into the deep, dark mines carrying bits of candles, and the miners wore lamps on their caps. The mountains stood up tall and grand all around us. Teresa was our nearest neighbor, and very fond of our blue-eyed Marjorie, six years old.

In November, Marjorie's papa and mamma said, "Of course we must have a Thanksgiving in Mexico; a truly Thanksgiving dinner, too!"

So the splendid great oxen, with their heavy loads of copper going as usual to the railroad, brought back a turkey, chickens, celery, cranberries, nuts, apples, and a pumpkin for pies!

Marjorie's papa invited the assayer, the book-keeper, and some gentlemen visiting the camp, to dine, and Marjorie invited Teresa.

Before breakfast, Marjorie's guest came hopping in at the door, all ready for dinner. Her dress was calico with a big yellow figure, and her jet-black hair was combed smoothly and tied with white twine. For the first time, we saw her in shoes and stockings.

While the dinner was simmering, roasting and baking, Teresa sat curled up on the wood-box, chattering in both English and Mexican. Then she examined the table laid for dinner, jumped up into the chairs to "look" and poked her little slim fingers under the dishes.

In Mexico, when the sun is shining and the sky is blue, suddenly great storms sweep over the mountains; and this shining, sunny Thanksgiving morning, while everybody was merrily at work, dark clouds appeared. The wind whistled and moaned, and clouds of dust blew in at the open doors. White flashes of snow came flying over the mountains and across the valley. In half an hour a blinding snow-storm was falling on the tents, and on the adobe houses.

Before noon the camp was as white as a good New England Thanksgiving, when all the little men and women are tucked into sleighs, on their way to grandfather's.

All at once everybody was asking, "Where is Teresa?" "Who has seen Teresa?" "When did she go out of the house?"

We looked everywhere. We sent messengers to the mine, to the smelters, to her own house. Then we found somebody had seen her running toward the mountains, chasing after her old burro, an hour before.

All the whistles at the works shrieked at once! The bells rang. The miners left their work, and Mexicans galloped up the mountain roads on their swiftest ponies. Still the snow fell, and the drifts piled high. Little brown turkey frizzled away in the oven, the kettles burned dry, and Thanksgiving dinner was forgotten.

All of a sudden the door burst open, letting inside snow and wind; and what do you think beside? Marjorie's papa, with a funny big bundle in his arms!

"Here she is! our Thanksgiving guest!" he cried. "Dry her off! Get her warm! she'll be as good as new! The men found her fast asleep in a little cave in the rocks, where she had run after her straying burro."

A few quick pistol shots rang through the camp and echoed over the mountains, as the signal that the child was found.

Teresa, dried, warmed and dressed in Marjorie's gown, sat at the dinner table, the wild, dark, merry little Teresa of the early morning. She ate turkey with her slim, brown fingers, and stuffed her small cheeks with potatoes and bread, like a chipmunk. She nibbled nuts like a squirrel, and while Marjorie winked and blinked and giggled, and the guests laughed heartily, we all agreed that Teresa's first Thanksgiving dinner after all the storm and excitement was a success.

For a month Teresa gave Thanksgiving dinners to all the little rag-a-muffins in camp. A poor scraggly chicken was the turkey, and she had a few pinion nuts, a tin can full of "frijoles" (beans), and some "chili" (red peppers), for "side dishes."

Margaret Spencer.

"THIS SMALL STEALER OF GRAPES WAS GERALD ASHLEY."

GERALD AND HIS GIANT.

A large dimly-lighted room, with fire flickering behind a wire guard in a grate. A table set for dinner with dainty care, silver, glass, spotless linen. Flowers in crystal vases, pink candles with little pink shades in tall silver candlesticks, in the center a bowl full of hot-house fruit, peaches, pears, great bunches of white and dusky grapes. At the side of the table a boy of six in a velvet suit, with a mane of yellow "love-locks" falling over his shoulders, looking wistfully at the fruit. He reaches forward: he breaks off a bunch of grapes.

"They're papa's grapes," he says half aloud. "He always gives me his things."

Then he crams the fruit into his mouth, eating very fast, and in

spite of his brave words he is careful to conceal the seeds of the grapes he devours in the palm of the other hand. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all!

This small stealer of grapes was Gerald Ashley, the son of an English army officer, who had left the army when someone died and left him a fortune, and had come to live as a country gentleman on the estate of Cleve Hall. Gerald did not recollect India very clearly because he was but two years old when he left it, but he was quite sure that he loved England best. And indeed, Cleve Hall was the very sort of home for a boy to be happy in, so big and roomy, with a park full of old oaks and a garden full of old roses and such nice bridle paths among the trees to ride ponies on, and a stable where rabbits and guinea-pigs were not only allowed but encouraged. Any boy could be happy in a place like that, and Gerald was very happy. He liked it all, and he liked being the only boy, and in consequence petted and cossetted by every one.

There was one exception. Colonel Ashley did not pet Gerald. He was on the contrary rather grave and peremptory with him, though always kind, and I think it showed what a fine little fellow Gerald was at bottom that he loved his father best of all. He would do almost anything to win a word of praise from him, for he admired him immensely. He was so brave and splendid, he had a sword which he had worn in battles. Gerald was sometimes allowed to hold it in his hand, and that was indeed a proud moment for him. He passionately desired to be approved of by his father, so you may imagine how he felt when as he popped the last grape into his mouth and turned to go into the drawing-room with the seeds squeezed tight in his hot little hand, a rather stern voice demanded, "What have you there, Gerald? What are you eating?"

"Grapes, papa."

Gerald's cheeks were very red, but he made no attempt to evade the truth.

"Where did you get them?"

"I took them off the table," replied Gerald, his cheeks growing still redder.

"Did you have leave to do so from anyone?"

Gerald began to feel quite miserable. "No, papa," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, you stole them?"

There was a scornful tone in the quiet voice which cut Gerald to the heart.

"Papa — indeed, indeed — I didn't. I never meant — they were your grapes, I thought."

"Mine? Yes, but did you ask my leave to take them?"

Gerald did not reply. A lump had come in his throat. He felt very like crying.

"Now, Gerald," said Col. Ashley, sitting down and drawing the child closer to him, "let us talk this matter over. We are friends, you and I, are we not?"

"Oh, papa — yes, yes."

The little voice was choky.

"You know how we have talked very often about what bravery consists of, and how fine it is to be brave. Now, to be brave one must begin with little things and learn how gradually. No boy ever has giant's heads to cut off in these days. If he wants to grow up into a brave man he must educate himself by fighting with small things which are the same to him — tempers, temptations, little faults, and conquering them one by one. When you took those grapes you lost your little battle."

"Papa, I never thought of that — I only, I only — thought of the grapes."

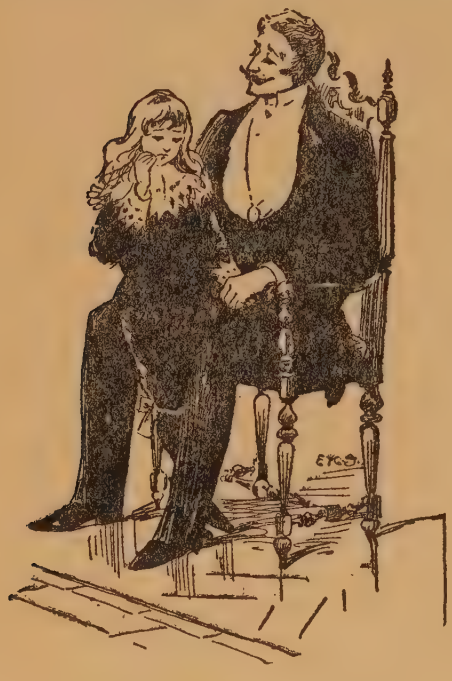
"Yes — but all the same you were beaten. It is mean and ill. And to steal things — even very little things — a gentleman and a brave man will not do it. Remember this, Gerald."

"I will — indeed I will," protested Gerald with energy. It seemed at the moment quite easy to resist temptation.

But four nights after this, Colonel Ashley, coming home earlier than usual, saw a little figure slipping in through the dining-room door. His face grew dark, but he followed and stood in the shadow of a screen to watch what should take place. Very slowly the little feet went across the wide room toward the table. The candles were lit and the watcher could see the boy's face as he stood looking

intently toward the bowl of fruit on the top of which shone a large peach with a cheek like a ripe rose.

Three times the small hand extended itself toward the peach, and three times it was drawn back. At last the hand went out for the fourth time and took the peach. Gerald looked at the beautiful fruit, smelled it, hesitated; then he began slowly to move toward the door. Col. Ashley watched him grimly and gravely, without a word. At the very door, Gerald stayed his steps, stood still for a moment thinking, then turned, hurried back to the table, put the big peach again in the bowl exactly where it had been before, and almost ran out of the room as if afraid to look again toward the temptation which had so nearly overcome him.



TALKING IT OVER.

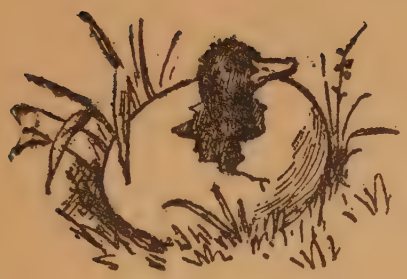
Col. Ashley smiled to himself behind the screen, a very pleased and happy smile.

"Thank God," he said to himself. "There is a real giant overcome. My boy is stronger than I thought."

Presently he went into the drawing-room, where he found Gerald sitting gravely by the fire, and quite ready to hear a story; and neither the father nor the son said a word to each other about the big peach and the temptation vanquished. Both were secretly happy, especially Gerald — for to earn your own approbation is even better than to win the approval of some one else. And when one has fought with self and won, there is a sense of inward growth and valor which is particularly pleasant even when you are only six years old.

Susan Coolidge.

JEWEL, THE DRAKE.



"CHIP, chip, crack!"

"Dear me!" said the Duckling. "Where have I got to now?"

He certainly had only a hazy recollection even then of previous affairs; but this was really something quite new. His head was well through the thin, white, crackly cavern which had hitherto enclosed him — he couldn't quite remember for how long; and he soon wriggled himself out altogether, and became aware that he was a soft, yellowish, fluffy sort of a creature, with a mouth which gaped with a desire to have something put into it. Then looking up, he saw a white, feathery creature before him, and, somehow, he knew that it was his Mother.

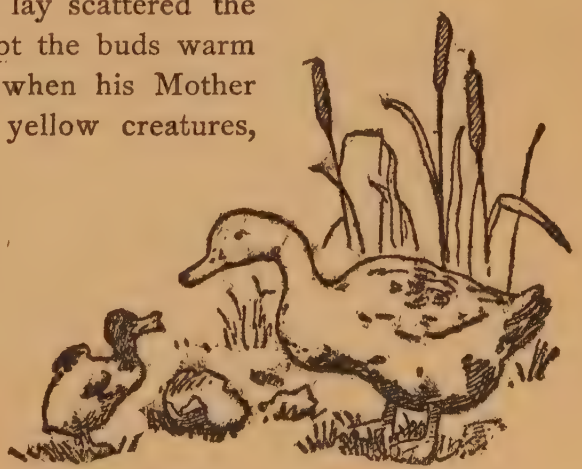
"What is this?" said the Duckling. "Where am I?"

"This is the world!" replied his Mother.

"What is the world?" he asked again.

"The world is the pond we live in," answered she, "and just what goes round it."

The Duckling thought the world seemed a pleasant place. Over his head, high, high up, was the blue sky, with soft white clouds floating across it; beneath his feet was grass, fresh and cool to his young toes. The trees were all a mist of green with their tender leaves, and under the limes lay scattered the little pink nightcaps that had kept the buds warm through the winter frosts. And when his Mother led him and some other fluffy yellow creatures, whom he knew to be his brothers and sisters, down to the pond, and he saw its waters lying so sheeny and so still, with tall green reeds, bending in the faint breeze, growing at its edge, he decided that really it was a *very* pleasant place.



"Now, children," said Mother-duck, when they came to the brink of the pond, "now, you must learn to go in properly. Some people's children just *flop* in, without a bit of style about them, especially when they have been brought up by one of those foolish old hens; but you may thank your stars that you have a Mother who can teach you properly. Now, then, watch me, and do as I do."

So they tried to do as she did, and softly bowed and curtsied themselves into the water; and Mother-duck was pleased, and said it wasn't bad for a first attempt. And then they swam about; and as our Duckling felt the cool ruffle of the water to his breast, and about his pink legs and feet, and the warmth of the sunshine on his back, a great joy began to grow up in his heart — it was so nice to be alive in such a beautiful world! — so nice that he thought that he would like to try to sing, as he heard a lark singing somewhere far, far above his head. But, alas! when he tried, all he could say was, "Squee, squee!" which didn't express at all what he was feeling. Still, perhaps, it wasn't so bad for a Duckling not above a day or two old.

And so a very pleasant life began. Every evening they went back to the farmyard, and had a cosy sleep all through the night among the warm straw; and every morning they got up with the sun, and shook themselves, and preened their feathers, and then pecked about the yard and the field, before they waddled off in a string along the path under the trees to the pond, and there they swam, and splashed, and dived, and played at Snip, Snap, Snip, when they tried to catch the shining flies that darted about above the placid water, and dabbled their bills in the soft mud, and caught the worms, and gobbled up the poor snails which they found among the grass or under the big dock-leaves. Then sometimes they went and chatted to the big old frog who lived on the bank among the flags and reeds, and who had grown so old and big that all the ducks respected him, and never tried to eat him, but used to talk with him, and so gain a great deal of information.

But changes came, as changes always do come to every one in this world. One day the Farmer's Wife came down to the pond, and looked attentively at the Duckling and his sisters as they were swimming about enjoying themselves.

"As fine a brood," she said to her husband, who stood by her, "as ever I see! I'll take them up to Madam at the Hall to-morrow."

"What does Madam want with them?" he asked.

"They have been that unlucky with their ducks this year as never was," she answered; "and she asked me only yesterday if I could spare her a brood."

Our Duckling did not understand them; but the next morning, instead of strolling down to the pond as usual, he found himself caught and thrust into a dark place where he had hardly room to stir. He was terribly frightened, and his only comfort was that he felt he was among his own friends, for his sisters were all shaking and trembling round him, and he could hear the familiar though stifled "Quack, quack," of Mother-duck in the gloom. Then came a curious shaking and jumbling which terrified him still more, because he did not know it was only the motion of the arm of the Farmer's Wife, as she carried her basket up to the Hall. Presently there were sounds of voices, and at last the lid of the basket was lifted up, and there was the blue sky and the sunshine again, and the prisoners were all let out on some green turf, where a lady stood, and a little girl, beside the Farmer's Wife; and lo! there was a pond twenty times bigger than the old pond, spreading out shining and dimpling, with the swallows skimming over it.

"A new world!" thought our Duckling; "a new and a beautifuler world still! And away he went to examine it, and learn all its wonders.

It took him quite a long, long time to swim all round it, and there were so many new things to see that he grew quite bewildered. Among other wonders, there were some beautiful birds with great white, feathery, curving wings, and long, graceful necks, who swam stately about.

"Those are swans," said Mother-duck, when he asked her. "Oh, yes! they are very grand; but I don't care for them — cross, ill-tempered things. Don't you go too near them, my dear, for they are very fierce."

But there was one person he grew to like very much, and that was Patty, the Squire's little daughter, who ran down every day to feed the birds with crumbs — a gentle little creature, to whom the ducks and swans all came crowding when she called them.

"But I like you best, you little dear," said Patty to our Duckling, "for you are not rude and greedy, like the others, and you take the bread out of my hand quite gently, and don't snatch, and tear, and quarrel, like some of the others. And then, you are growing so beautiful! I shall call you Jewel, for your head and neck are getting all green and sheeny, like the sparkling stone in Mother's ring. I expect you came out of that egg which Mrs. Brown, the Farmer's Wife, said she thought was a wild duck's egg."

Jewel was pleased with his new name, and he and Patty grew great friends. He would go up the path to meet her when she was coming down to the pond, and take the corner of her pinafore in his bill, and walk back beside her, so that every one laughed who saw them. And sometimes Patty would sit down by the lake under the shade of the trees, and sing her songs, and Jewel would sit by her. One song she was very fond of singing, and Jewel liked it, too, though he thought it didn't quite do his people justice. It was called

THE SEVEN WISE DUCKS.

A little toy-boat came floating along,
Met seven wise ducks together.
"Quack, quack!" said they, "here's a strange odd fowl,
That swims with never a feather —
With never a feather it glides along.
Was ever such heard of in story or song?"

"No beak!" said one, "nor a scrap of tail!
One wing — but truly a queer one."
Then they twisted their necks, and screwed up their eyes,
"Is it safe to let it come near one?"
"Will it bite? Can it quack? Oh, dear!" cried they,
"We never did see such a thing till to-day!"

That bit of a craft went floating on,
Nor stayed a reply to utter;
Then those valiant ducks they all turned tail,
And swam away in a flutter.
"Of course we're not frightened — oh, no!" said they;
"But perhaps it is prudent no longer to stay."

By and by the sun didn't shine so brightly, and the green trees grew orange and yellow and brown, and the leaves came showering down like golden rain, and made a bright carpet over the smooth lawns. And one morning there was a new-comer in the lake — a strange water-fowl, as beautiful as Jewel himself, but wild and shy.

"Where have you come from?" asked Jewel.

"I come from the shining North, because Giant Winter has frozen the sea with his icy breath."

"The sea! — what is the sea?"

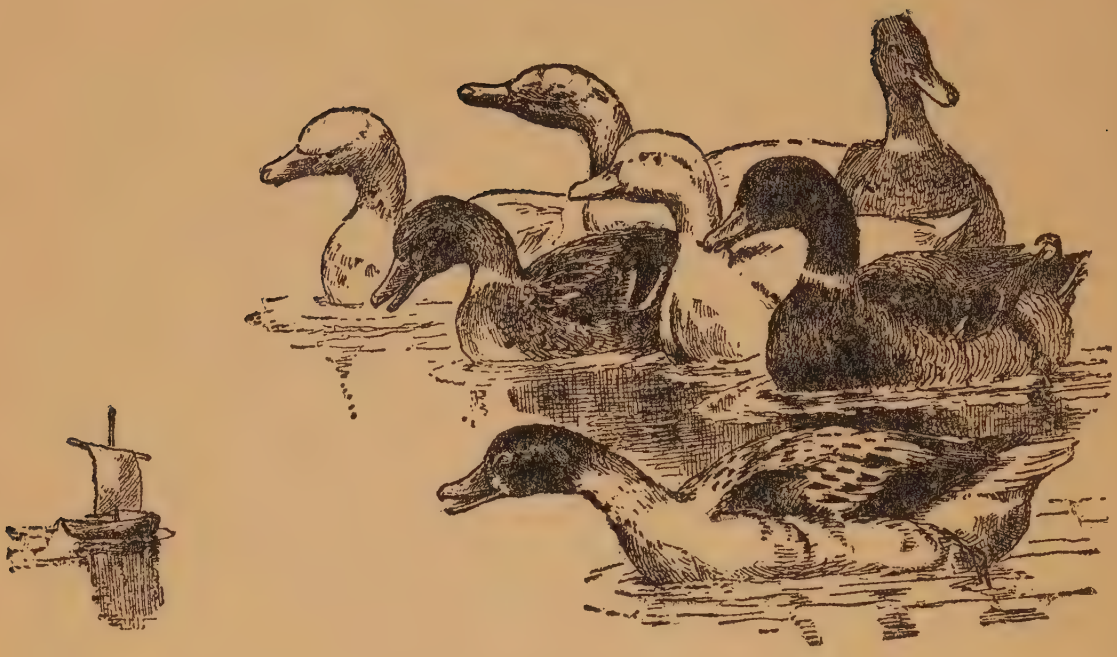
"It is a great pond," said his new friend, "miles and miles long."

"What! bigger than this?" asked Jewel, amazed. "Is there another world as much bigger than this, as this is bigger than the Farmer's pond?"

"Bigger than this!" said the Wild Duck, disdainfully. "Do you call this big? Pooh! this is nothing — this is not the world. You must come with us in the spring. You are one of us — I see by your coat — and were never meant to be mewed up here."

"This is home," said Jewel. "Home is better than the world, I think."

But all the winter the Wild Duck talked to Jewel, and told him such stories about the sea and the North, with its icebergs and snow-fields, and great mountains topped with snow, and laced with glaciers, and of deep green valleys, with their rushing streams, that a new, strange longing filled



Jewel's heart to see all these wonders, and most of all the great sea, with its heaving green billows and seething foam.

"You must come," said his friend; "it will soon be time."

"But I can't leave Patty."

"Patty! oh, nonsense! You can come back to her; besides, you haven't seen her for weeks."

And so one night in early spring, when a strange cry sounded overhead, the Mallard said it was his friends gathering for their journey, and he must go. Then the longing grew so strong in Jewel's heart, that he, too, spread his strong wings and flew away — away, leaving home and Patty, and so went off to see the world.

There isn't space to tell you of all the wonderful things Jewel saw in his journey. They flew over hill and dale, and moor and fen, till they came to the sea, and Jewel saw at last its tossing waves and heard the roar of the breakers. On they fleeted, day after day, till they came to land again, and then again sea; and there were tall cliffs, where the sea-fowl perched along the ledges, and islands where they screamed and swarmed among the rocks. But on went Jewel and his friends, with but little pause, till they reached the great beds of reeds which grow where the Gulf of Bothnia spreads its

northernmost waters into the land. And there were myriads of other birds — whistling swans and gray-legged geese, and ducks and teal, and all kinds of water-fowl. There they stayed all the summer days, when the great sun never seemed to set, but just circled round, washed his face in the sea, and then was up again. There they built their nests, and reared the little ducklings, and swam and splashed, and played among the reed-beds. But still, though very delightful, Jewel never forgot Patty and his home, and often thought about them when his friends were asleep, and wondered if Patty was sorry that he was gone.

Then it began to grow chill again, and the time came to go South; and they all began to prepare for the journey with an immense clang and clatter. First went off the mammas and the little ones, and then the papas followed more leisurely. They did not mind a little cold, so long as the ice wasn't too thick; and when they reached the more southern and western coast of Sweden, they stayed for a while enjoying themselves among the little islands which there fringe the coast. One day Jewel and his friend were swimming about together.

"Well, Jewel," said his comrade, "are you not glad you came to see the world, instead of staying in that hum-drum –

He never finished his speech, for, bang! bang! a terrible noise burst out near them, and the poor Mallard fell over with a cry, and there floated dead upon the water.

Up rose all the birds, Jewel among them, with screams of fear and dread, till the sky was darkened by their beating wings, and the air filled with clamor and cry. Away, away they streamed with screams and flutter.

"I will go home," thought Jewel. "I will go home."

And how had it been at home all these months? When Patty, who had been ill in the winter, was strong enough to go down to the lake, she was quite broken-hearted to find Jewel was lost.

"Oh, dear Jewel!" she sobbed. "Oh! where are you — where are you."

"Don't fret, Missy," said the old Gardener. "Jewel is off with that strange Mallard who was here all the winter, I'll be bound. He is a bit of a wild duck himself — you could see by his beautiful plumage, for all his gentle ways. But I shouldn't wonder if he comes back in the autumn."

And now the autumn had come, and the leaves were golden again.

Patty came down to the lake, and began to feed the ducks and swans; and as she did so, she thought of her pet.

"Oh, Jewel!" she said, sorrowfully, "won't you come back soon?"

Just then she heard a little flutter of wings, and felt a gentle pull at her frock; and looking down, there was Jewel beside her, with the corner of her pinafore in his beak, just as of old.

"Oh, Jewel! you dear! you darling!" she cried. "You have come back at last!" And sitting right down on the grass amid the red and golden leaves, she hugged her new-found pet in her arms quite in ecstasy.

"Well," said the swans, when Jewel swam round, and said "How do you do?" to all his friends — "well, now you have been to see the world, what do you think of it?"

"It is all very beautiful," said Jewel with a sigh, as he thought of his poor slain friend. "It is very fine and lovely; but, after all, there is no place like home!"

HOW TO MAKE A DOLL-HOUSE.

ONE of the nicest doll-houses ever seen can be made out of an upright piano-box. A carpenter will fill out the upper front corners, which are cut off in these boxes, and will fit in partitions to divide the box into four, or six rooms, as in *fig I.* If there are four rooms they will each be about 28 inches high, and the floor space will measure 27x31 inches. Doors should be cut between rooms on the same floor, and door draperies put up as in *fig. VI.*

Several small boxes make a good doll-house, each box being fitted up for one or two rooms, and then all set together. Such a doll-house can be moved about, while the big piano packing-box house cannot.

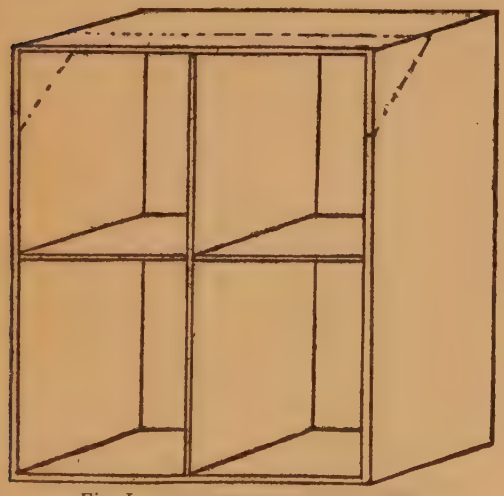


Fig. I. — THE PIANO-BOX DOLL-HOUSE.

The parts that form the walls and ceilings of the rooms are to be papered with real wall-paper, a roll of which costs little. Select a small figure, or plain cartridge paper. But first it is necessary to have the outside painted some dark color. I would advise you to paint all the floors and edges the same color. Both these jobs, papering and painting, can be done by any boy or girl, who can work neatly with paint-brush and paste-pot.

Put a narrow wall-paper border around the top of the walls, such as real rooms have; a two-inch border is a good width for doll rooms.

When the wall-paper is on, paste white-paper oblongs, ruled heavily like window sashes, as in *fig. II.*, on the walls where you would like to have windows. The parlor may have long French windows. Over these sashes, as in *fig. III.*, are draped curtains of various stuffs suitable to the different rooms; lace in the parlor, silkolene in the bedrooms and dining-room, plain flat shades of muslin in the kitchen. One

doll-house where I am very much at home has tiny shades made of white cambric. They reach half-way down the window-space. The

Fig. II.

Fig. III.

Fig. IV.

Fig. V.

part below that is covered with a sash-curtain of silkolene, shirred on a cord top and bottom, and tacked in place as in *fig. IV.* Over all are hung swiss muslin draperies as in *fig. V.*

If you have painted the floors you can lay down rugs, or carpet them entire. In a large doll-house pieces of real carpet can be used. For small houses pieces of figured woolen cloth, or even sateen will make a gay carpet. First a layer of cotton wadding must be laid down to pad the floor smoothly. Fine oval rugs can be made out of the gay worsted-work that is done with spools and pins.

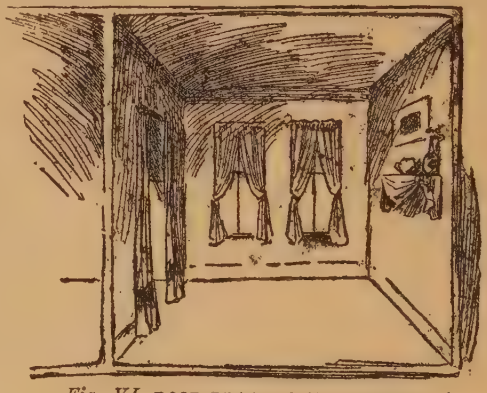


Fig. VI. DOOR DRAPERY AND MANTEL.

A mantel-piece is made by laying a narrow bit of wood, four or five inches long, across two small nails driven in the wall. Drape with stuff to match the curtains. Loop up the drapery with bright ribbon, as in *fig. VI.*

The doll-house is now ready to furnish and decorate. How to do this I shall tell you later.

Annie Isabel Willis.

OH! OH!! OH!!!

NEVER, no never, was there such a hubbub and a row! The donkey was braying, the geese cackling, cows mooing, horses neighing, piglings squeaking, dogs barking, and pussy snarling. In fact, every animal on the farm was making just as much noise as it possibly could.

But why? That's what we want to know.

Well, the END OF THE WORLD HAD COME; and quite suddenly, too, without one word of warning. So you see the animals had an excuse for making a noise, and most certainly took advantage of the occasion.

The end of the world had come, so the donkey said, and said it again and again. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! What shall we do?" he brayed, putting his head out of his stable-door and addressing the geese: "The hill behind the farm has turned over, and is rolling down the field. Let me out. What *shall* we do?" He *was* a donkey.

Away ran the geese, tumbling over one another in their hurry and excitement. Gabble, gabble. Cackle, cackle.

"Tweet, tweet, don't leave us behind, our legs are not so long as yours," cried the goslings, trying hard to keep up with their father and mother.

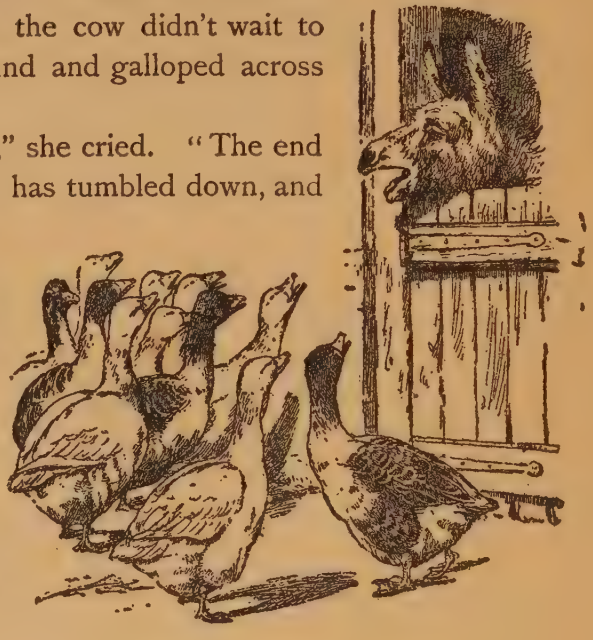
"My whiskers!" cried the cat, who was sitting on a gate-post, "My whiskers, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough for one day," hissed the gander. "The end of the world has come. The mountains have tumbled out of the moon, and are rolling down the hill at the back of the farm."

"How very awkward!" said puss, as she jumped off the post and scampered away across the field, in a terrible fright.

"What on earth has happened?" asked the cow, as the cat came hurrying by.

"Happened indeed! The end of the world has come. The moon and the stars — including the great and little bears — have tumbled down. And ——" But the cow didn't wait to hear any more. She whisked round and galloped across the field to the gate.



"Open the gate. Let me out," she cried. "The end of the world has come. The moon has tumbled down, and is rolling about the earth like a big Dutch cheese; and the Milky *Whey* has also fallen and will drown us; and the Great Bear is sliding down the North Pole. Let me out, or I shall go mad."

The sheep heard the cow, and rushed off to tell the horses the alarming news, and the horses told the dogs, and, as I said at the commencement, never, no never, was there such a hubbub and a row.

"My dear girl," said Mr. Cock-Robin, to little Jenny Wren, "if you go on laughing like that, you will have a fit, or go into hysterics, or do something equally ridiculous. Pray try and be calm."

"I — I really can't help it," gasped Jenny, who was really quite faint from laughing. "To think that all this excitement should have been caused by old Mrs. Brown's umbrella being blown out of her hand, and being sent bowling along after the little pigs. They are young and don't know any better, so I daresay they thought that the end of the world really had come. But to think that the other animals should have believed them when they came scampering and squeaking into the yard! It's really too much, it is indeed."